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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BRIAN ENO
VISIONS OF AFRICA –SUDAN AND LISTEN

IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN

SOUNDTRACK: YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA

PHOTOGRAPHY: PENNIE SMITH

Jam fans in Tokyo. Pic: Pennie Smith.

NME CHARTS

Week ending July 26, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	4	1
2	(2)	**Use It Up And Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)	4	2
3	(5)	**Could You Be Loved**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	5	3
4	(4)	**Jump To The Beat**	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	7	2
5	(10)	**Babooshka**	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	5
6	(3)	**Cupid**	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	4	3
7	(13)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	7
8	(8)	**My Way Of Thinking**	UB40 (Graduate)	5	8
9	(7)	**Waterfalls**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	4	3
10	(12)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	3	10
11	(6)	**Crying**	Don McLean (EMI)	10	1
12	(15)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)	3	12
13	(—)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross (Motown)	1	13
14	(26)	**There There My Dear**	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	2	14
15	(9)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	9	1
16	(14)	**To Be Or Not To Be**	B. A. Robertson (Asylum)	4	12
17	(24)	**Let's Hang On**	Darts (Magnet)	2	17
18	(22)	**A Lovers Holiday**	Change (WEA)	3	18
19	(17)	**Big Teaser/Rainbow Theme**	Saxon (Carrere)	4	17
20	(20)	**Play The Game**	Queen (EMI)	6	12
21	(19)	**Theme From The Invaders**	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)	4	19
22	(25)	**Does She Have A Friend**	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	3	22
23	(—)	**My Girl**	Whispers (Solar)	1	23
24	(—)	**Neon Knights**	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	1	24
25	(—)	**Mariana**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	1	25
26	(23)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	2	23
27	(16)	**Simon Templar**	Splodgenessabounds (Deram)	5	5
28	(—)	**Oops Upside Your Head**	Gap Band (Mercury)	1	28
29	(—)	**9 to 5**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	**Brazilian Love Affair**	George Duke (Epic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

My Guy/My Girl — Amii Stewart/Johnny Bristol (Atlantic/Hansa)
Paint It Black — Mo-dettes (Deram)
Burnin' Hot — Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
Are You Getting Enough — Hot Chocolate (RAK)
Burning Car — John Foxx (Metal Beat)
Ready and Willing — Whitesnake (U.A.)

Diana Ross' first words upon hearing disco music are reputed to have been "I could make records like that with my eyes shut." Here she proves the point on her rise up the singles chart with Chic in support. Pic: Chalkie Davies.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**It's Still Rock & Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
2	(2)	**The Rose**	Bette Midler
3	(5)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
4	(4)	**Little Jeannie**	Elton John
5	(6)	**Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time**	Spinners
6	(3)	**Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)**	Paul McCartney & Wings
7	(8)	**Tired Of Toein' The Line**	Rocky Burnette
8	(10)	**Shining Star**	Manhattans
9	(9)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
10	(11)	**Take Your Time (Do It Right)**	The S.O.S. Band
11	(12)	**In America**	The Charlie Daniels Band
12	(7)	**Steal Away**	Robbie Dupree
13	(13)	**Let Me Love You Tonight**	Pure Prairie League
14	(14)	**I'm Alive**	Electric Light Orchestra
15	(18)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes
16	(16)	**Gimme Some Lovin'**	Blues Brothers
17	(—)	**Emotional Rescue**	The Rolling Stones
18	(19)	**All Night Long**	Joe Walsh
19	(20)	**One Fine Day**	Carole King
20	(21)	**Misunderstanding**	Genesis
21	(23)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
22	(24)	**Love The World Away**	Kenny Rogers
23	(25)	**Jo Jo**	Boz Scaggs
24	(15)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc
25	(28)	**Let My Love Open The Door**	Pete Townshend
26	(17)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger
27	(35)	**Boulevard**	Jackson Browne
28	(32)	**Stand By Me**	Mickey Gilley
29	(32)	**Empire Strikes Back (Medley)**	Meco
30	(33)	**Take A Little Rhythm**	Ali Thomson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(5)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
2	(1)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
3	(3)	**Just One Night**	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
5	(12)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
6	(7)	**Heroes**	Commodores
7	(2)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(6)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
9	(11)	**The Blues Brothers**	Original Soundtrack
10	(10)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
11	(22)	**The Game**	Queen
12	(13)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
13	(8)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney
14	(9)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
15	(14)	**The Empire Strikes Back**	Original Soundtrack
16	(21)	**S.O.S.**	The S.O.S. Band
17	(18)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks
18	(16)	**The Rose**	Original Soundtrack
19	(20)	**Christopher Cross**	Warner Bros
20	(19)	**Duke**	Genesis
21	(25)	**There and Back**	Jeff Beck
22	(15)	**21 at 33**	Elton John
23	(24)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
24	(30)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan
25	(17)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd
26	(26)	**Unmasked**	Kiss
27	(37)	**Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere**	Rossington Collins Band
28	(23)	**Women And Children First**	Van Halen
29	(27)	**Scream Dream**	Ted Nugent
30	(29)	**Mouth To Mouth**	Lipps Inc

US Charts: courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(3)	**The Game**	Queen (EMI)	2	1
2	(1)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	4	1
3	(28)	**Xanadu**	Soundtrack (RSO)	2	3
4	(8)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4	4
5	(2)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	8	1
6	(11)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	41	3
7	(5)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	9	1
8	(19)	**King Of The Road**	Boxcar Willie (Warwick)	3	8
9	(6)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	14	2
10	(4)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	9	4
11	(—)	**Deepest Purple**	Deep Purple (Harvest)	1	11
12	(20)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	5	12
13	(16)	**Hot Wax**	Various (K-Tel)	6	2
14	(23)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	40	1
15	(9)	**Peter Gabriel**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	8	1
16	(—)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	16
17	(12)	**Duke**	Genesis (Charisma)	17	1
18	(17)	**Shine**	Average White Band (RCA)	8	13
19	(7)	**Black Sabbath Live At Last**	Black Sabbath (NEMS)	3	7
20	(13)	**Ready & Willing**	Whitesnake (UA)	7	5
21	(—)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	21
22	(25)	**The Magic Of Boney M**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	15	1
23	(14)	**Chain Lightning**	Don McLean (EMI)	5	14
24	(15)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	4	8
25	(—)	**Cultosaurus Erectus**	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	1	24
26	(—)	**Themes For Dreams**	Pierre Belmonde (K-Tel)	3	26
27	(10)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	9	3
28	(—)	**Demolition**	Girlschool (Bronze)	1	28
29	(—)	**Hot Love**	David Essex (Phonogram)	1	29
30	(—)	**Bat Out Of Hell**	Meatloaf (Epic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

There And Back — Jeff Beck (Epic)
Rhapsody and Blues — Crusaders (MCA)
Rocks, Pebbles and Sand — Stanley Clarke (Epic)
Hold Out — Jackson Browne (Asylum)
Girls On The Beach — Beach Boys (Capitol)
Big Hits — Small Faces (Immediate/Virgin)

Olivia Newton-John receives The Ceremonial Colonel Sanders Celebration Bow-Tie in recognition for boosting worldwide sales of Kentucky Fried Special Recipe Chicken Legs. As you know she starred in the movie, *Six pieces with chips to go, oh yeah and one coleslaw and a Lilt please* later to be simplified to just *Grease*. Pic: David Wainwright

INDIES 45s

1	**Elastic Man**	The Fall (Rough Trade)
2	**Love**	Joy Division (Factory)
3	**Obsessions Of You**	Skafish (Illegal)
4	**Stormy Weather**	Elizabeth Welch (Industry)
5	**Final Achievement**	In Camera (4 Ad)
6	**Shopping For Clothes**	Snatch (Fetish)
7	**Final Day (EP)**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
8	**Like This For Ages**	Cupol (4AD)
9	**Going Through The Motions**	Prefects (Rough Trade)
10	**Better Scream**	Wah Heat (Inevitable)

INDIES 33s

1	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
2	**Los Angeles**	X (Slash)
3	**Totales Turn**	Fool (Rough Trade)
4	**Shape Of Finns To Come**	Various (Cherry Red)
5	**Colossal Youth**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
6	**Bowling Balls From Hell**	Various (Clone)
7	**Ou Est La Maison De Fromage**	John Cooper- Clarke (Rabid)
8	**Bouquet of Steel**	Various (Aardvark)
9	**Die Kleinen And Die Bosen**	DAF (Mute)
10	**Heathen Earth**	Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)

Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

REGGAE

1	**Coche**	3T + 1F (Trade Mark)
2	**Let Me Love You**	Dennis Brown (Gibbs)
3	**Happy Anniversary**	Greg Isaacs (Cash & Carry)
4	**I'm So Glad**	Tony Tuff (Winstons Life)
5	**Hear It In The Centre**	John Thomas (Solid Gold)
6	**Rat Inna The Centre**	Archie & Lyne (High Note)
7	**Trod It**	Melody Makers (Tuff Gang)
8	**Mary Long Tongue**	Barrington Levy (Busy)
9	**Tug o War**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
10	**Bad Card**	Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)

Chart by: Maroons Tunes, Greek Street, London W1.

DISCO

1	**Be Thankful For What You've Got (LP Import)**	William De Vaghn (Tec)
2	**Give Me The Night (LP)**	George Benson (Warner Bros)
3	**Searchin' (LP)**	Change (Warner Bros)
4	**In The Forest**	Baby O (Calibre)
5	**Give Up The Funk**	B T Express (Pye)
6	**On The One**	Cameo (Pye)
7	**Use It Up Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)
8	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross (EMI)
9	**Burnin' Hot**	Jermaine Jackson (EMI)
10	**Open Sesame**	Kool and the Gang (Phonogram)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford St., London W1

5 YEARS AGO

1	**Barbados**	Typically Tropical (Gull)
2	**Give A Little Love**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
3	**Misty**	Ray Stevens (Janus)
4	**Rolling Stone**	David Essex (CBS)
5	**It's In His Kiss**	Linda Lewis (Arista)
6	**The Hustle**	Van McCoy (Avco)
7	**Tears On My Pillow**	Johnny Nash (CBS)
8	**Jive Talkin'**	Bee Gees (RSO)
9	**Sealed With A Kiss**	Brian Hyland (ABC)
10	**Eighteen With A Bullet**	Pete Wingfield (Island)

Week ending July 29, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1	**Lola**	Kinks (Pye)
2	**Alright Now**	Free (Island)
3	**The Wonder Of You**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	**In The Summertime**	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
5	**Something**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
6	**Neanderthal Man**	Hotlegs (Fontana)
7	**It's All In The Game**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
8	**Up Around The Bend**	Credence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
9	**Lady D'Arbanville**	Cat Stevens (Island)
10	**Love Of The Common People**	Nicky Thomas (Trojan)

Week ending July 29, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1	**Help**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**Mr Tambourine Man**	Byrds (CBS)
3	**You've Got Your Troubles**	Fortunes (Decca)
4	**We Gotta Get Out Of This Place**	Animals (Columbia)
5	**Tossing And Turning**	Ivy League (Piccadilly)
6	**Heart Full Of Soul**	Yardbirds (Columbia)
7	**There But For Fortune**	Joan Baez (Fontana)
8	**In The Middle Of Nowhere**	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9	**Catch Us If You Can**	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
10	**He's Got No Love**	Searchers (Pye)

Week ending July 29, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1	**Please Don't Tease**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	**Good Timin'**	Jimmy Jones (MGM)
3	**Shakin' All Over**	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
4	**Ain't Misbehavin'**	Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
5	**Look For A Star**	Gary Mills (Top Rank)
6	**When Will I Be Loved**	Everly Brothers (London)
7	**Apache**	The Shadows (Columbia)
8	**Mess Of Blues**	Elvie Presley (RCA)
9	**If She Should Come To You**	Anthony Newley (Decca)
10	**Made You**	Adam Faith (Parlophone)

Week ending July 29, 1960

NEWS

Two-Tone 'too popular'

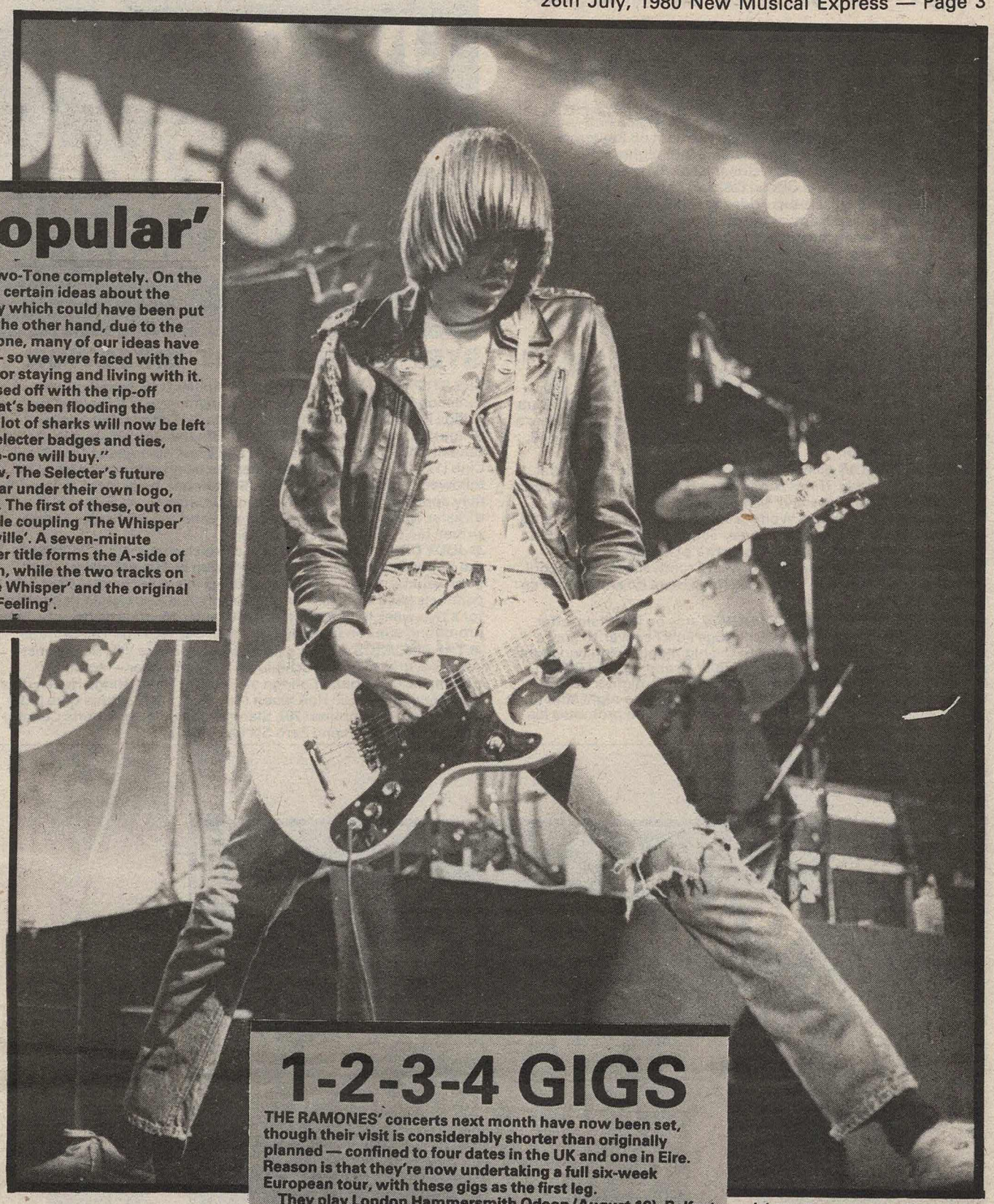
THE SELECTER have ended their involvement with Two-Tone — the label which, until now, they have run with The Specials. And the reason for their departure is that the label has been "too successful", with every release getting into the charts — a situation which they feel is ultimately stifling new talent, causing bands to stereotype themselves into what they believe to be the Two-Tone sound.

In a joint statement, The Selecter point out that Two-Tone was originally intended to be an alternative to the music industry — a label that took risks and would inject some energy into the stale music scene. "The time has come when we want to take risks again," they added.

The statement goes on: "We originally wanted to stop Two-Tone completely. On the one hand, we had certain ideas about the recording industry which could have been put into practice. On the other hand, due to the success of Two-Tone, many of our ideas have been hampered — so we were faced with the choice of leaving, or staying and living with it.

"We're also pissed off with the rip-off merchandising that's been flooding the market. At least a lot of sharks will now be left with Two-Tone Selecter badges and ties, which we hope no-one will buy."

With this in view, The Selecter's future releases will appear under their own logo, through Chrysalis. The first of these, out on August 8, is a single coupling 'The Whisper' and 'Train To Skaville'. A seven-minute version of the latter title forms the A-side of the 12-inch version, while the two tracks on the B-side are 'The Whisper' and the original version of 'Street Feeling'.



Johnny Ramone pic: Pennie Smith

Migrant McGeoch

MAGAZINE have parted company with their guitarist John McGeoch, who has decided the time has come to pursue other projects. He's already been replaced by former Ultravox sideman Robin Simon, who played on their third album 'Systems Of Romance' — he's been writing and rehearsing with Magazine for the past three weeks.

Simon makes his live debut with the band next month, when they undertake a three-week American tour, highlighted by a headliner at the Santa Monica Civic on August 16 — a concert which is to be filmed for a movie about new wave bands. From the States, they travel on to Australia and New Zealand, then return home for recording sessions. So British audiences won't see Simon in action until the very end of the year.

McGeoch has recently been involved in recording an album with Visage, which also features such musicians as Billy Currie, Midge Ure, Rusty Egan and Steve Strange. Earlier this year, he recorded and toured with Siouxsie & The Banshees, and his departure from Magazine increases speculation that he will accept their guitar vacancy on a permanent basis. He would neither confirm nor deny this possibility, but appeared to put a dampener on it by saying that he "wants to pursue a number of different activities."

● The Banshees revealed this week that their search for a guitarist is now down to a shortlist of three. They wouldn't comment on whether McGeoch is one of those names, but say they'll be making a final decision shortly — and the new man will be playing with the band when they tour Britain in the late autumn. Meanwhile, their new album 'Kaleidoscope' (on which McGeoch guests on some tracks, with Steve Jones playing on three numbers, and others with no guitar at all) is released by Polydor on August 1.

1-2-3-4 GIGS

THE RAMONES' concerts next month have now been set, though their visit is considerably shorter than originally planned — confined to four dates in the UK and one in Eire. Reason is that they're now undertaking a full six-week European tour, with these gigs as the first leg.

They play London Hammersmith Odeon (August 19), Belfast Ulster Hall (21), Dublin Mansion House (22), Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (24) and Liverpool Rotters (25). Tickets are on sale now at all venues — they are £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith), £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Edinburgh) and £3 only (Liverpool), but prices for the two Irish gigs haven't yet been announced.

Ruts trio at Deeply

THE RUTS — still stunned by the death of their vocalist Malcolm Owen, even though he was on the point of leaving the band — remain in a state of confusion over their future plans. They have yet to decide whether to continue as a three-piece, or take on a new vocalist, and are even considering changing their name. It's understood they intend to fulfil their commitment at the Deeply Vale People's Festival this weekend, appearing as a trio — and they have apparently already recorded some demos in that format.

Virgin — who had planned to issue a new Ruts single 'West One', recorded with Owen a month ago, in early August — will go ahead with its release on schedule, as they say it's "a fitting final testament to his talent". Owen was cremated last Friday, but the adjourned inquest will not be re-opened until the laboratory analysis is completed.

● The Deeply Vale organisers have now revealed the location of this year's site — it's just over three miles on the A56 road out of Bury, and near Edenfield. An attempt by the local district council to obtain a court ban on the event was adjourned last week, and it now seems certain to go ahead as planned. It starts tomorrow (Friday), with The Ruts scheduled to headline on Saturday.

THE STRANGLERS are the latest act to be confirmed for the series of summer concerts being staged at Nottingham Theatre Royal. As reported, they're being filmed by ATV, for screening later in the year as a new in-concert series. The men in black appear there on Tuesday, August 19.

● **THE REVILLOS** follow a lengthy European gig series by playing three nights at London Marquee Club this weekend, from Friday to Sunday inclusive. These will be their first UK dates with new guitarist Kid Krupa, and their last with ex-Rezillo colleague William Mysterious (bass), who's leaving to form his own band. They'll be auditioning for a new bassist next month, and are planning an intensive gig schedule for September to tie in with the release of their debut DinDisc album 'Rev Up'.

● **THE SKIDS** headline a one-off at London Hammersmith Palais on August 19, tied in with the release of their new Virgin single 'Circus Games' on August 8 — Simple Minds support, and tickets are on sale now priced £3. It's their first UK gig with their new line-up and, as reported last week, they'll be touring in the early autumn to coincide with the September 5 release of their album 'The Absolute Game'.

● **DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS** have now set a London date as the climax of their current Intense Emotion Revue, at the National Ballroom in Kilburn on Thursday, August 7 (8pm) — support acts have still to be confirmed, but tickets priced £2.50 are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents.

● **ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80** have added six more dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago — at Edinburgh Tiffany's (August 11), Newcastle Centre Hotel (13), Torquay The Pelican (20 and 21), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (23) and Brighton Jenkinsons (24).

● **UK SUBS** play their first concert with their new line-up, now featuring newcomers Steve Roberts (drums) and Alvin Gibbs (bass), at London Camden Music Machine on August 8. They'll be gigging around the Continent in September, returning to the UK for a full tour starting in mid-October.

Mo' Mo-dates

THE MO-DETTES, hovering on the verge of the charts with their revival of the Stones' classic 'Paint It Black', play the most important London date of their career so far on August 23 — headlining at Camden Electric Ballroom, and putting together their own support bill, including special guests. Following their previously reported two nights with Madness at Nottingham Theatre Royal on August 11 and 12 (for ATV's in-concert series), they have other gigs next month at Manchester Mayflower (15), Dudley J.B.'s (16), Leeds Fan Club (17) and Liverpool Gatesby's (20). In early September, they leave for a month-long tour of the States.

● **THE PHOTOS** will be setting out on their next UK tour, a five-week nationwide itinerary, in November.

THE SKOLARS

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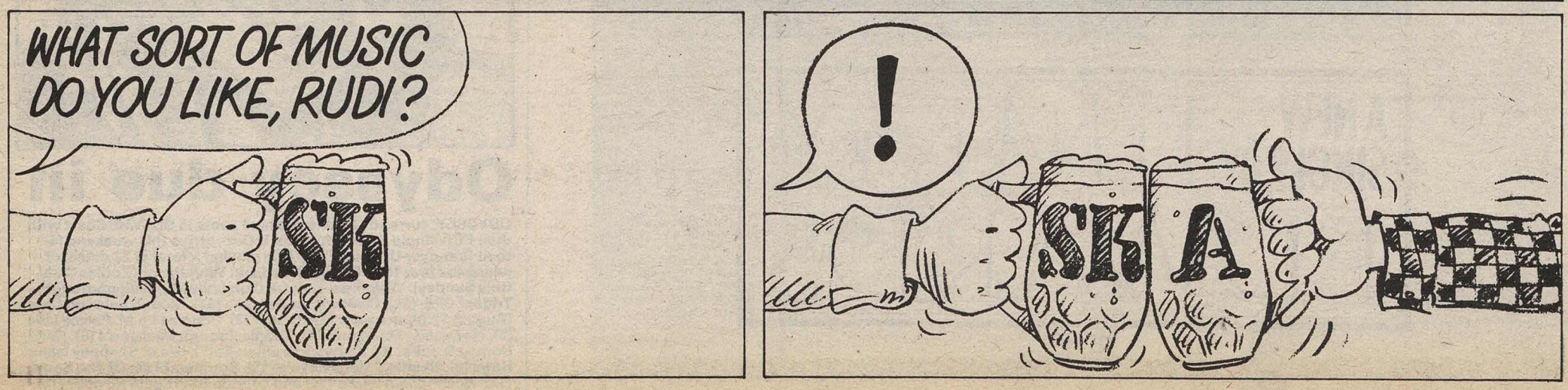


LIVE CIRCUIT

COODER IN TOWN

RY COODER returns to the UK in late October, to play a short London season and two provincial concerts. After a four-week European tour which opens at Dublin Stadium on September 26 and 27, he arrives in London to headline four nights at the new Apollo Victoria Theatre, from October 23 to 26 inclusive. He then travels on to Birmingham Odeon (28) and Manchester Apollo (29). London tickets go on sale this Friday at £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50, limited to six per applicant; at the other two venues they are £4, £3 and £2, with the Manchester box-office opening tomorrow (Friday), while in Birmingham it opens next Monday (28). Cooder's latest album is the soundtrack from the film *The Long Riders*, and both the movie and the LP are due for early October release.

● **REAL TO REAL** have hired the Acklam Hall in West London, where they'll be promoting their own concert tomorrow night (Friday). Support act is The Flatbackers, who continue their own London crusade with August gigs at Clapham Two Brewers (4, 11, 18 and 25), New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (15 and 17), Camden Brecknock (16) and Camden Dingwalls (29) — while out of town, they play Gravesend Red Lion (1 and 22) and Reading Target Club (7). Real To Real return to the Acklam Hall on August 1, and have a four-week London residency Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's (July 28, August 6, 13 and 20).

● **MERTON PARKAS** go back on the road this week, for the first time in almost a year. Dates confirmd so far are Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (tonight, Thursday), Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (Friday), Coventry General Wolfe (Saturday), London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett (July 29), Torquay Town Hall (30), Port Talbot Troubadour (31), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (August 2), Wolverhampton Lafayette (3), Norwich Cromwells (4), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (8), High Wycombe Nags Head (9) and Leeds Fan Club (10). More are being set.

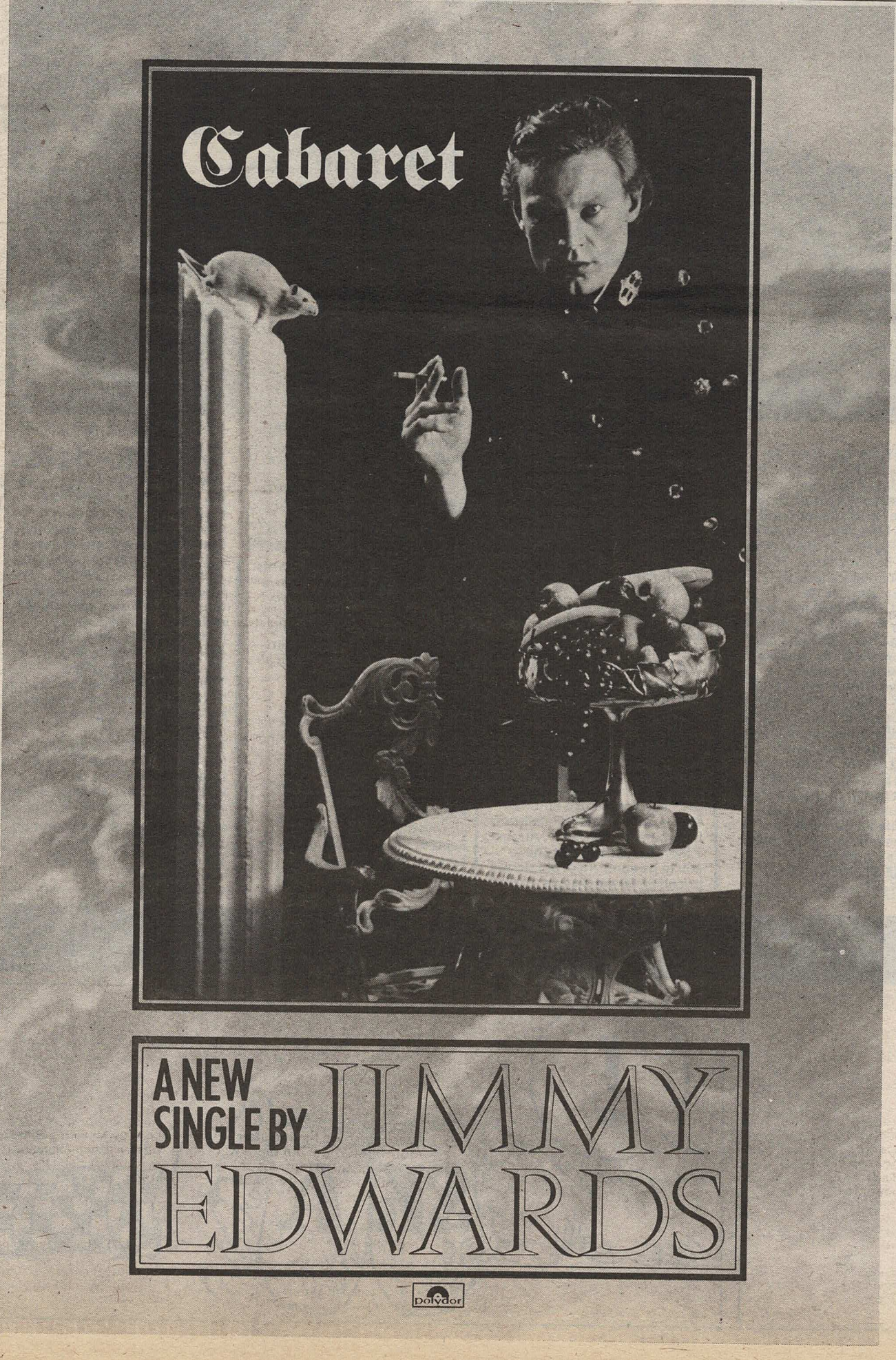
● **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE** stay on in Britain, after appearing in next weekend's Cambridge Folk Festival, to play a series of dates in their own right — the highlights being two nights at London Victoria The Venue on August 12 and 13. And Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters, who played a one-nighter at The Venue last week, return there next week for a three-night stint (July 29-31). Also booked in there is Peter Hammill, who promotes his new album 'A Black Box' on August 10.

STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

THE STEP continue promoting their single 'Love Letter' on the Direction label (through Epic) with London gigs at Canning Town Bridge House (this Sunday and August 3), Camden Dingwalls (August 2), Herne Hill Half Moon (8), Woolwich Tramshed (10), Covent Garden Rock Garden (14) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (17). Other London area dates are being set for August, to be followed by a nationwide tour in September. Later in the autumn, they appear in a feature film called *Con*, about a confidence trickster who sets out to fleece a rock band — and they've already written ten songs for the soundtrack.

● **JUDY COLLINS** is to undertake a British concert tour, starting at the end of September. It's being lined up by Henry Sellers International, who will announce dates in a week or two, after contracts have been exchanged. Sellers has also signed Peggy Lee for a two-week tour starting on November 16, and will be promoting autumn tours by The Three Degrees and The Drifters.

● **THE SINCEROS** — with a new Epic single 'Are You Ready' just released, and an album scheduled for September — continue gigging in and around London at Canning Town Bridge House (this Saturday), Herne Hill Half Moon (Sunday), the Marquee Club (July 28), Fulham Greyhound (29), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (30) and Southend Zero Six (August 4).



ROXY NIX THREE

ROXY MUSIC have had to postpone the first three dates of their sell-out British tour, which was scheduled to open at Brighton yesterday (Wednesday), owing to Bryan Ferry's illness. He collapsed in Perpignan last week during the band's French tour, and was flown to a London hospital apparently suffering from kidney trouble.

Although he improved considerably over the weekend, doctors ordered him to take a break before resuming work, which means that Roxy's shows at Birmingham Odeon this Thursday and Friday are also off — though they're hoping to pick up the tour at Manchester on Saturday.

It's planned to re-schedule the postponed gigs in early August (after their Wembley concerts). Ticket-holders are advised to retain their tickets, as they will still be valid.

● **THE SCORPIONS**, already set to appear in Rainbow's monster bash at the Castle Donington Racing Circuit on August 16, will be returning to the UK in mid-autumn for an extensive tour — occupying virtually the whole of October (dates to be announced shortly). The German band's new single 'The Zoo', culled from their current album 'Animal Magnetism', will be issued by Harvest in early August.

● **DENNY LAINE BAND** play two special gigs at London Marquee on August 18 and 19, and both will be recorded for a live album to be issued early next year, with royalties going to the Toy For A Sick Child Fund. They have another concert at Margate Winter Gardens on August 26, from which the proceeds will be donated to the Leukaemia Fund. And a further addition to their current tour is at Maidenhead Leisure Centre on August 15.

● **JOHNNY MARS' 7th SUN** — now featuring drummer Peter Miles, who was previously with the Danny Adler Band and Rocket 88 — return from Germany to play London Putney Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (Saturday), Southend Shrimpers (Sunday) and Manchester Rafters (next Monday). They then go into the studios to record a single, and resume gigging next month, including appearances at the British Music Fair at London's Olympia (August 21-24).

KINKS, AWB: LYCEUM DATES

THE KINKS make two rare concert appearances early next month — at Aylesbury Friars (August 6, tickets £3) and London Strand Lyceum (August 7, tickets £3.50).
AVERAGE WHITE BAND have also been confirmed for a date at London Lyceum, which they play on Sunday, August 10 (£3.50). Another new booking for them is at Doncaster Rotters on August 6.

● **SPIDER**, who next week record their second single 'College Love' for Alien Records, extend their current tour through August — including a headliner at London Camden Music Machine (6). Other London area gigs are Hornchurch The Bull (2 and 30), New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (3 and 24), Kingston Three Tuns (5), Edmonton Pymmes Park Festival (9), Southall Hamborough Tavern (15), Chiswick John Bull (22) and Tottenham The Spurs (27). Elsewhere they play Luton Baron of Beef (8), Cambridge Great Northern (16), Gravesend Red Lion (21), Norwich Whites (23) and Lincoln Cornhill Vaults (28).

● **Q-TIPS**, whose self-titled debut album is released by Chrysalis on August 15, have now set the summer leg of their tour — concentrating to a large extent on coastal resorts. Besides supporting The Police in Dublin this Sunday, they play Derby Blue Note (tonight, Thursday), Cardiff Top Rank (Friday), London Crystal Palace Hotel (July 31), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (August 1), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (2), Kirklevington Country Club (3), Edinburgh Tiffany's (4), Leeds Warehouse (5), Sheffield Limit (7), Scarborough Penthouse (8), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (9), London Marquee (11, 12 and 13), Brighton Jenkinson's (17), Plymouth Fiesta (19), Torquay 400 Club (20), Penzance Demelza's (21) and Bournemouth Town Hall (22).

● **BESHARA**, the Birmimgham ska outfit who recently supported UB40 and have been tipped to follow in that band's footsteps, have their single 'When You're Wrong (Say You're Wrong)' issued by Voyage International this weekend. And they promote it at Isle of Man Sports Centre (this Sunday), Manchester Portland Bars (August 2), London Oxford St. 100 Club (7), Coventry Matrix Hall (9), Telford The Club (16) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (23).

● **RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS** have London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (August 4), Fulham Golden Lion (16 and 23), Islington Hope & Anchor (22, 29 and September 5), Herne Hill Half Moon (August 24) and Clapham 101 Club (28). Out of town dates next month include Scarborough Taboo (8), Halifax Good Mood (9), Birmingham Golden Eagle (14), Burton 76 Club (15) and Cannock Moonraker (17).

● **ETHEL THE FROG**, the heavy metal quartet whose self-titled debut album was issued recently by EMI, have occasional gigs over the next few months at Leconfield Steering Wheel (tonight, Thursday), Hull Charleston Club (Saturday), Sunderland Mayfair (August 8), Hartlepool Corporation Club (9), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (September 5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Lincoln Cornhill Vaults (13), Sheffield Penguin Club (20), Gravesend Red Lion (27), Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's (29), Nottingham Boat Club (October 4) and Bradford Princeville (9). A college tour is being lined up for mid-autumn.

Odyssey due in

ODYSSEY, currently hitting the high spots in the *NME* Chart with their RCA single 'Use It Up Wear It Out', arrive this weekend for their first-ever UK tour. They'll be playing a total of 22 dates, of which the first 16 to be confirmed are: Whitehaven Zodiac Club (this Sunday), Wakefield Theatre Club (July 29), Hillingborough Trident Club (30), Cleethorpes Peppers (31), Slough Fulcrum Centre (August 1), Manchester Mayflower (2), Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (3), Newcastle Madison's (4), Middlesbrough Madison's (5), Derby Romeo & Juliet (6), Norwich Cromwells (7), Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel (8), Sheffield Genevieve's (11), Southend Talk Of The South (12), Nottingham Palais (14) and London Southgate Royalty (15).

AC/DC, H'Wind bombarding UK

AC/DC have finalised plans for their first UK tour with their new lead singer, Brian Johnson. They'll be playing 20 dates in mid-autumn, including three big London shows — and featuring material from their new WEA album 'Back In Black', released this weekend.

Their schedule comprises Bristol Colston Hall (October 19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20 and 21), Birmingham Odeon (22 and 23), Manchester Apollo (25 and 26), Sheffield City Hall (27 and 28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Glasgow Apollo (November 1 and 2), Newcastle City Hall (4 and 5), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (6), Southampton Gaumont (7 and 8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10, 11 and 12).

Tickets are priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50 — except at Leicester, Hanley and Deeside, where they are £4.50 only. They go on sale today (Thursday), except at Bristol where the box-office opens on August 7.

HAWKWIND

HAWKWIND, who played two sell-out shows at London Lyceum over the last two weekends, have now finalised their annual autumn tour — it comprises 22 dates, including another couple of London concerts, this time at the Hammersmith Odeon. Their schedule takes in:

Manchester Apollo (October 10), Liverpool Empire (11), Derby Assembly Rooms (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Gloucester Leisure Centre (16), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Oxford New Theatre (19), Preston Guildhall (20), Glasgow Apollo (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (25), Poole Arts Centre (26), Portsmorth Guildhall (28), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Guildford Surrey University (31), Norwich East Anglia University (November 1), London Hammersmith Odeon (2 and 3) and St. Albans City Hall (5.

Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Hammersmith (£3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25); Glasgow (£3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50); St. Austell and Hanley (£3.50 only); and Poole, Leicester, Gloucester and Derby (£3.50 and £3). They are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, except for Gloucester where it's postal application only.

With their Bronze album 'Hawkwind — Live 1979' out this week, and their single 'Shot Down In The Night' currently on release, the band are now recording a new studio album to be issued in early October. Their tour is promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises in association with Neil Warnock of Bron's.

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THE WHO A ROYAL CLANGER

PRINCESS MARGARET will be going to London's Royal Opera House in Covent Garden to attend a September charity concert by The Who, according to an annoucement issued by Kensington House (her London residence) and reported by *NME* last week. The only snag is that The Who probably won't be there!

Commented their spokesman: "Obviously they'd love to do it, but it's likely they'll have graciously to decline — and they certainly haven't accepted. Their heavy recording commitments make it impractical. It's not a question of The Who snubbing Princess Margaret — simply that her people didn't check beforehand."

Which must be the first and only time that a Royal Press Office has dropped a clanger, by issuing a premature and incorrect statement.

EXTRAVOX

ULTRAVOX have made a few changes in their previously reported UK tour schedule, which aids promotion of their new Chrysalis album 'Vienna'. They have added Cardiff Top Rank (August 1), Derby Ajanta Cinema (9) and Coventry Tiffany's (12), but cancelled their gig at Newport Stowaway on August 7. And they now play Manchester Ardri on August 13, instead of the city's Rotters Club.

Signals are go for Boxcar's excursion

BOXCAR WILLIE, the "pure country" Texan artist who's suddenly graduated to the mass market with his chart album 'King Of The Road', celebrates his success by headlining a major UK tour in mid-autumn. And this will be preceded later in the summer by two bill-topping appearances in Scotland's first-ever Country Music Festival.

The tour dates are Plymouth New Palace Theatre (October 22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (23), Crawley Leisure Centre (24), London Lewisham Concert Hall (25), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Derby Assembly Rooms (28), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (29), Ipswich Gaumont (31), Gt. Yarmouth ABC (November 1), Hull City Hall (2), Middlesbrough Concert Hall (4), Dublin Stadium (5), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (6), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (7), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (8 and 9) and London Wembley Conference Centre (11). Support acts are Jean Shephard, The Second Fiddles and Gerry Ford. Tickets at £7.50, £6, £4.75 and £3.50 go on sale on August 1.

The line-up for the two-day festival being staged at the Royal Highland Showground at Ingliston, near Edinburgh, is: **Boxcar Willie, C.W. McCall, Skeeter Davis. Philomena Begley, Nat Stuckey, Peggy Sue & Sonny Wright, Charlie Walker, Ray Pillow, Carmol Taylor** and **Gerry Ford** (Saturday, August 23); **Boxcar Willie, Sammi Smith, Roy Drusky, John Anderson, The Wilburn Brothers, Kenny Seratt, Dottsy, Jim Owens, The Twins, Hargus 'Pig' Robbins** and **Buddy Spicher** (Sunday, 24).

Tickets are £12.50, £9.50 and £7.50 daily. The event is presented by Drew Taylor (who also promotes Boxcar's tour) in association with the *Daily Record*.

● Boxcar Willie, real name Marty Martin, has been a cult figure in country circles for several years — with a loyal following on the C&W club circuit. He first achieved wider acclaim when he stole the show at the 1979 Wembley Country Festival, repeating the performance at this year's event, and interspersed with his first UK theatre tour last autumn. His stage name derives from his ability to produce highly realistic train whistles.

Bill Nelson in Edinburgh event

BILL NELSON is among latest bookings for this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, appearing with his new band at the Nite Club on August 12, in what is seen as a warm-up for an autumn tour. Any Trouble are newly set for the same venue on August 11, and that same evening Athletico Spizz 80 play at Tiffany's. More acts are expected to be confirmed next week, including Ultravox and Steel Pulse.

IN BRIEF

THE VYE, the Leeds-based band who've built up a considerable following in the North over the past four years, have decided to split up after a farewell gig at Leeds Haddon Hall this Sunday (27), due to "the unfavourable economic situation inside the British music industry" . . . and South London outfit THE BOYCE BAND are also breaking up, following a farewell show at Deptford White Swan on August 1, their reasons being "lack of interest by the Press and record companies".

SPARKS will be playing their first British concerts for five years in the autumn, as part of an extensive world tour. The outing will coincide with the release of their tenth album, currently being recorded in Germany. Ron and Russell Mael are now working with a new band comprising Bob Haag (guitar), Lee Bohem (bass) and Dave Kendrick (drums), and this is the line-up with which they'll be going on the road.

MYTHRA have been chosen as the support band on the upcoming Ted Nugent tour, opening at London Hammersmith Odeon on August 1 and 2. Their single 'Killer'/'Death & Destiny' is being reactivated by Pinnacle to coincide, in both 7" and 12" forms.

JOCK ROCK is the title of a special night at London Camden Dingwalls on August 18, when three popular Scottish rock bands — Liberty Bodice, Positive Noise and The Phonies — come to town in the hope of getting the exposure they need, in order to make further progress in the business.

THE CHEATERS arrive in London this weekend from their native Manchester to play three dates — at Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Camden Dingwalls (Sunday) and Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett (next Monday).

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OFF THE RECORD

Daltry movie elpee

THE SOUNDTRACK album from **Roger Daltrey's** new film *McVicar* is now scheduled for August 1 release by Polydor. It was produced by Jeff Wayne, who also wrote two of the tracks — and among backing musicians are Pete Townshend, Kenny Jones, Rabbit and Herbie Flowers. As already reported, a single from the LP titled 'Free Me' is out this week. The film itself will be premiered in London's West End in late August.

● **Mike Rutherford's** new Charisma single 'Time And Time Again' has gone on sale with a different B-side from the title announced and printed on the sleeve! The first pressing of 6,500 copies has 'Overnight Job' as the coupling, even though the sleeve says it's 'At The End Of Day'.

● The new **Twinkle Brothers** album on Virgin, their first in over a year, is 'Countrymen'. Recorded at Harry J's studio in Kingston, Jamaica, it consists entirely of new self-penned numbers.

● Charisma's Pre label has obtained, on licence from Ralph Records of San Francisco, a four-track 12-inch EP by **Tuxedo Moon** titled 'Scream With A View'. Same label issues the single 'Faith' by **Manicured Noise,** recorded last autumn with their now-defunct line-up. Both releases are out this weekend.

● New Gem Records signing **Canis Major** release their first single 'Freeway Rock' this weekend. It's taken from their debut album 'Butterfly Queen', due in October.

● **The Invaders** have a new single 'Magic Mirror' issued by Polydor on August 1, and their debut album follows in the autumn.

● **Taj Mahal** has signed with Magnet for UK distribution, and has his single 'Take A Giant Step' issued this weekend. The album from which it comes, 'Taj Mahal And The International Rhythm Band Live', follows in August.

YES will have their latest album, the first to feature their new line-up including the Buggles duo, released by WEA in August. Title is 'Drama'.

● To tie in with his appearance at the Portsmouth Country Festival (August 8-10), **Glen Campbell's** new album 'Somethin' Bout You Baby I Like' — his 37th for Capitol — is being issued next month. Capitol singles scheduled for August include 'Danger' by **The Motels,** 'One Last Chance' by **The Shirts** and 'Rescue Me' by **A Taste Of Honey.**

● The debut album from **The Edge** 'Square 1' is finally out this week on the Hurricane label, distributed by Spartan and available at most shops stocking independent releases.

● New Zealand band **Split Enz** — who re-formed recently, a year after breaking up — have their album 'True Colours' issued by A&M on August 1. The LP has already been at No. 1 in Australia for eight weeks. A single taken from it, titled 'I Got You', has just been released.

● As from this week, Magnet are releasing a limited number of 12-inch versions of the current **Bad Manners** hit single 'Lip Up Fatty'.

● **Brian Brain** (alias former Public Image drummer Martin Atkins) has his album 'Unexpected Noises' scheduled for August 15 release, preceded this weekend by the single 'Another Million Miles'. They're on Secret Records who, as already reported, have just signed a distribution deal with Spartan.

Despite reports elsewhere that the new CLASH single 'Bankrobber' — which CBS have been reluctant to issue — is finally coming out on August 1, the company said this week that its release has still not been scheduled.

FINGERPRINTZ — the band fronted by Jimme O'Neill, composer of the Lene Lovich hit 'Say When' — have their second Virgin album 'Distinguishing Marks' set for August 15 release. It was produced by Nick Garvey of The Motors, and the first 5,000 copies sell at £2.99. It's preceded this weekend by a single titled 'Bullet Proof Heart'. A British tour by Fingerprintz is currently being finalised for September, details to be announced shortly, and this will be followed by a lengthy late autumn visit to the States.

ANOTHER WOBBLE

JAH WOBBLE, bassist with Public Image Ltd, has his second album issued by Virgin this weekend — only ten weeks after his debut solo set. Titled 'Blueberry Hill,' it began life as a follow-up to his single 'Betrayal' — but the session produced 34 minutes of new material, so it was decided to unleash an LP instead. Written, produced and arranged by Wobble, it sells for a mere £2.25.

● Heavy metal band **Limelight** have a single, aptly titled 'Metal Man', issued by Doncaster-based Future Earth Records (distributed by Pinnacle).

● Manchester's Factory Records have signed a deal with Crepuscule Disques of Belgium, to set up an outlet in that country. First release is a single by **A Certain Ratio,** featuring 'Shack Up' and a live version of 'And Then Again', which will also be available in the UK next week.

● **The Cosmetics** are releasing a free mini-album on cassette. The five previously unissued tracks are available to anyone sending a blank cassette and SAE to ByProducts, 6 Randolph Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Dorset.

● Beggar's Banquet subsidiary 4.A.D. release a double A-side single by **The The,** 'Black And White'/'Controversial Subject'. Next month the same label issues a 12-inch single featuring tracks by **The Last Dance, C.V.O., Spasmodic Caress, Red Atkins** and German band **Psychotik Tanks.**

Floyd: a sell-out

ALL TICKETS for Pink Floyd's concerts at London Earls Court next month (August 4-9) have now been sold, and no more postal applications can be accepted — in fact, a few latecomers are having their money returned. But there will be a substantial number of production tickets (probably a few hundred) on sale at the box-office from 10am on the day of each concert — at a reduced price.

JAZZ PUNK BONANZA is the billing of a three-night event being staged this weekend by the London Musicians Collective (42 Gloucester Avenue, Camden Town). Taking part are Alterations, Dislocation Dance and Spurtz (tomorrow, Friday); The Door And The Window, Lemon Kittens and Reptile Ranch (Saturday); and Low Flying Aircraft, Take It, The Instant Automatons and Pretentious Art Forms (Sunday). Admission to non-members is £1.25 nightly or £3 for the weekend.

MADDY PRIOR joins The Albion Band at the Fair Oak Festival in Rogate, near Petersfield, this Sunday (27). They're taking part in a special event called The Albion River Hymn, which traces the River Thames from its source to the sea.

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BIRMINGHAM, Cyclops Sound
BOLTON, Harker and Howarth
BOURNEMOUTH, Setchfields
BURNLEY, Electron
CARDIFF, Welsh Sports, Sound Advice
COLCHESTER, Parrott Records
COVENTRY, H Payne
CRAWLEY, L & H Cloake
CROYDON, Diamond Records, L & H Cloake
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LEIGHTON BUZZARD, D J Holland
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LUTON, F L Moore, D J Holland
MANCHESTER, Piccadilly Records, Etherange
MARLOW, Chiltern Sound
MIDDLESBOROUGH, Hamilton
NEWARK, Norman Pride
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME, Mike Lloyd
NORWICH, George Wortley
OXFORD, Russell Acott
PLYMOUTH, Peter Russell's
PORTSMOUTH (Drayton), R A Fraser
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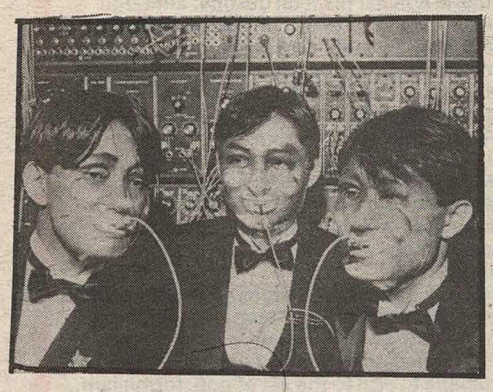


POP MUSIC should be purely and puritanically defined as the absolute match of the aesthetic and the trashy, the magical and the mundane, where serious intentions are deliberately assimilated by self-mockery.

The charts should be full of pop music submerged in ironies, friction, panic. Why indeed should thinking necessarily stupefy?

Tokyo's Yellow Magic Orchestra make pop which is as colourful and useful as a sturdy toy, as invigorating as a pack of existential poems and not so stupid as to be nostalgic and 'sophisticated'.

YMO is POP music of the times (for the times) whereas The Dooleys and ELO and the like is pop music of once upon a time. YMO tell us about today and a tomorrow, whereas those other quasi-popsters tell us nothing (except that they have only the capability to tell us nothing) and neutralise our souls.

YMO pop is multi-dimensional and devious. Yellow Magic Orchestra make death-pop; charming, exuberant, but aware of evil.

You know, there are white magic and black magic. The white one is good and the black one is bad. But we choose to be yellow in the middle. We are yellow Japanese in any way. Yellow magic is energy to awaken the mind like a stimulant. — *Haroumi Hasono.*

When critics excitedly pick up on some brand new pop noise and self-consciously point out its purity, they make sure that everyone knows that this is the *IDEAL* — where innocence and history embrace, sparks fly, tears roll, the mind hums, etc. In these instances what is usually actually missing is *popularity*. Are The Distractions popular? Teardrop Explodes? U2?

Yet Yellow Magic Orchestra, who I would claim are brilliantly plagiaristic and who are advancing pop possibilities, are having a hit single and for the moment everything seems quite logical; intense, intuitive, intelligent musicians making truly commercial adventurous pop. Special!

If YMO have a dozen hit singles over the next few years and instigate war-cries of 'JAP ROCK' in the dailies and weeklies the logic of it all would merit a book.

If YMO are one hit wonders there will be logic in that as well.

If YMO had never had a hit, theoretically they would have deserved one.

If YMO had never existed there would be moments, when I was waking up from a dangerous sleep or playing in quick succession the music of XTC, Bettina Jonic, and Schoenberg where I would miss their bright, determined fusion of opposites, their urgent synthesis of pop-tones and jazz virtuosity.

With YMO methods collide with myths, their music is a classical compendium of past, present and a future.

But our music is just pop music. We've taken from disco, jazz fusion and new wave but the Orchestra stands above any musical category. — *Haroumi Hasono.*

YMO'S POP is stuck somewhere between mourning the tragedy of the world and revelling in its triviality; but it's more marvellous than morbid! Only the laws and universal love of mediocrity will prevent YMO becoming one of the most popular popular groups in the history of the world. (Yes, alongside Abba, Carpenters, Glen Miller Orchestra, Beatles, where they belong.)

It was so great that my brain descent through my body down to my feet. — *Japanese YMO fan Shuichi Aoki commenting on a show.*

I MEET YMO's keyboardist Ryuichi Sakamoto, an assistant professor at the finest Japanese art and music school (Geijutsu University, from where he graduated), in an over-comfortable apartment-office near London's Kings Road. I had been advised — Japanese and all that — to make sure I was punctual. I was supremely punctual. Ryuichi was half an hour late; extremely unusual, I am told. There are repeated apologies. Whilst I wait Japanese group Anarchy's meticulous version of 'White Riot' tickles me pink. When Ryuichi does arrive our talk is really a waste of time, our different analyses not mixing.

We need and have an interpreter. I get to know little of the aspirations and attitudes of Ryuichi and YMO, Ryuichi probably thinks I'm barmy. No steady conversation is established, just a few bits of sense as something connects amidst the gentle confusion. Only the bare facts are uncovered. The majority of quotes used are taken from the stimu-colour pages of a sumptuous Japanese YMO programme/souvenir — their home fans are treated with enviable respect.

At one point I ask Ryuichi if he thinks it intriguing a group so fundamentally cynical are currently charting. This filters through as me announcing that YMO's success is *because* they are cynical! Ryuichi politely dismisses this apparent foolishness. The fractured conversation means there can be no substantial statement of deeper YMO drives. A pity. But don't think you can get away with thinking YMO are shallow.

We are the experimental people. We come from Tokyo, the technopolis. We have to transcend and use the mind and use the music. — *Haroumi Hasono.*

RYUICHI discovered The Beatles at eleven, a point worth mentioning. Later, whilst studying Contemporary Music at Geijutsu, toying with computers, synthesisers and the tangled theoretical strands of 'New Music', his pop background led him to be seduced by Kraftwerk's ruthless revision of rock's assumed disciplines. Through Kraftwerk he saw the possibilities of electronic pop, how sound and the synthesiser could benefit the pop form.

Ryuichi's education and musical experience had taken him to a job as a top session musician/technician contriving overproduced and banal domestic pop — Hallmark-Pickwick equivalents, but original and very successful. In his own time, but under comparable commerical pressure he produced popular streamlined jazz-fusion music, translated with typical analytic precision from the prime American sources. All this was done with insulting ease.

Whilst performing these duties Ryuichi met up with two other 'officially' professional musicians: in his own, through translation, frail words "looking to make something creative that expressed his own ideas about music". Percussionist Yukihoro Takahashi was the drummer with long lost Japan bright hopes Sadistic Mika Band (who peaked here with a Roxy Music tour), and he has the most obvious rock understanding. Haroumi Hasono's initial theorising was to synthesise multiple cultures and traditions without sacrificing individuality: like Ryuichi he contributes electronics, arrangements, and compositions plus bass and production.

From this basic trio, formed in 1978, emerged YMO's inspired predominantly 'synthetic' distillation and delineation of contemporary classical, jazz and pop: a discriminating retrospective of the last forty years. Their music is not hackneyed but inventive, full of reference points rather than cliches, synthesising apparently incompatible components with great clarity and coherence.

From pop, they took Kraftwerk's possibilities, Eno's slaphappy disregard for conventions, Moroder's reductionism, plus a sly knowledge of the techniques of muzak and pop hooks. From classical music, came the possibilities of evolving the formal elements of music — melodies, themes, phrases, motives, figures and chords. Following a jazz line, there was a cheeky nod to Big Band swing and interplay, a relationship to Sun Ra's 'Music Of The Cosmos', and an appreciation of the offsprings of Miles Davis' momentous 1970 'Bitches Brew' — from Jarrett's classicism through to Hancock/Benson/Syers' populism and on to jazz rubbed disco polyrhythms. It's a kaleidoscope of music, claims Hasono reasonably.

It's exotic pop — from Japan, where western pop music is Japanese and vice-versa — but infused with an oriental sense of mystique and pragmatism. YMO use their knowledge and perception with vitality and subtlety: there's no one quite like them.

Conceptually, the group do not pretend to 'de-humanise'. They do not drop everything into the nonsensical. There is no projection into an idealised future where the only troubles are hostile furniture and brokendown love machines. YMO have other indulgences.

The morbid music as ours is the transient phenomenon for the future. — *Haroumi Hasono.*

Ryuichi Sakamoto looks into the future, darkly. Pic: Peter Anderson

WITH THAT OLD YELLOW MAGIC

ORCHESTRATING A SYNTHESISED SOUNDTRACK FOR THE APOCALYPSE PAUL MORLEY CONFRONTS THE SHO' GUNS OF TOKYO TECHNOPOPS

YMO: l to r. Haroumi Hasano, Ryuichi Sakamoto, Yukihoro Takahashi. Pic: Mike Laye

CAN THE world be as mad as it seems? Yellow Magic Orchestra on their first LP 'Yellow Magic Orchestra', using a series of instrurnentals so thrillingly melodic and symbolically formal they seemed stretched enough to snap into the formless, depicted a decadent and deranged world. A world uncontrollably worshipping the gods of noise, escapism, home-comforts, and competitiveness. YMO were obedient as well : and a little guilty.

Arrangements were as sleek as '50s Sinatra shoes, those melodies were irresistible, the swing was mighty agreeable, the joke was on us all. 'Yellow Magic Orchestra' was very disciplined; it was warm laughter at all the mindless laughter. Sexy! fantastic! METALLIC! cried the glossy Japanese popzines and you know they were right!

From this album came their present hit single 'Computer Games (Theme From Invaders)' — a lost-summer hit for a craze. Madness from madness. The gods are laughing. Death is marching. The circus is coming to town.

I ask Ryuichi whether despite the depths YMO are capable of plumbing he thinks people are assuming the group are a gimmick

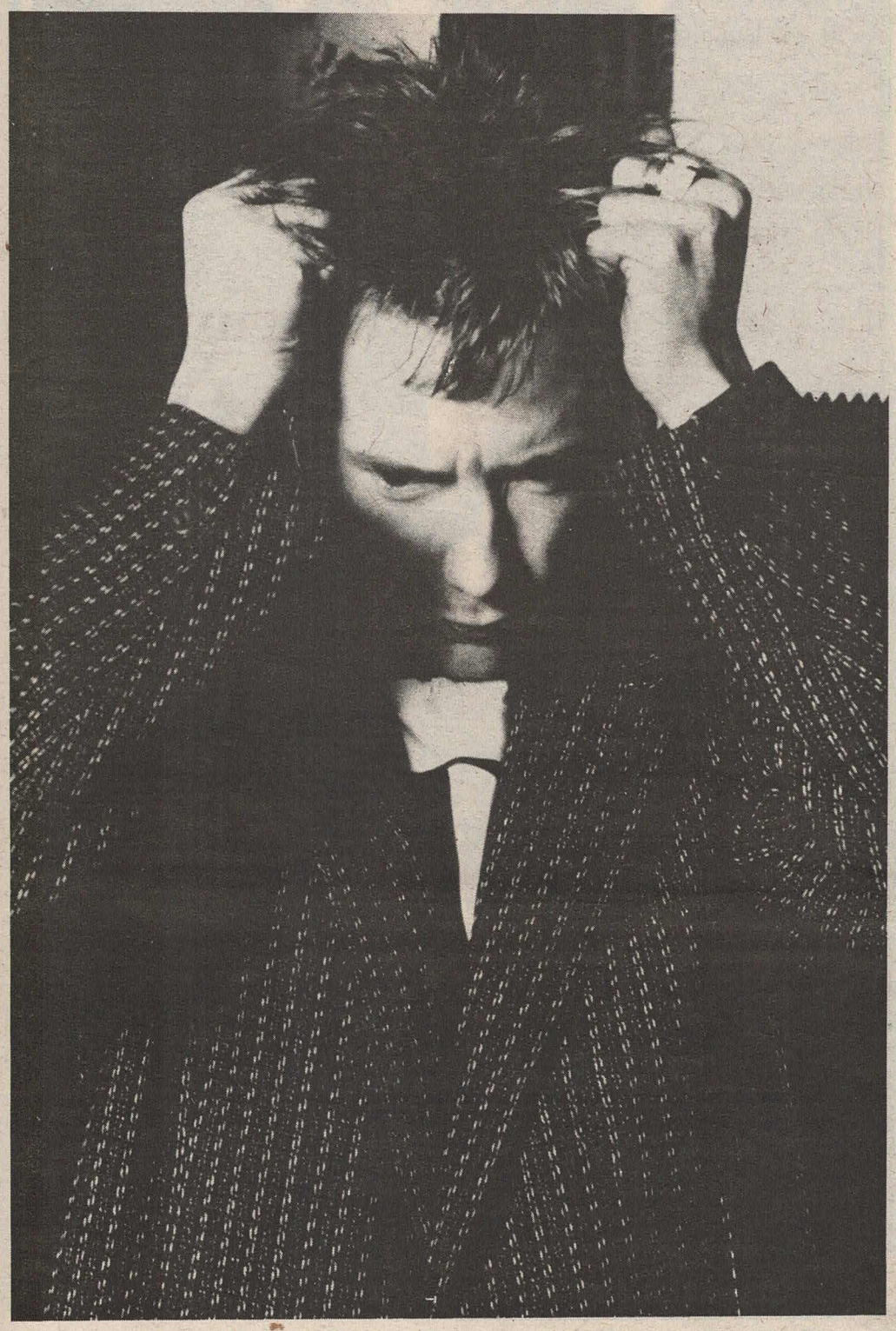
CONTINUES OVER

BRITAIN 1980

YOUNG BUSINESSMEN FACE AGONISING DECISIONS

PANIC MEASURES ARE NEEDED TO SAVE A STRICKEN ECONOMY

BUT THERE IS A BETTER TOMORROW



TOYAH ▲ HUMAN LEAGUE
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LET'S REJUVENATE BRITAIN TOGETHER

THE FACE

THE NEW INDEPENDENT COLOUR MONTHLY
AUGUST ISSUE AT YOUR NEWSAGENTS NOW

THAT OLD YELLOW MAGIC

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

because of the single. He snorts a yes but doesn't seem to want to add anything else. Why should he? It's all there for the taking.

It was just great and really turned me on. Harry's legs, Yukihoro's forehead and beautiful Ryuichi and his cute cheeks, those are what I like. I also like the fact that they play seriously. — *Japanese fan Nakako Enomoto commenting on the group.*

Ryuichi tells me something that I know and has to be said, that there is nothing happening with American pop music. Boring, mindless and mean, bar the odd scattered dream. He prefers the spontaneous ideas of British pop.

I ask him if he would like to think YMO fall in with the comedy, cursing, dreaming and drama of up-to-date British pop I would say is the ACTUAL pop music of the day (and blow whether it's popular or not). Yes, a reply eventually comes back, he would very much like to think YMO have something in common with those groups. And you'd already dismissed them!

We're thinking of Silicon Teens, Vice-Versa, Clock DVA, Lori and the Chameleons, Dalek I, Pink Military, Human League, Cabaret Voltaire . . . this is not being nationalistic, or rather it is a claim to a nationalism of fun, passion, realism and hardness . . . other similar spirits are Japan's The Plastics (find out about their single 'Copy' on Rough Trade, RT 030), D.A.F., Suicide, Cristina, James Black, Devo . . .

This is city-music. In Japan the happy alternative madmen call it 'Techno-pops'. The City : complex, concentrated, a symbol of achievement and self destructiveness. YMO instrumentals reflect the multi-facets and pressures of complex city existence : speed, repetition, noise, stimulation, flashing lights, non-stop, sensurround, roundandround, closeness, out of control. YMO songs capture the cities, the twentieth century's centres of civilisation, on the edge of breakdown.

Ryuichi singles out Throbbing Gristle as a group he has time for, and takes them very seriously. He admires the way they 'combine all aspects of music and are very experimental' — a love for sound/noise kicking away all reason. YMO themselves suggest far better the conflict between dream and reality, hope and disappointment, and do more for painful depression with the faith and bounce of their music. Because there is more.

Hey, everybody on the Earth, take care of yourself! — *Haroumi Hasono.*

CAN THE world be as sad as it seems? Yellow Magic Orchestra's 'Solid State Survivor' pays gay homage to futility, pumping out buoyant themes for extinction. Ryuichi talks about "world movement . . . dark sides . . ." One must be sincere, even at the detriment of oneself.

With 'Solid State Survivor' you know that YMO want to be more than just a glass marble. Side one's opening three instrumentals are teasing and sardonic, pouring a crazy pop lather over the willing senses — tingle! 'Technopolis', 'Absolute Ego', 'Dance' and 'Rydeen' mock the problems of the final days, the final silence — all these ecstatic noises mingling and pinging, melodies again so extreme they're fit to bust, arrangements that are masterpieces of compact construction, the only clue to the underlying desperation the speed of delivery. The world, the city as the focus, accelerates. Can you feel it? YMO help you out. Rydeen flutters and skids out of the way and then 'Castelia' gives you 3½ minutes to live. As forlorn as anything Cabaret Voltaire or Vini Reilly have created, there's no sense of security, a complete lack of rock coarseness.

Side two is four songs, three with lyrics from American aide Chris Mosdell, the fourth a 1965 Beatles song. These songs are the extreme of YMO's fugitive death-pop — words 'sung' with disembodied correctness meshing with the colliding and gliding electronic pulse-patterns, suggesting, if nothing else, withdrawal symptoms. 'Behind The Mask' accepts our alienated position. An exaggeratedly 'robotic' transformation of 'Day Tripper' studded with mechanical parodies of rock cliches, matches quintessential Japanese gloom (tending towards nihilism) with the suicidal implications of the song. 'Insomnia' is an abstraction of timelessness and resignation. 'Solid State Survivor' bitterly outlines an alternative to human destruction, without superficiality or sensationalism.

The main theme of the record is man's struggle against his fatal destiny, although you don't have to take it on that level; their death-pop is vividly accessible, and jump-jump-jumpy enough to push the group to the top of the American disco charts. These nightmares are just too damn compelling!

And these Japanese pop people are so 'human' with their electronic instruments (an electric guitar in the wrong hands seems more likely to be cold and mechanical than a synthesiser in YMO hands) so direct and unpretentious with their experimental instincts.

Ryuichi Sakamoto's developing solo work (a tape of his upcoming LP featuring amongst others Andy Partridge and Dennis Bovelle plays behind us as we talk) drags in a further discipline to add to the list of pop, formalism, jazz, electronics, solid state noise — DUB. For Ryuichi there is little difference between the open ended constructional possibilities of dub and the established 'freedom' of 'new music'. The result is conspicuously physical : more difficult noise than YMO, requiring a whole new set of dance steps.

I ask a question about soullessness and electronic instruments. I'm not sure how the question reaches Ryuichi, but the answer is something like: electronic music is not like Japanese reggae where you can express yourself very directly, but there is no indigenous Japanese pop music. For Ryuichi experimental music contains great warmth, more so than the so-called happy pop he used to hack out. He himself is not a robot. So there is warmth. He is playing the instruments as a human being.

And those electronic time machines are after all only instruments. And on stage YMO are an outrageous opposite to the studied and listless; the storm before the calm, too active and alarming for any weakhearted godfearing HM fan.

If on their first two LP's YMO fully outlined their delight in the absurd and their confrontation of the tragic, their forthcoming LP 'Multiples' veers off eccentrically and erratically into the comic. The first easily available fully promoted YMO LP in this country, it will confuse people.

There are five odd, spoken sketches performed by Chris Mosdell. They brutally satirise the pettiness of the 'archetypal' Japanese, exaggerate the worst aspects of the Japanese temperament. These yellow-goon sketches split the LP, which is maybe a comment on Japan's fifty year rush through feudalism, industrialisation and then chaos.

'Tighten Up (Japanese Gentlemen Stand Up Please!)' casually parodies American funk extroversion with a mock-Japanese delight. There's the brittle mover 'Nice Age' and the twitchy 'Citizens Of Space' — songs of despair and lost innocence — and the instrumentals 'Multiplies' — which packs all the cliches of '60s pop instrumentals into one place for no good reason — and 'End Of Asia', a minute and a half simper.

The Japanese release of 'Multiples' is a ten inch : as a long EP it's good for a smile or four and a couple of somersaults. The British release will have two or three added pieces and will be a twelve inch, presumably more patchy and unsatisfying than the Japanese release. You'll still think YMO are a gimmick group! As an introduction to YMO, 'Multiples' contains some sides of the group, odd hints of their depths, but try to find 'Solid State Survivor' and take all that it offers. This is pop music! a parodying and parading of life's suffering.

They tend to co-exist with the tension held between themselves and the electronics. Their music is the sculpture of amusement. — *Takeshi Kojima talking about YMO pop.*

YMO's DEATH-POP deals in new themes for the crisis, and that's all right by me. The very serious will say that it's worthless; it depends on your definitions. Treat YMO lightly and laughingly and then it becomes excitingly clear how profound they are. Or dance yourselves dizzy. It's fun without forgetting the black edges. Their style is their speed and hypnotic effect, their sense of comedy and confrontation of nihilism; the intertwining of fun and fear.

I like them because they're cute, they're sharp and you're never quite sure what's going on. Pop music as stimulant: like it should be.

Pic Peter Anderson.

From now on Dexy's Midnight Runners will not take part in any interviews with the New Musical Express, Melody Maker, Sounds, Record Mirror or any other music papers.

Instead of filling these pages with the usual boring LP adverts, we have decided to use the space to accommodate our own essays which will state our point of view. These essays will appear regularly as we have strong views on several subjects and feel it is important we are understood.

We are doing this because we are totally disillusioned with the music press. We have attempted at least one interview with each of the papers but have never been represented properly. Instead these "journalists" conduct their own two hour schoolboy analyses which always reflect their own, oh so predictable, personalities.

Though some descriptions of us have intended favour, we have found them so persistently inaccurate, patronising and standardised, that it is obvious to us that these "writers" are so out of touch, they should be frightened. They are probably not. Instead they try to cover their total lack of understanding behind a haze of academic insincerity.

We won't compromise ourselves by talking to the dishonest, hippy press. We are worth much more than that.

dexys midnight runners

searching for the young soul rebels

dexys midnight runners LP

RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE

Pic: Joe Stevens

Thrills

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUN

Album Hijack Mystery

Pic: David Corio

Two runners with swag bags.

WHAT DRIVES a group with a number one single to hijack its own LP tapes and hold them to ransom? Read on ...

Sunday, June 1st. Chipping Norton Studios. After two weeks' work, Dexy's Midnight Runners have completed 'In Search Of The Young Soul Rebels' and are hanging around the control room as cassettes are run-off from the master tapes.

As producer Pete Wingfield and engineer Barry Hammond are lured out of the room, the scam swings into action. With one member revving the engine of the group's van, other Runners snatch all five tapes and enact such a speedy getaway that they even elude a police alert.

Bizarre, huh? Cynics may suspect a half-baked publicity stunt but it seems the reason for the tape-snatch was even more basic: Dexy's wished to renegotiate what they felt to be a less-than-generous deal with EMI and kidnapped the tapes to, er, strengthen their argument after an EMI rep, due at the studio to discuss the group's complaints, had failed to show up.

Producer Pete Wingfield confirmed the tape-theft and seemed convinced that the group would have resorted to physical violence if necessary. He opined that Dexy's did deserve a better shake-down but was well outraged at the method they used to achieve it.

EMI, meanwhile, were trying to cover-up the whole scam. A spokesman told *Thrills* he knew nothing about it and added "even if the story was true, it wouldn't be very good for the business ... it's not something I'd want to see printed." Could it be that EMI fear industry flak for their precedent-setting cave-in to, er, terrorism?

Dave Cork, Dexy's manager, who was on holiday during the tape hijack reportedly blew his fuses when he heard about it. Approached by *Thrills,* he promised he'd get the group to phone in their version of events. They never did.

Maybe they'd heard from the same EMI spokesman who told *Thrills* "it would be unwise for them to comment." *Thrills* says: next time, send in the SAS!

ROY CARR

LENNON DIPS INTO HOLIDAY DISCO

BERMUDA SHORT

JOHN Lennon has emerged in public again ... this time in the exclusive British colony of Bermuda.

He arrived there by yacht last week and was joined later by Yoko Ono. They are staying in a private house on the island, which has one of the highest standards of living in the world — and is a tax-free haven for millionaires and exempt companies.

Lennon, despite his reputation of being a virtual recluse in New York had been sighted out and about several times, including at least one visit to the island's top club, the Disco 40, where he was happy to chat for 90 minutes about his life and times — although he would not give a full interview. ("I've got nothing to say and I haven't been doing anything.")

Somewhat surprisingly, he went unrecognised by most of the clientele. He was dressed in tight white trousers, a black jacket and a white golfing cap. The trademark glasses were missing though and his below-shoulder length hair was tied back in a pony tail.

He was lively, friendly and jocular, and speaking in the strong Scouse accent which he still retains (or affects?) he said he had heard, and liked, most of the new sounds emerging from England.

Asked his opinion of McCartney's recent output, he didn't seem very impressed. "Mind you I like his new one though," he added bursting into a quick chorus of 'Coming Up'.

Lennon cited his child as the main reason for his inactivity over the last five years or so. He explained that he hardly saw his first son grow up during the Beatles' success, and was determined it wouldn't happen again.

Another reason for his virtual disappearance from the public eye, he said, was the difficulty of going out in New York without being recognised.

With his 40th birthday approaching, he said he had no immediate plans to write or record — "You can't do it if it's not there" — and repeated his oft-quoted statement about having made his contribution to society.

He stayed almost until the disco closed at 3 am — leaving disappointed manager Tony Brannon, who thought he had recognised the former Beatle, and then dismissed the thought as being too unlikely.

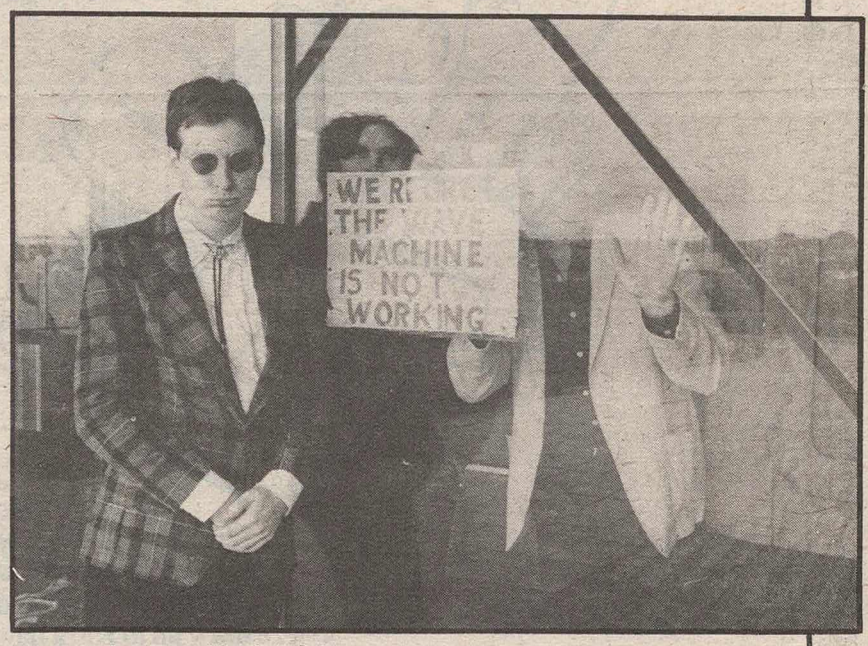
For the record, Lennon did get his round in.

MARK GRAHAM

Thrills

HEY, BIG SPENDERS ...

XTC'S 4TH ALBUM PARTY-ETTE



...but the hype machine is just fine, thanks. *Pic: Chris Horler*

"WHEN A company has a pretty good idea of the quality and full potential of an investment it's been nurturing for some while, their shyness often becomes one of its lesser characteristics".

Thus spoke famed philosopher and Virgin P.R. supremo Al Clark the morning after a gruelling but ultimately victorious celebration as some twenty select 'bods' were present to witness the unveiling of XTC's fourth album, 'Black Sea' at Goldhawk Road's Townhouse Studios last Sunday evening.

A 7 pm invitation turned out to be a trifle premature as the 'chaps' plus producer Steve Lillywhite were in fact performing final mixes, thereby causing that added essence "somewhat more akin to a space-launching" quoth Mr. Clark to mix metaphors (or similes) and likening the next fraught hour and a half to the Iranian siege hostage heist.

"There was definitely an air of there being something peculiarly exciting ... a certain frenzy about something so close."

At 8.35 pm though, the task was complete and jubilation ruled as the twenty odd assemblees reeled about and generally got pissed whilst this masterpiece, XTC's fourth album was broadcast to one and all. Amongst the songs heard were 'Towers of London', 'Generals & Majors', 'Sergeant Rock (Is Going To Help Me)', 'Rocket From A Bottle', and 'No Language In Our Lungs', not to mention two marathon exercises — 'Living Through Another Cuba' and 'Travels In Nihilon' — that are still causing Virgin problems.

"There's this slight problem of each side currently lasting over 26 minutes," stated Clark, who went on to mention that some 16 songs had been demo'ed only to be stripped to a stirling eleven or perhaps ten if the length problem dictates it.

Those of us who viewed XTC as having 'arrived' with third album 'Drums & Wires' will be interested to note that Andy Partridge has nine songs to his credit (all written between March and May directly after the band completed their American tour) alongside Colin Moulding's two. Partridge's songs denote a progression slightly away from the more obvious 'left field' dischord dramas of yore towards a style "equally as profound but more transparently engaging".

Virgin supremos have clocked at least four songs as excellent singles material, the first of which (yet to be chosen — such is the embarrassment of riches on display) will see the light of day in August. The album will be available in September in time for the commencement of a six-month tour of the States (playing stadiums with the Police), "big Australian venues" (thank you, Mr. Clark) and back to Blighty before the year's out.

Exuberant Al was only slightly evasive regarding the exact sum that Virgin will be using as their budget for a considerable splash-out when 'Black Sea' hits the stores. "It wouldn't be amiss however to mention that we'll be putting out a few bob" quoth the Maestro.

NICK KENT

ON THE BEACH

THE AMERICAN rock establishment held a family reunion last September, a five-night concert series at Madison Square Garden put on by Musicians United for Safe Energy. The profits from these concerts, the album that resulted, and now the *No Nukes* film of the event, are being distributed by something called the MUSE Foundation Board. Sitting on the Board are fifteen people, including Tom Hayden and personnel from organisations like the Black Hills Alliance and the Critical Mass Energy Project. And two musicians, Bonnie Raitt and John Hall.

If you are a buff for nostalgia revolving around late '60s-early '70s singer-songwriters *No Nukes* is the film for you.

Steve Stills provides the most painfully embarrassing moment, trying to hit high notes he can no longer near, on old CSN standard 'Suite: Judy Blue Eyes'. At the end of the song Stills looks rattled and shaken, despite the crowd's cheers. But there is also Carly Simon wiggling her tush around the stage to 'Mockingbird' while hubby James Taylor seems to be trying to ignore her presence. Or any of the shots of musicians in their roles as "political spokesmen". Or anything any of the Doobie-doobie-do Brothers do onstage.

Questions arise. Why can't we see the face of James Taylor's bass player through all the hair and beard? Is he that ugly? Why does Jackson Browne's guitarist play sitting down, with his guitar over his knees? He is that tired? Who is this smug-looking John Hall with his treacly 'Power' anthem? Why are they all wearing Hawaiian print shirts?

Can we really be expected to believe that these members of the New Elite are deeply troubled about nuclear power when they uniformly look like they just got off lounging around some California beach?

What we have here, methinks, is an attempt to grab some media attention by some colourless people who otherwise would no longer get any. Except from that Bruce Springsteen, whose ten minutes on film provide the only flash of excitement, and token punks Joy Rider-Avis Davis Band, whose 'No More Nukes' number gets axed down to about thirty seconds.

If *No Nukes* were itself at all objective about the people it is documenting, it might be easier to take. But the film is edited as if these people were running for office. For instance, we see Graham Nash talking backstage to Ralph Nader about nuclear waste disposal. Nader tells Nash that the government wants to ship waste from foreign countries to be dumped here in America. The singer covers his face with his hands in shock. Cut to Nash onstage singing 'Barrel of Pain', an anti-dumping song he later says he wrote after finding out waste was being dumped in the ocean off the coast of his beach house.

As protest songs go, the number is no match for 'The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll', or even 'Eve of Destruction'. Neither is James Taylor's 'Stand Up and Fight'. With the nuclear issue more crucial than ever before, there is fresh subject matter to feed a revival of the protest song. The film makes clear there is a whole new audience, if only in America, for this type of thing. But here the musicians working the form are the same old names. The decorous manner in which they carry on the tradition does not keep up with the rudeness and menace of our times. In terms of its own public image and viability as a movement, the anti-nuke movement certainly does itself no favour by associating with the doe-eyed, "come on people love one another" back-to-nature utopianism propagated from these stages.

JAY FONDA

I RARELY rise much before midday and generally some while later, and involve the afternoon's remainder in sundry transactions with accountants of turf and track, my Mecca so to speak.

The possible fortunes of Mr. William Carson's maiden filly owned by Lady Beaverbrook and trained by Mr. Richard Hern in the 2.30 at Newbury Park under the watchful stewardship of Sir John Astor and company, or those of Mr. Edward Hide's mount in a seven furlong handicap event on the straight at Yarmouth are junctures of not inconsiderable import to myself, my bank manager and my creditors, and especially my creditors, being as the equilibrium of my finances often depends on their successful outcome.

A losing betting slip at the close of a day's racing is one of the most dejected and much fingered pieces of paper I ever have cause to crumple more in sorrow than in anger. In any case, circumstances have to be desperate indeed for me to stake against the odds, in the obstinance of fate, on the final ditch last race of the card.

As a punter, I break most of the rules of speculative etiquette as laid down in all the various manuals of uncertain principles. I invariably back hunches, out of form jockeys and stables, maiden sellers, large field handicaps and big classics. In these instances, one does not very often achieve advantage over the adversary bookie. Royal Ascot in midsummer, for instance, is always in my ledger a celebration of large wagers and small dividends.

More sober conjecture, such as the study of form and lineage, yearling cost and on-course market movement yields less infrequent returns, in the ethos of hard earned pay for a hard day's work, but punters being what they are, idle in the first place and whimsical thereafter, the bookmaker has slight long term anxiety at these intermittent inspirations of assiduity from the majority of his long suffering clients.

Greyhound betting is an altogether riskier investment. Apparently, even here there are some guidelines as to form, but in a race which features six dogs chasing a mechanical hare around a dirt track and is over within the space of 20 seconds or less, I have never discovered quite what they are. Personally, I would as soon throw a dice as research the arcane breeding protocol of White City or Catford bitches, if not sooner.

For the more prudent punter, a long standing friendship with greyhound owners is probably a safer bet, providing of course that one has no objection to the consort of occupational villains. Although even here there is no real guarantee, as events in the third race at Hackney Stadium last Friday afternoon were seen to prove.

Following lively on-course speculation, a dog by the name of Westcourt Miller was heavily backed down from 6-1 to 3-1. When he was trailing the field of six, two teenage youths are believed to have broken a panel on the generator room door, and used an iron bar to press the red button which controls the power to the electric hare, stopping it midway round the track. As a result of this, the race was declared void, and the hapless punters who had bought the bogus "tip" were reimbursed of their money.

Strategists of a coup at the same track a few years back were less fortunate. On this occasion, a number of top grade greyhounds were fielded across the card as *novus cano* no-hopers. All duly romped home at long price odds, reaping huge profits in the nature of small bets placed at scores of off-course turf accountants throughout London. The whole meeting was declared void, and none of the winnings ever paid out.

Unlike horse racing, both Flat and National Hunt, greyhound punters usually prefer to compute forecast bets, naming the first and second dog in any given race, in their correct order of placing. Hence, trap six to beat trap three, or whatever. Originally, payout on all forecasts was calculated according to the oscillating aggregate of the Tote, i.e. a shared jackpot. These days, the off-course bookmakers pay what they term the "bags forecast", a fixed rate gauged in correlation to the starting prices of the winning combination. More to the point, a dividend in considerable arrear to that offered by the Tote.

A further pall on modern gambling has been that cast by the benevolent various Gaming Acts of Her Majesty's Government, which presently stands at 9p in the £. In the case of short price favourites, this toll makes extensive encroachments upon total returns. Last week at Catterick, Mr. Stephen Cauthen's two-year old mount Motavato started at the prohibitive odds-on price of 1-10, yielding a profit after tax of one penny for every pound staked, as opposed to 10p profit per pound under the former non tariff system. In the case of a horse such as the steeplechaser Arkle, which used to start at odds on of around 1-20, the return after tax would be less than the amount originally wagered.

For the best part though, it is the men and women on the opposite side of the iron grill and protective sheet glass who realise most of the profits from gambling's vast annual turnover, or more correctly their employers. And that means one or other of the large entertainments consortiums. The pioneer betting shop entrepreneurs, those small time capitalists such as Sid Kiki, Joe Coral, Flanagan/Allen, Joey Maddox, Terry Spinks are long ago usurped by the all powerful conglomerates like Ladbrokes, William Hill and the Mecca group, with the latter company's expansion into high street betting during the past few years having proceeded at a cumulative pace.

For his money, the punter purchases a fund of racing anecdotes, of unfortunate photo finishes and unfair steward's decisions. His only real sure-fire gambling tip to the would-be gentleman of fortune would be — don't.

Thrills/

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Looks funny? You should *hear* it!

IN January of this year, we invited *NME* readers to greet the new decade and *Oscillate Into The '80s* by putting up for grabs one of the Electronic Dream Plant's legendary portable WASP Synthesisers.

In the weeks that followed *NME* was snowed under by tens of thousands of entries and finally a heavily-guarded panel of jurists retired to an undisclosed hotel to scrutinise the evidence.

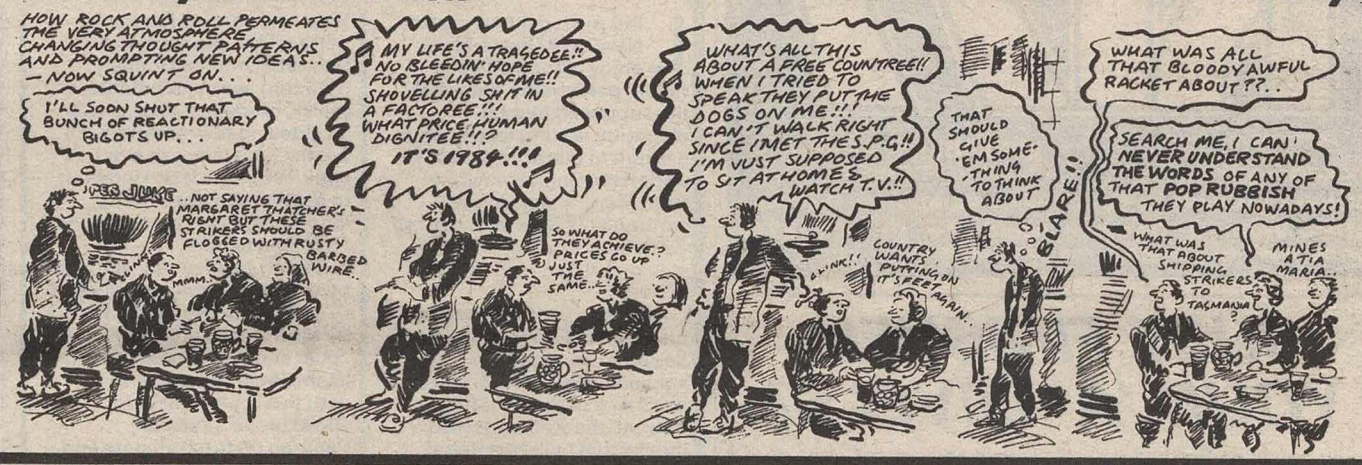
Months passed. Then early one morning a note was passed under the door to a security guard. Upon it was scribbled the name of the outright winner of the WASP synthesiser: 22-year-old Graham Bibby from Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.

However, the note contained five further names and a recommendation that their efforts be recognised and rewarded. Though planned as a one-prize-only play-off, the following each receive a fiver in the form of a record token:
Fraser Maclean (18) from Edinburgh. *(She) "I hear this stuff gives you Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark?" (He) "Don't worry, I work for Dyno-Rod!"* Diana Garcia (25) from Harrogate. *(She) "Gee! It's an XRB12749P/10B!" (He) "I love it when you talk dirty."* Stephen May (28) from Biddenden. *(She) "Where did we go wrong, darling?" (He) "Sssh! She'll overhear us — it's probably only a passing fashion."* Nick Slater (17) from Windsor. *(She) "So this is Virgin's latest marketing ploy?" (He) "Yeah, they call it the new face of Heavy Metal!"* Alan Bow (16) from Isle Of Wight. *(She) "It's amazing what the 'Blue Peter' team can do with a few empty washing up liquid bottles!" (He) "Get down, Shep."*

Pic: Joe Stevens

Zombies extra J Thunders poses in NYC after lending spiritual support to Nobody for President.

Not Only Rock and Roll — Lowry


HOW ROCK AND ROLL PERMEATES THE VERY ATMOSPHERE CHANGING THOUGHT PATTERNS AND PROMPTING NEW IDEAS.. — NOW SQUINT ON...
I'LL SOON SHUT THAT BUNCH OF REACTIONARY BIGOTS UP...
MY LIFE'S A TRAGEDEE!! NO BLEEDIN' HOPE FOR THE LIKES OF ME!! SHOVELLING SHIT IN A FACTOREE!!! WHAT PRICE HUMAN DIGNITEE!!? IT'S 1984!!!
YES JUNE... NOT SAYING THAT MARGARET THATCHER'S RIGHT BUT THESE STRIKERS SHOULD BE FLOGGED WITH RUSTY BARBED WIRE..
MMM..
SO WHAT DO THEY ACHIEVE? PRICES GO UP JUST THE SAME..
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A FREE COUNTREE!! WHEN I TRIED TO SPEAK THEY PUT THE DOGS ON ME!!! I CAN'T WALK RIGHT SINCE I MET THE S.P.G.!! I'M JUST SUPPOSED TO SIT AT HOME & WATCH T.V.!!
THAT SHOULD GIVE 'EM SOME-THING TO THINK ABOUT
GLARE!!
C-LINK!!
COUNTRY WANTS PUTTING ON IT'S FEET AGAIN.
WHAT WAS ALL THAT BLOODY AWFUL RACKET ABOUT??..
SEARCH ME, I CAN' NEVER UNDERSTAND THE WORDS OF ANY OF THAT POP RUBBISH THEY PLAY NOWADAYS!
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT SHIPPING STRIKERS TO TASMANIA?
MINES A TIA MARIA.

Conventional Consumption

WHILE delegates to the Republican National Convention busied themselves with the task of nominating conservative Ronald Reagan as their Presidential candidate, several miles away at Clark Park, Rock Against Racism North America held their own demonstration in support of a platform that broadly urged "Nobody For President In 1980!"

Dubbed "Rock Against Reagan" the programme featured bands of all proclivities — disco, funk, rock, punk — and speakers that ranged from representatives of the Youth International Party (Yippies) to one pot-smoking zealot from a California group called "Reefer's Raiders."

Whatever RAR has stood for in Britain it has always been an organization of considerable naivete in Detroit. It's membership is more a list of '60s radicals with no more parties to attend and a narrowing range of ideological poses, and warring leftist factions who cannot see eye to eye on more than two issues — dope and sex. Dotted amongst the group are those who believe racism is a cause *sincerely* worth rocking against. One presumes.

The Yippie on stage at Clark Park, apparently a convention veteran (he made an allusion to Chigago in '68), offered bus rides to Black Hills, South Dakota to anyone willing to go along to ". . . free the Indians" from the certain death they face from uranium deposits planted (conspiratorially) in their water supply.

The guy from "Reefer's Raiders" lit up a joint on stage, said he heard "Detroit was really dry," was handed another joint from a nearby onlooker, then completed a speech of utter nonsense with ". . .and I don't like that actor either . . . Ronald Reagan! Stay high!".

Recorded music was provided by the likes of Johnny Thunders, whose "Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory" should have sounded a note of political irony to Detroiters.

The best of the groups who actually did plug in and play, Toxic Reasons, combined Sham 69 "solidarity" with Undertones hooks. Not the clearest message but the loudest — which counts. Some more punks, The Cookies, really brought us back to 1968 with a version of 'LA Woman'.

I could almost hear voices: *This is the High Society!! This is the High Society!!*

It's embarassing.

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JUST FINISHED YOUR 'A' LEVELS?

If you have just finished your 'A' Levels and are not quite sure what to do next, NME will be carrying a series of features showing the availability of courses at different colleges commencing August 16th for several weeks.

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(Cristina: a queen for today?

Pix: Jill Furmanovsky

JIVE OF THE JADED

LIKE most cultural centres New York City tends to enjoy a good stylistic revolt, particularly one where the supposed mental alteration is sufficiently camp enough to discourage rustic understanding. As anyone from Merle Haggard to cartoonist Dick Griffith can tell you a Noo Yawkah *lurves* to stay one step ahead of the crowd.

And then your average art historian will know that after a period of comparative conservatism, free-form roller disco or a night in Plato's Retreat, the well-endowed intellectual enjoys nothing more than an unhealthy dose of divine decadence. Rock and roll artistes are particularly susceptible to this rule of thumb. Voila, the birth of Ze Records (sired by Michael Zilka, heir to the Mothercare diaper fortune), a New York phenomenon as predictable as paranoia and yellow taxis.

Ze Records is a *just so* Fringe company, it skates a tantalising and usually obscure line between fashion and fad, it harbours a rosta of unlikely avatars many of whom the disgruntled ascetic might label voyeur charlatans. Pick any one from Lydia Lunch to James Black to new boy Davitt Sigerson and you can bet your bottom dollar that, regardless of merit, these smart-asses are having a good laugh at your expense.

Twenty-three year old Cristina Monet, the voice behind such idiosyncrasies as 'Disco Clone', the controversial 'Is That All There Is' and now minor hit-ette, 'Baby, You Can Drive My Car', would appear to fall into just this bag. Hell, her own biography (record company) will tell you she has an IQ of 165, that she was a theatre critic on Village Voice aged 18 when Clay Felker ran The Ship, she studied French Lit. at Radcliffe, drama at the Central School of Drama (London), was a debutante, is pretty, modelled. Jeez, she's so cute and adorable, why I'll bet the little lady can even cook. Wouldn't it be kinda fun to get her into a recording studio? She ain't no singer, so much the better!

Having been mildly amused by the aforementioned singles — and aesthetically titillated by Ms Monet's line in frilly cover shots — I agreed to an Island Records rendezvous with this replacement for sliced bread. I read Ian Penman on torch singers and slipped into my jazziest, jazz-age radical chic socks. Too bad I forgot to bring a spare jumper tho' because Ms Monet was a trifle cold.

Unprepared for the climate she was sporting nothing more than a floppy top and pair of tights. Averting my eyes, I asked her why the follow-up album to the trio of 45s should be so reminiscent of Patti Page impersonating Sophia Loren?

"Do you think it sounds like that? I don't like that album at all, I can't endorse it."

But aren't you supposed to be promoting it?

"Well, I don't think it's a piece of shit. It was supposed to be a specific response to disco night life, shallow but with its own intimacy. Not the fag nostalgia of Bette Midler but intimate as in the big band era, with late night movie associations . . . and the Latin beat. The voices should have been the opposite of fascistic, technically adept disco singing. I wanted it to move in a tradition from Mae West to Lauren Bacall and Marilyn Monroe — non-singers with personality — because I never found disco too humorous."

She seems so worried by the brick bats (typical of a former critic) that she intercepts any contrary view with voluble panic. "I'm out of breathy vocals now, that sex kitten, cheesecake thing. Which is why I hate the album because it's over a year old and it does sound as if it's a pity there's not a real singer on it. It isn't liked by the punks who bought 'Disco Clone' and 'Is That All There Is.' And it's too punk for disco."

It is certainly camp.

"Yes, a piss-take. Disco is silly. I'm into more of an edge now, away from the Ritz magazine, pillow-talk thing. I don't want to be one more tin-pan alley scat singer, I want music with ugliness and bitterness."

Christina's favourite writers in the popular idiom are none other than old pals Brecht and Weill. "They were the original rock and rollers, they used one syllable pidgin English, dissonances, the violence that rock and roll strives for. They used words like shit and fuck and bugger and got lynched for it. Not that what I do is necessarily an art-form but it does have levels, 'Is That All There Is' is quite deep. I mean I did have a sadistic boyfriend once, even if my mother never burnt the house down."

Unfortunately, the single wasn't quite deep enough for original authors Lieber and Stoller. They'd had a hit with Peggy Lee singing it back in the '50s and once was enough for them. They threatened to sue Ze and so the single beat a hasty retreat (not before generating some neat publicity of course). "I didn't intend to do an unauthorised parody. We had this great track which August Darnell had written, it was brilliant. Apparently Jerry Lieber heard the tape and went nuts. Bette Midler was supposed to be covering it too . . . later I found out that secretly Lieber loved it and only Mike Stoller at the business end said no! Considering we used it as a springboard for a contemporary treatment I think they could have given a young artist a break."

As corny as that. Cristina opines that she does admit to having flirted with fate. She got bored with covering the Canal Street avant-garde theatre, took medical leave from Harvard after a motorcycle accident killed a close friend and never made it in modelling because "I'm too short".

She views her place in the modern dance as a purveyor of tragi-comic pop and her next recording project will be a cover of The Brains' 'Money Changes Everything' — but not with the Ze, August-and-Stoney- Darnell team (alongside Andy Hernandez they score the celluloid strings for Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, Kid Creole and the Coconuts, real esoteric stuff).

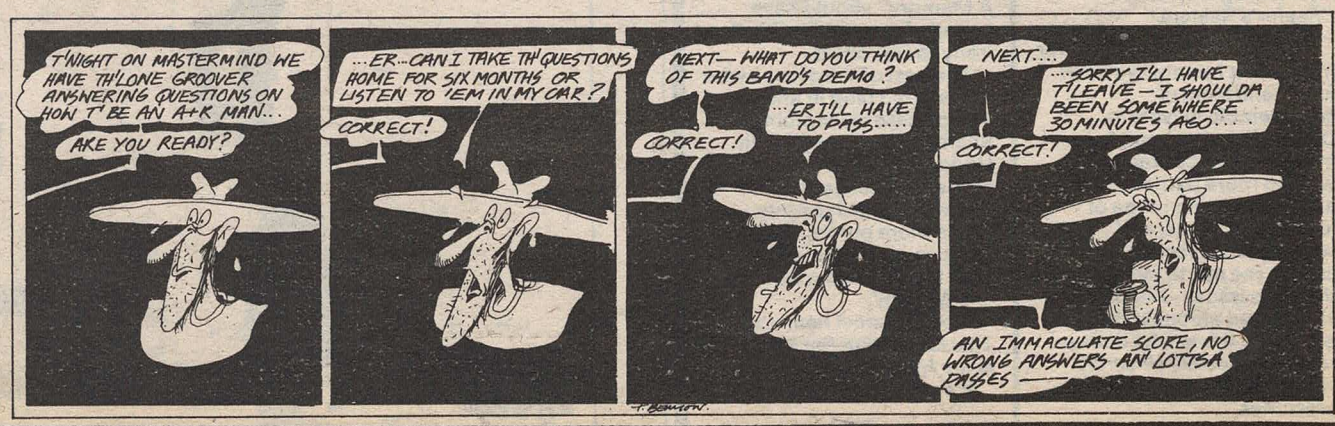
For the moment Cristina is fed up with being promoted as a sex-bomb in lace. "I love sex but there's been too much of it in music recently. I'm not a feminist, though, I'm sure enough of my own brains, I don't worry. As you can see I like legs, I just took off my trousers."

She does have nice legs.

"If I performed live I'd wear baggy sweaters, never spandex or some ripped punk number with a garter belt. If I've made a mistake in the past it's that having been a technically good actress I forgot that rock and roll has a different emphasis. I try to sing mood pieces, slip into different roles. I see no reason to stifle my creative versatility, I want to extend into musical comedy, to tell people 'no, that's not all there is.'"

We'll see. MAX BELL

The Lone Groover — **Benyon**


T'NIGHT ON MASTERMIND WE HAVE TH'LONE GROOVER ANSWERING QUESTIONS ON HOW T' BE AN A+K MAN...
AKE YOU READY?
...ER...CAN I TAKE TH' QUESTIONS HOME FOR SIX MONTHS OR LISTEN TO 'EM IN MY CAR?
CORRECT!
NEXT— WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS BAND'S DEMO?
...ER I'LL HAVE TO PASS.....
CORRECT!
NEXT....
...SORRY I'LL HAVE T'LEAVE—I SHOULDA BEEN SOMEWHERE 30 MINUTES AGO...
CORRECT!
AN IMMACULATE SCORE, NO WRONG ANSWERS AN LOTTSA PASSES—
T. BENYON.

SMACK — accidental success of an anarchist

Pic: Kevin Cummins.

PEOPLE IN Manchester already know about Smack. They've read about them on the sides of buses.

Masters of self-promotion, this imbecilic band's latest stunt entails them singling out any particularly vulnerable looking double-decker and following it in their battered Mercedes van to the nearest bus stop. As the unsuspecting passengers alight, the van door will burst open and with the efficiency of SAS raiders, with paste brushes flying, four desperado youths will wallpaper the bus with fly-posters.

The bus is one more innocent victim of Smack's unashamed pirate publicity scheme. Half of the entire fleet of Manchester buses may soon be carrying the dubious message: "Smack — first single — 'Edward Fox' — out now!"

And in the short time this boldly advertised single has been on release, the band have already enjoyed a modicum of success. Hailed by *NME* and *Melody Mewker* as 'Single of the Week', this gem has given Smack obscure national cult figure status as this month's northern enigma. For the band, these brief moments of glory make a refreshing change from two years of non-stop gigging in the obscurity of Lancashire pub land.

For those unfortunates still unfamiliar with the single, its subject, as the title implies, is that charming English gentleman actor Edward Fox, star of *Day Of The Jackal* and LWT's *Edward And Mrs Simpson*. The lyrics of the song are directly quoted from an interview Mr Fox did with *New Manchester Review* in which he reveals himself to be an unlikely purveyor of — gasp — anarchy.

But the record is something of a teaser. How seriously do Smack — Ged McNulty, Geoff Crane, John Harrison and Steve Spicer — take Edward Fox? Is he a danger to society? Does he threaten the balance of the status quo? Or are they poking fun at the ridiculous incongruity of the high society patriotic toff who incidentally mixes anarchy with croquet, tea and muffins at the weekend?

John: "We're not telling you whether it's supposed to be funny or not."

Ged: "It would be hard to say anyway, so we like to keep people guessing. What do you think?

Pause.

Me: "I see Edward Fox as one of a breed of 'New Anarchists' who are more subtle, more guileful, more cunning than any revolutionary cult before them . . . punks for example. Yes, I see it all now. Edward Fox is the archetypal New Anarchist, the epitome of this new movement. He is, isn't he?"

Geoff: "No."

After three hours of cruel journalist-baiting, they eventually admit to sympathising with Mr Fox's so-called revolutionary ideals.

John: "I don't disagree with a lot of what the guy is saying. It may be watered-down liberal crap, but it's basically sense. But he's probably a very nice bloke though . . . quite ordinary, a bit like us."

Indeed, these ordinary, everyday anarchists are quite surprised by all the media attention. And I wonder, revolutions aside for a moment, if these glory days have inspired hopes of higher things. I mean, do they really want to be rich and famous pop stars?

John: "If the breaks came, that would be great. But right now our only ambition is to pick up some women at our gigs. We always say we will, but we never do."

That's the trouble with these New Anarchists. They're all mouth.

MICK DUFFY

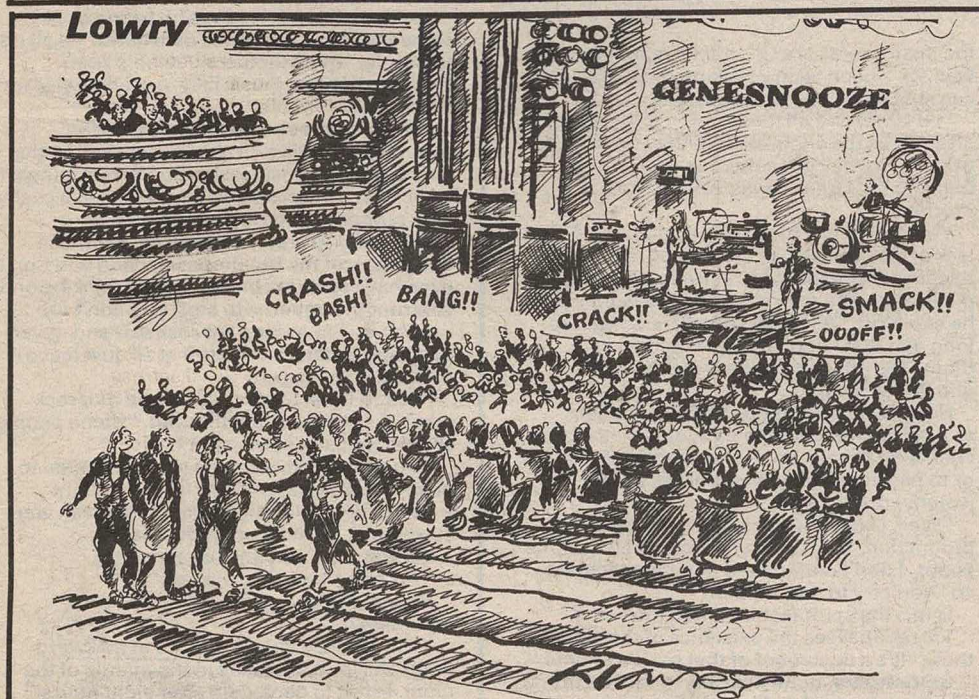
Jump Back, Cadillac!

PRYOR IMPROVES

RICHARD Pryor's condition has been upgraded from serious to satisfactory after his third skin graft op in the Sherman Oaks (California) Burn Centre. The latest graft has replaced skin on Pryor's neck, back, arms, and chest which was destroyed by the third degree burns he suffered on July 9.

A telethon held for the new Richard Pryor Burn Foundation by a Glendale TV station has raised $140,000 in pledges, and received suprise visits from Stevie Wonder and Muhammed Ali. Ali had phoned up with a hundred buck pledge, but was told by the host who answered it was a 'cheesy' amount. So he rang back with a further $1,300.

It is hoped Pryor will leave hospital within the month.



"It's rock and roll madness down there. Hordes of snoring somnambulists lurching around crashing into each other!"

THE Suspicions

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN

LIVE WIRE

"NO FRIGHT ... shows where Dire Straits could have gone, but didn't"

Melody Maker. July 5th.

"... A disarmingly talented outfit++++"

Record Mirror. July 5th.

"... The one that looks set to establish their name as a leading U.K. band ..."

Record Business. July 5th.

"... Takes a few plays to win through but is ultimately irresistible"

Sounds. June 28th.

"... Superb songs ... push the group forward by leaps and bounds ..."

Anne Nightingale. Daily Express. July 3rd.

NO FRIGHT

THE LIVE WIRE ALBUM

Album: AMLH 64814. Cassette: CAM 64814.

So, what *is* the matter, boy?

Vic Godard and the view from Viv's backyard. *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez.*

After all, two singles in three years isn't exactly prolific and when you *do* get an album out you don't even like it. Vivien Goldman questions Vic Godard.

"I'm sorry, I've got to leave." Vic Godard jumps up suddenly, twitching and pale.

"What's the problem?"

"It's the music, the music. I can't stand it."

"What music?"

Then the door swings slightly open, and the distant notes suddenly tidy themselves into — Vic Godard's new first album!

But before I have time to start unravelling the contradiction of having your shiny new first album make you grab for the bag, Vic's bolted, a frightened ferret with a keen homing instinct.

WHILE setting up the interview with Vic Godard I spoke to his manager Bernie Rhodes. Bernie Rhodes looks as if all the other kids used to beat him up at school, a little squirt with a good line in obfuscating dialectic, honed as a weapon of self-defence. Bernie is not a dunce, though sometimes his arguments wear threadbare fairly fast; his ear is a fairly impressively tuned geiger counter. Proteges include The Clash, The Specials, Dexy's Midnight Runners, and Vic Godard's Subway Sect. Bernie seems to lavish extra attention on Vic, whose two singles output in three years might seem insubstantial if your guidelines are output-tangible vinyl.

Bernie appears surprised that I want to talk to Vic.

"I wouldn't have thought it was your territory," he says. When called upon to define what my territory, or come to that, what Vic's territory is, he abstains, and adds: "Maybe you want to give him a good slagging. That'd be alright."

There follows a brief discourse on journalistic ethics. Finally, Bernie says in a resigned tone of voice: "O.K. as long as you don't make it *boring*. All the other journalists just make him sound *boring*."

IF YOU think that rock and roll is the most fascinating of life's arenas, and that rock'n'rollers are therefore the most scintillating creatures of the planet, Vic Godard doesn't agree with you. Literally, his response to your statement would be: (pause) "You're joking", looking up cautiously from beneath bushy fringe, just in case you aren't.

This is an extremely endearing trait in a rock musician.

If you're obsessed with the perpetuation of the rock'n'roll star game, though, you might think Vic Godard is boring. His attitude towards his work is — workaday. In fact the distance he appears to feel between himself and his new album, 'What's The Matter Boy' is almost unnerving.

It figures, really. The chap who lives upstairs from me used to be a big follower of Subway Sect, back in the days when they did the White Riot tour with The Clash. Vic was The One for him. Why? Because he was always The Beat, The Bohemian — and what could be a more essential ingredient of Boho Cool than not giving a damn? At least where worldly success is concerned. Money? Fame? Who needs it, daddy-o?

"Bohemian, eh?" says Vic. "Well, perhaps I did used to be, but I don't think you could say that now."

We talk about the new album — an engaging collection of good songs with a definite old-time feel. It would be '60s, but the sparseness is conscious this time round. It would probably help if the instruments were playing a more biting dialogue, but Vic's voice sounds affectingly quirky, and the tunes are inspired.

Vic says the singing's terrible. He reckons the instruments are OK, but the singing — well, he's been taking lessons since then. He can sustain a note, these days.

"I'd laid down all these guitar parts, then afterwards the engineer said they were all out of tune. So they got someone else in to do them again. I think it was Terry Chimes's brother."

You *think?* You mean you don't *know?* Vic's lack of enthusiasm, or even liking, for his new release is refreshing but still slightly disturbing. The man sounds so reasonable as he explains: "All these songs are written so long ago that I don't feel any contact with them. The only new ones are 'Empty Shell' and 'Make Me Sad'."

He says he couldn't be bothered to stick around to check out the new, anonymous (no credits on the album — shocking) guitar parts, or to pay attention to the process of the (weedy) production.

"Well, I suppose I'm slightly interested in production, but I don't understand all the little knobs. I don't understand anything technical, so I don't try to understand."

Is this the spirit that invented the wheel?

Vic rationalises the existence of the album thus: "It's a document of that period of time."

Somewhere, quite possibly in the North London haunts of B. Rhodes, lurk tapes of the real first Subway Sect album, featuring the members of the band as was.

"We never released it, because it was too sub-standard. Well, not from my point of view. Bernie thought that, I wouldn't mind. It would be just the same as this one to me. You wouldn't like something you'd done two years ago, would you?

"I think you stop changing at a certain point in time, and I've arrived there now. When I wrote most of these songs, I was changing all the time. I know I'll always like the songs I'm writing now, I've only just sorted out what I like. It took me a long time to find out what I was supposed to be doing."

VIC GODARD comes from South London, has two parents and one sister who likes reading books and girl talk. Vic doesn't know what girl talk is either. At school he was strictly top of the class till he got bored around the fifth form, lost interest and wound up failing his A-Level in his best subject, Geography.

At the end of school days Vic got really panicky because he could see a job looming. He couldn't get too involved with UCCA, though, so looked up the easiest subject he could think of and became a student of European Studies at Ealing College.

After two years he was in Subway Sect for when the fever of punk dyed a thousand heads Vic caught it bad. He wanted to write about things that have never been written about. He still wants to.

The White Riot tour now seems a treat to starry-eyed nostalgia-mongers. What was it really like Vic? Was it the most fun?

"You're joking.

"The group had no money at all, literally starving. We had a few laughs, but it was basically outweighed by the hardship. And that was the easiest tour we've ever been on. Since then it's been the back of transit vans, no flash hotels. We really started going the wrong way round."

He thought about asking for a year off college to do that tour but he couldn't be bothered. They gave him the boot and he's a bit sad about that now. He'd almost like to go back to college, but he can't get a grant. He reads a lot on his own but hasn't got the discipline for concentrated study.

When he was a teenager Vic was a rebellious person.

"I've gradually gone back to being my normal self, which is where I am now."

NOW, Vic leads the life of a gentleman of leisure. He bets on the horses (they all came in second that afternoon), he reads novels (currently Raffles books), he watches TV, and he writes songs. Vic actually, despite his eerie passivity, writes excellent songs. What he likes now is songs with tunes and good words that tell stories. He likes Rodgers and Hart more than Rodgers and Hammerstein. He likes music hall songs. He wants to write songs for other people, "big stars", to sing — he cites Abba, Boney M, and Ella Fitzgerald as his top three choices. Operating on the sound theory that one album about yourself is enough, he's keen to write songs about other people and their doings, as opposed to persistently re-cycling your own private angst into art; a process which of course means that the 'artist' must remain in a constant state of angst, or can't put out.

His latest works are involved with another group of Rhodes scholars, the Black Arabs. Vic's been busy writing songs for them, and has sung versions of songs they've recorded. One such collaboration was recently rejected by his record label, MCA on the grounds of 'offensive lyrics'. It's titled 'Stop That Girl', and it's about someone whose girlfriend runs off with another girl.

They rejected the song because of the story? What kind of twerps are these people exactly? Being part of the D.I.Y. punk generation, don't you resent that kind of dictatorial attitude from a record company?

Vic doesn't care. He says he hasn't even signed to MCA, not by his own hand. It's all up to Bernie, "my benefactor," who's been looking after him financially and otherwise for some time.

"Why should you be interested in the business?" he asks. "I just accept the fact that I'm no good at business and technical things."

Vic, you've certainly landed yourself a cushy little number here. Do you realise how privileged you are? You have an income in these days of the Big Recession, and you don't even have to do your own menial thinking and confront the day-to-day stuff you don't like . . . would you like to be a big rock star and never think about day-to-day stuff at all, just leave it up to your manager?

"I don't think I could see myself as a rock star." Vic laughs at the thought. "Some people are like that and some aren't."

Like the way Mick Jones always wanted to pose around as a rock star.

"Yes, he was like that before the Clash were successful. I'm not cut out for that."

Do you miss playing live concerts?

"No. I don't mind it, though."

How about going into the studio and recording?

"The studio's alright, but it's at awkward times. All long stretches in the middle of the night. I start to get fed up after eight hours."

If you ask most musicians what they'd like to be if they weren't musicians, they're stumped. You mean there's a valid, even pleasurable world outside rock'n'roll? Seems to be the implication.

Vic Godard's attitude towards his work is definitely unusual, but it's also endearing, simply because he sees music as just another part of life as opposed to some mystical, glamorous exercise beside which all else pales.

"I'd feel privileged even if I was in a normal job. Doing a normal job wouldn't be a problem. I'd like to be a milkman or a postman, because I like working outdoors. I'd get to chat to all the housewives."

Red Stripe Strong Lager.

A cut above the rest.

SINGLES

All illustrations: SERGE CLERC

JEAN-PIERRE STARES HARD AT HIS OWN REFLECTION..
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME... EVERY DAY I LOOK MORE LIKE A DODGY FRENCH CARTOON CHARACTER!!
SERGE CLERC

Your friendly neighbourhood reviewsperson:

DANNY BAKER

I THINK THIS IS SINGLE OF THE WEEK . . . I THINK.
THE STROKE: He's Gone *(CBS).* I like this record but I'm locking all the doors just the same. This is very odd. On CBS but with undeniable independent sound, probably intentional, The Stroke create this sound using only bass and drums and a modicum of synthesizer — basically a straightforward pop song but a definite look of rabies in its eye. To all intents The Stroke are a young black bloke with Eddy Grant style short locks and a Mod suit/tie plus a white girl dressed out of Miss Selfridge . . . and that's it. Hmmm. Until my agents return with the full facts I suggest you act with supreme caution. We're dealing with a killer here.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (POSITIVE)
PETER JAQUES: The Louder *(Maxi).* Last night, admittedly being hip deep in vodka, I stood amongst a group of people and, pointing one finger straight at the ceiling, declared, *"This* is the best record I have ever heard! More than this, it is the greatest record ever made!" Well this morning I've made a few phone calls and, well, I've revised on what may have been a hasty decision. Bluntly, 'The Louder' is neither of the claims I made for it. (You know how things get). But it is superb, this creeping soul article, and contains a lovely slogan: 'We're Working For The Louder' whatever that can mean.

It's a bit like Chic when Nile Rodgers is off sick and Bernard has been listening to the first Bootsy album. And Peter Jaques? Well his only previous fame was in being the world's fastest (as in beats per minute) record maker. Remember all those inexplicable sonic booms last year? Well that was just Pete knocking an album together. Here he's catching his breath and, apparently, *that's* the time to catch him.

JERMAINE JACKSON: Burnin' Hot *(Motown)*
TEENA MARIE: Lonely Desire *(Motown).*
LIPPS INC: Rock It *(Casablanca).* Christ! Have you ever gone to listen to something on headphones and not realised it was about to come carooming through the speakers at that volume? I think I just loosened a few fillings. Right, Motown is reasonably healthy again and here come three All Important Follow Ups.

Jermaine and Teena are fortunate to be hitting their peaks at a time when the nation is sucking on any old bone that sounds like Pre Disco Paranoia BPM and is able to squeeze out between ghoulish male radio DJs who are so keen to show *they won't get fooled again* that they won't play anything that isn't in the music press. Peter 'The Pluggers Puppet' Powell has got his ear to the ground, you understand. God save us from narrow ties and chunky woolly flecked jackets! Anyway until things settle again and Godawful 'rock sensibility' clears off, records like the ones above will continue to be rubber bones to starving dogs, second rate reminders.

I can't understand the fuss about dreary Lipps Inc who cleaned up with 'Funkytown'. The new one's even closer to the rancid German formula than that was. It'll pass I hope. Teena Marie is a strange Tina Charles lookalike who everyone thinks should look like Gwen Dickey. 'Lonely Desire' will be another hit for her but had this been better times she wouldn't have got away with such a narrow formula.

Jermaine is this week's new entry and the same theory applies to him as to Teena. It's a well organised chorus but the rest is average party funk with that hideous standby for the bankrupt disco producer — the shrill 'spontaneous' referee's whistle — trundling in right on cue.

Still, I'm indebted to the females of this nation for not letting the disco spirit be completely swamped. (For it is they as my DJ research shows). Now if we can only get a few of them into the monopoly of impressionable boys in Broadcasting House.

PREYING MANTIS: Preying Mantis *(Gem).* Then again, there's always heavy metal. What's it all about when a load of old rubbish like this — an anguished paean in awe of a two-inch-long insect — has every chance of being huge? Still we might heed what Plato — yep, Plato makes the singles column! — said: "Musical innovation is full of danger to the State, for when modes of music change, the laws of the State change with them." Good eh? Perhaps if his surname hadn't been Chips more people would have listened to him.

SPLIT ENZ: I Got You *(A&M).* Having undergone delicate and painful surgery in Switzerland where Dr Heinz Pills successfully removed their old image and lumbered it onto Spandau Ballet, Split Enz return on a new label, sans make-up and hair dos, and dressed in mum's old curtains, in an attempt to revive their musical direction. It is my sad duty to inform you that, at 4.22 local time, 'I Got You' died under the surgeon's needle.

THE FOUR KINGS: Loving You Is No Disgrace *(Fresh).* A trio, The Four Kings make rock music — not punk — so basic that it's the nearest thing to a vinyl fanzine. Two black cockneys and a Penny Reel lookalike, disgracefully off-hand, but with just about the most charming approach on this isle. A good, and long awaited, follow up to 'Rock and Roll Is Here To Stay' — yes they made a record called 'Roc - *(Oh not again please — Ed).* The crunch'll come when you're asked money for it though.

THE B52'S: Give Me My Man Back *(Island).*
ROXY MUSIC: Oh Yeah *(Polydor).* Two flops, one sadly the other predictably. The B52's sound, for once, like they're actually making A Record instead of merely chucking things around in a studio. It's probably their new producer who's bad egg here. (I chuck in 'bad egg' as British colour for all our American readers). Anyway, 'GMMMB' is a befuddled, bass heavy mess of a good idea. Skip it.

Meantime, from Roxy Music, another of Bry's soapy croonettes. I can imagine him, one set of fingers running through this on the piano, the other cradling his head which stares off wanly. The other scratching his arse. Then he gives it to the lads to tart up. Cries of: "That song's not wearing hair spray. (it is) No it's not. (It is)" etc . . .

DYNASTY: I've Just Begun *(Solar).*
THE WHISPERS: Out The Box *(Solar).* 'I've Just Begun' is Dynasty's best cut to date, far better than their 'I Don't Wanna Be A Freak' that grabbed the nation's collective a few months back. It bears all the best trademarks of Solar, crisp bass/snare/claps and short sharp snappy chorus words with their unmatched use of synthesizer (note 'The Beat Goes On'). This is a large portion of hit complete with bass break at the end — get the twelve inch right now. Whilst The Whispers second attempt to follow up their previously mentioned number one is merely slight. RCA should consider re-releasing 'Can't Do Without Love' a song which gets more plugs in this column than any other record. Only Leon Sylver's break redeems it from total ordinariness. (Out The Box' that is, not 'Can't Do Without Love' — see, another mention!).

HOT CHOCOLATE: Are You Getting Enough *(Rak).* Hot Chocolate have magnificent moments but lousy six months in between. See you at Christmas, Errol.

MARK PERRY & DENNIS BURNS: You Cry Your Tears *(NB).* Last time I saw Mark he was in a tri-cornered hat and asking why he'd been sent to Elba. No, that's not quite fair but he is acting odd these days to say the least. Frankly his last few recordings have had no redeeming qualities whatsoever. Now, inside, he knows this so what's the point? I say to him, "'Mark, life's too short" but usually he's said it to me first. 'You Cry Your Tears' is a rotten record to put out.

SKY HIGH: Passing By *(EP).* Very loud, proud and

YANKEE DOODLES

Independent America overviewed:

ROY CARR

WHEREAS here in Britain labels like Fast, Factory, Rabid, 2-Tone and Rough Trade have, despite limited facilities, attracted and fostered the kind of genuine creativity that most majors hire *experts* to overlook and denounce, Stateside there no longer appear to be the kind of innovative regional labels that once thrived during the '50s and '60s.

San Francisco's Subterranean label subscribes to the pathetic myth that the more noxious an act, the more credibility it possesses. The label's 'SF Underground' EP sampler exploits two more of America's favourite fixations — sex and death. (Un)naturally, sex has to be of sadistic nature and death as violent as (in)humanly possible.

"He cut out his cellmate's heart/then he ate it and sodomised him," **The VKTMS** gleefully relate halfway through 'The Ballad Of Pincushion Smith', whilst 'Asexuality In The '80s' depicts the aptly named **Tools** somehow managing to equate boredom with self-immolation thus, *"Ain't got no shit to do/think I'll cut it off."*

One could laugh at such absurdity were it not for the utter contrivance with which it's so badly performed. EP labelmates **Flipper** and **No Alternative** pursue equally redundant cliches of self-expression. Both The VKTMS and Tools have individual releases that don't warrant further discussion.

Despite fancy monikers, Olga de Volga and Heidi Familiar of **Versus** don't redress the balance with 'Magnetic Heart' (Monkey). A mish-mash of none-too-clear influences, the ladies are hereby respectfully advised to return to their respective careers of choreographer and make-up artist and fashion designer and active performer(!).

The Mon Dellos go to great lengths to point out that not only are both sides of their Swell label single, 'Let's Join' and 'White Riot Night', suitable for dancing(!), they're also great lead-ins for discussion on their respective topics — the Draft scare and Dan White pulling a 'voluntary manslaughter' rap for slaying two local gay politicians. But it's all to no avail. Both songs are so poorly written and delivered they render the 'controversial' subject matter inconsequential.

At the other extreme, by virtue of their mainstream approach, **The Imposters'** 'Don't Get Mad (Just Get Even)' (415 Records) could probably score the trio a major label deal. But whatever merits The Imposters possess in terms of professional polish are negated by playing things a little too safe for comfort.

Further down the California coast line, the recent ludicrous Knack Attack affirms that L.A. is still unable to deliver the goods. Former Dead Boy **Stiv Bators** no longer yearns to be Iggy Pop for 'Not That Way Any More' (Bomp) shows a fondness for Billy J. Kramer and crappy clothes, whilst on 'Circumstantial Evidence' drummer David Quinton's attempt to emulate Keith Moon comes off sounding like someone knocking over a supermarket display of cereal boxes.

I could well believe that **The Spoilers** are an acute embarrassment to all who know them, for their entire stance — defined on 'Greta Don't Come' (White Lunch) — is based on a mannerism: Springsteen's choking on-the-verge-of-tears bottom lip tremble. The end result is suitably grotesque.

And if your taste runs to appallingly bad rip-offs, don't pass **The Humans'** Tracy' (City). When it comes to Costello cloning these geeks make both The Jags and Any Trouble appear non-starters. With little effort, they manage to transform 'Detectives'-style syncopations into a stodgy quagmire. The Humans are symptomatic of so many US bands who are convinced that retrogressing into the '60s or shadow-stealing current of so many US bands who are convinced that retrogressing into the '60s or shadow-stealing current chartsters is how careers are built. Apart from playing for their own amusement, such bands serve no logical purpose outside of the four walls of the family garage. Others may just possess enough to earn them a short-term lease on the local juke-box. I have absolutely no idea where **Roni & The Jitters** hail, but their cruisin' sax lead 'Wild Weekend' (Meshuggena) is the kind of one-off fifty buck production that once sold millions. A band that gets it right first time — offering all it will ever have to say in less that three minutes flat.

Amongst other titles, San Francisco may lay claim to being (former) psychedelic capital of the western hemisphere, but, almost all the best acid rock was originally concocted deep in the heart of Texas. And in Texas things don't seem to change much. The kids still act pretty *weird!*

Austin's **Standing Waves** might owe an ever-so-light debt to Talking Heads but not so as it ever gets in the way of

ROCKERS TIME

important EP by a group who outwardly show all signs of being enamoured with 2-Tone and ska, but the work rate and sound on the record blows all the sneering and musical shortsightedness you might expect/fear right out the window. Exquisite rimshot playing by the drummer. Search and employ — it comes in a black and white sleeve with 'Ghettos Of Your Own Kind' written on it. That's all I know.

ADAM & THE ANTS: Kings Of The Wild Frontier *(CBS)*. Back limps Adam, seemingly overcome with red indian ideas — a chap who once thought that a T-shirt with a tampon stuck to it was "a great artistic statement". These days the boys are caught with their old Redbone albums showing and slipping on Burundi Black. Marco is in the band these days, he once made a good record with The Models which had a label invented by Mark Perry which brings us full circle and somehow explains a lot. We all know the joke about Davy Crockett's three ears so lets crack the one about Adam having Van Gogh's ear for a good tune.

WILKO JOHNSON: Oh Lonesome Me *(Blockhead)*. As much as I like The Blockheads, you'd have to be a fanatic to defend this clinker. A rushed, weak sound almost comic vocals and no sign of anyone trying to break their neck, or even into a sweat, to impress. The 'B' side is co-written by Ian Dury himself and recalls memories of the Humphrey Ocean debacle, though 'Beauty' is a lot better song than 'Whoops A Daisy'. Or is it? No, I liked 'Whoops'. Miss it.

HEADLINE: Don't Knock The Baldhead *(Virgin)*. Virgin enter the ska market, raving with gimmicks naturally, and aside from the acapella intro the song is synthsized bilge.

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING SECTION.
RUSSIA: Fight Back *(Warners)*. Terrible Queen type harmonies and nondescript 'hard' rock backing.

FINGERPRINTZ: Bullet Proof Heart *(Virgin)*. Produced by Nick Garvey, we note a return to the five minute long seven inch single. Pompous epic by people who obviously feel the need to progress. "Hell is full of musical amateurs". (Shaw).

LEYTON BUZZARDS: Can't Get Used To Losing You *(WEA)*. Stupid jokey version of a good old song. The type of lame throwaway that bands used to palm us off with as 'B' sides.

ATOMIC ROOSTER: Who's Looking For You *(EMI)*. Oh God, Atomic Rooster. Last time I saw these was in the shape of Vincent Crane's fossilized bones on display at The British Museum. Very undignified record.

THE KINKS: Live EP *(Arista)*. Four tracks, including 'David Watts' and 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone', that show me nothing that says he shouldn't of retired that emotional day in the '70s.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Last Night Another Soldier *(EMI)*. After CSM dismissed their last single, Mensi came up the office and told him "Ne'mind Charlie, if everyone liked it we'd be number one, right?" Well here's another that won't shake down Broadcasting House. On the 'A' side the subject matter should've been left well alone whereas on the reverse is an astonishingly level-headed and well-researched expose of A Writer On Sounds. Entitled 'Man From Beano', or 'Peace In The Valley', it comes close to being the one and only Upstarts record I might like. But like all other post-77 punk records it's rotten.

And Charlie? Well Charlie should be out of Ward 10 in about a fortnight . . .

MOVEMENT: No Man Is An Island *(Ballistic)*. Movement is George (Levi) Oban, formerly Aswad's crucial bassie, and 'No Man Is An Island' was Dennis Brown's first big hit many years back. Here it's sung by Anne, George's babymother, with a warm, furry, slightly mournful delivery she's been keeping under headwrap for too long. George's experiments with jazz/reggae fusion aren't evident here — he's been saving little gems like 'Rainbow' for his album — but he plays an authentic heavy stepper bass, and the delicately emotional guitar solo from little-known ace guitsie Adete Kumbo peaks at the right point. The flip's a selection of Jammy dubs, here titled 'Levi's Choice'.

JUNIOR DELGARDO: You Really Don't Love Me *(Soundoff 12")*
If This World Were Mine *(Cash & Carry 7" pre)*. What'll happen to Jooks now that there's no DEB Records? His chief cohort, Dennis Brown, has set up a nice concern backayard together with Bunny Wailers and Gregory Isaacs called Cash & Carry, hence 'If This World Were Mine'. Seems like Junior's well into singing soul love songs these days, and making a big effort to sing in tune. Both these new tunes have above average melodies, though they're neither as wild nor as serious as previous Delgardo delights. Still 'You Really Don't Love Me' is worth checking, Jooks really soars. The Cash & Carry item has a great say horn riff, but that's about it.

ARCHIE AND LYNN: Rat In The Centre *(High Note 7" pre)*. That perspicacious old codger The Citizen has already paid tribute to this A-1 sound by quoting the lyrics in full in his column. Suffice to say, Archie And Lynn (another dynamic toasting duo, a bisexed one this time,) tell a complete witty story in 3-D fashion, about a befuddled community centre office manager confronted with an invasion of nattily dressed rats in bow-ties. Beatrix Potter leave the room.

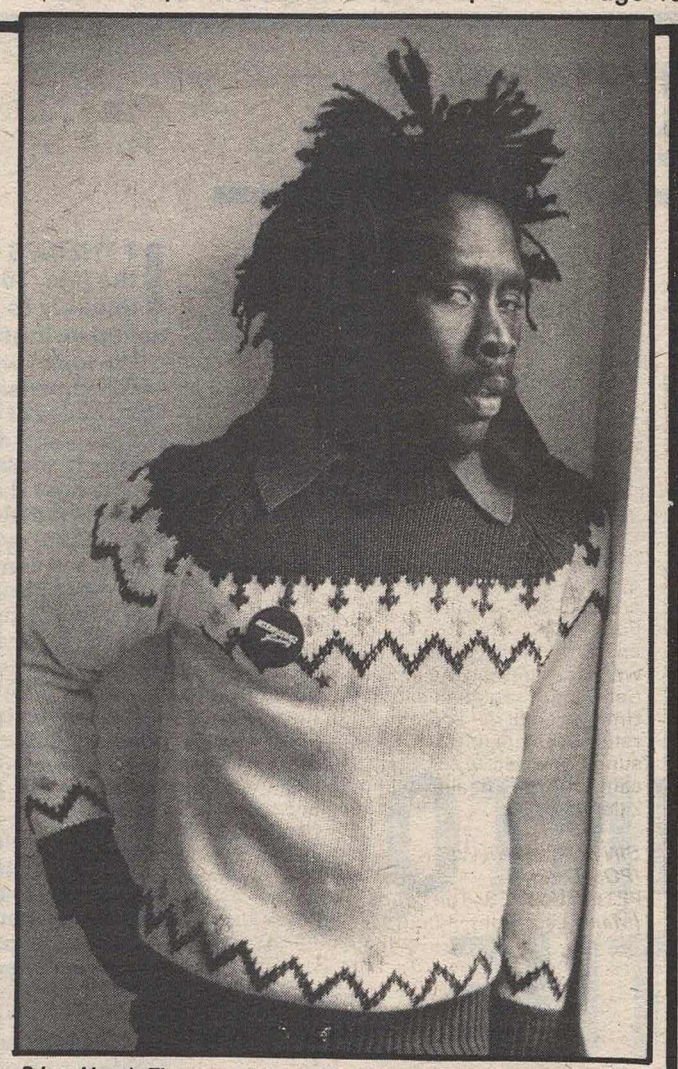
Reggae 45s:

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

BOB MARLEY/WAILERS/I THREE: Bad Card *(Tuff Gong 7" pre)*. I played the album track every morning for a fortnight, because it makes me feel so right; I want to disturb my neighbour, blow my disco at full watts tonight. Island are re-mixing this for British release, so check out this for the dub, or order the Island-ette at your local record shack.

TONY TUFF: Next Door Neighbour *(Prodigy 7" pre)*. Another uppity geezer who wants to give his neighbours a hard time by hitting them with unwanted music in the wee hours. Minus Marley's spiritual stick-with-it message, but pretty, with a filmic burst of the offending music as a trumpet suddenly skirls out, unexpected like.

FREDDIE McGREGOR: Joggin' *(Island 12")*. Miami smoothie Alex Sadkin has just had the temerity to re-mix this classic collaboration by Freddie and his sweetheart, Judy Mowatt of the I Threes. Great accentuation of the hi-hat and a miraculous job of making Freddie sound More Like Bob do not alter that this will be a single to recall 1980 in a positive fashion. A superserious sound with a sense of humour. Backed with heavyweight thunder from Papa Michigan and General Smily's 'One Love Jamdown'.



Prince Lincoln Thompson. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

WAYNE JARRETT: Youthman *(Wackie's 12" NY pre)*. A reminder that Brooklyn New York is almost carrying the swing instead of London these days. Wayne pleads for peace among the youth over the old 'Wicked Can't Run Away' rhythm formerly domiciled with Glen Roy Brown. This means that the far-out dub of three years back, with the archetypal tape re-wind sound effect is still there. Queue up here for a classic all-time horn riff. Top ranking.

BARRINGTON LEVY: The Winner *(E & J 12")*. Levy reckons he's no winner, but this sound says different.

PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON: Natural Wild *(Ballistic 7")*. I'd put up my own money, if I could ever afford it, to hear P.L.T. (aka Sax) backed by Sly and Robbie. Here he's teamed up with the Joe Jackson Band in a slightly cringe-making attempt to gain credibility on one side and crossover sales on the other — plus have some fun, of course I'm aware of that, but. . . as Sax proves over and over that he's the most expressive young (-ish) Jamaican singer, with a knack for a good tune that makes Elvis Costello seem like Peters and Lee, I set my standards high. Good value for money 7-incher, with two tunes and a dub. Both tunes are brilliant; the J.J. collaboration on the A-side sounds too country-rock, but 'Blessed Are The Meek' with the Rasses Band hits the spot. I just hope that, if this crossover plan works, he uses the money to get together his own band. Good luck — and what will we do with Gregory Isaacs, the great unrecognised pop singer?

DENNIS BROWN: Home Sweet Home *(Cash & Carry 7" pre)*
Let Me Love You/Uptown Girl (with Trinity) *(JGM 12" pre)*. The latter is Dennis Brown doing his I'm - pretty - relaxed - here - on - this - three - legged - stool bit; the former is Dennis aflame with Zionist fervour, plus great scatting horns, tick-tock snare-flicking tip-toe drums, and no keyboards, the sort of sound that makes the skanking ranking youths round Shaka's system hunch their shoulders round their ears and twinkle their feet in double-quick tempo, at angles you never knew ankles could reach. . .will Dennis ever make up his mind what he's doing? Should he even bother to try?

their highly distinctive work.

'Early Warning (Only Comes Once In A Lifetime)' (Classified) confronts the everyday perils of Modern Age living, without over-dramatising the situation. Though not in any way similar in approach, both Standing Waves and New York's Lounge Lizards are amongst the very best grassroot bands America currently has on offer. In David Cardwell, Randy Franklin and Larry Seaman, Standing Waves have a trio of fine performing writers ,it's up to them to now recognise only the very finest qualities in one another's work and how best to deploy them.

But when it comes to another Austin-based band **The Huns** I'm even more unsure of their stance than they are of themselves. Heavy Metal fruits or just plain bug-eyed psychedelic puds with a singer (Phil Tolstead) who can't decide whether to be Duffo, Bolan, Ziggy or the Sugar-Plum Fairy.

Nevertheless, they score heavily with Dan Transmission's flashy vinyl organ on 'Busy Kids'. The Huns are on God Records which will probably endear them to Dylan.

Still in Austin, **Radio Free Europe's** double-single (MIG) runs the gamut from ping-pong Klaxon electro-rock ('Alien Day' and 'Borrow More Money') to the tongue-in-cheek Ambient Obscure-ity of 'Eno's Funeral' to Metal Machine musings on 'Disco Blanco'.

However, not all psychedelia is restricted to Texas. New York City's strangely named **Bog People** dally quite well on KGB Records. 'North American Feelings' almost succeeds in stitching a 'treated' vocal to a backward-running backing track whereas the *"you send us Coca Cola/we send you ballet dancer/you send us rock and roller"* rhythm box synthesised shuffle on 'Communist Disco' is a commendable reflection of the influence exerted by Robin Scott **The New York Niggers** sound like something Johnny Thunders knocked together in a moment of inspiration! The got-my-motor-running frenzy of 'Headliner' (NYN) would, had they more hardware, have the lads branded as Heavy Metal Lumpkins rather than downtown delinquents.

Too many records I've come across lack the faintest suggestion of genuine humour, but the last two singles under discussion succeed because of this rare quality.

Welcome, if you will, **The Comateens** whose 'Cool Chick' (Teenmaster) is arguably the best *gurl groop gush* since The Shangri-Las knocked it on the head. True, if only in spirit, to 'Leader Of The Pack', love comes extremely late in the day: girl dumps date to drool over delights of dead girl. And, over minimal synthesised punctuation sighs, *"the way I always remember you baby/the way I found my desire/was the day I saw you twisted underneath the Chevy's tyre."* The entire vignette is produced with deadly accuracy.

There are those who will claim the humourless horror of San Francisco's VKTMS and Tools to be a much more realistic indictment of The American Way, but the ability to write rock and roll comic strip captions is a part of American contemporary counter-culture that few have mastered. Add **The Rattlers'** 'On The Beach' (Ratso) to the short-list.

Seeing as only Dennis Wilson was willing to stub his toe in the Pacific Ocean it seems only divine justice for the best surf band (The Ramones) to come from the East Coast's concrete canyons. And it is Joey Ramone who links up with his real-life brother's band to handle the vocal of Michael Leigh's Godzilla nuclear love song.

If it's conspiracy theories you collect, try Joey crooning, *"I don't care about saving the world/I just gotta find that one little girl."*

For once, somebody seems to have got their priorities right.

Interview by
CYNTHIA ROSE

INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD

BRIAN ENO

The White Man's Grave Look To Africa

IF THERE'S one thing this corner of the late '70s and early '80s seems unlikely to be remembered for, it's naked enthusiasm.

The topics which preoccupy rock today — consumerism, imperialism, the vicissitudes of fashion, the victimisations of love, social deviance, 'rock culture', apathy to the left and apathy to the right — may filter through formats which range from the punkish and impassioned to the futurisms of syntheseizure and reggae fusion. But somehow the patterns of this rich and shifting fabric make you think less *about* things like these than about how the musicians in question *feel* in relation to them.

Most of their feelings seem to presume some final collapse either as imminent or (at best) inexorable. At the Spandau Ballet end of the spectrum, this means acting on the worst sort of received decadence. At another end — say Joy Division's more Wagnerian moments — it means that artistic suspense and artistic mystery themselves may mutate into something more monstrous.

People feel pressed for time. And their hunger for images can't hide the sharper longing for substance, and the nagging sense of spent forces, which lie behind it. All together, these have succeeded in creating a climate of new Puritanism — suspicious of discovery and worried about anything which doesn't know its own name and parentage.

It's a climate which has lionised Brian Eno (who was handed, mailed, or planted with almost 200 demo tapes during his first week in New York last year) as an icon of "cybernetic transistor cool" — the architect of a rarefied career in special effects. His succession of groundbreaking production jobs (with the original Ultravox!, Devo, the No New York bunch, and Talking Heads) which clinched the 'modern' reputations of the bands involved; his contributions to 'Low' and 'Heroes'; the ongoing series of explorations represented by Obscure Records and Ambient Music — all have contributed to a picture of Eno as rock's gadfly, continual refiner and re-definer of the role of theory in making rock.

That theoreticians can only make elitist musicians has been the persistent criticism of his detractors. Almost as persistent has been the deluge of oeuvres bogged down by sub-Eno conceptualising and technologising, from Throbbing Gristle to Gary Numan.

It has taken until this year for a critic (Billy Altman) to make the point that the essential wit of the original Roxy Music was due to Eno's inclination towards *anti*-tech chaos. Not that he put the litter in glitter. Just that he managed to transmute that certain *je ne sais quoi* of the early Roxy straight into a peculiarly 20th century musical methodology, tucked it under his arm, and departed for more sacred spaces.

ENO HAS just spent most of the first year of the new decade in California, and the past month in Northumberland, where he isolated himself from music completely. He's deeply tanned, as fit as any San Diego jock, and the possessor of a pretty worldly pair of sunglasses with tortoise-shell frames and smoked lenses. In four days, he will fly back to New York. Within four months, he hopes to have set up residence in the place which has attracted so much of his attention over the past two years: Africa.

Eno feels good about that possibility, about his recent work, and about his present state of mind.

He explains that *Time Out* earlier requested his 'palm print' as the hook for an investigation of palmistry and they have now sent him a tape with the reader's rundown. As the palmist will later predict on the tape, he's "very interested to hear the analysis" and he settles into a black leather chair, scrutinising the furniture and smiling as the palmist reveals that he "has a streak of caution; he does not like taking risks" and "he is not simple enough — whatever he does is done well but he doesn't do it cleanly enough". Each of these assessments is greeted with a cry of "It's true!". But Eno amends the palmist's estimate that he could fall "deeply and classically" in love as much as "two or three times in his life" to "two or three times a week."

"He seems to be describing someone very like me but not quite me; that's what I think. I don't think I do fall obsessively in love in the way he means there, in the classic sense. He has to define things in terms of the relationships he recognises and maybe he just hasn't come across this thing I have.

"He says a very interesting thing in there, though. He makes a distinction which I've made myself but which no one else seems to see the difference between; he says that I am 'highly intuitive but not very imaginative'. And most people seem to think they're the same thing. I feel very relieved to learn that I'm not very imaginative! He does say that 'some sort of creativity could be quite possible' . . . Yes! Most interesting. I haven't heard the whole of this tape but the girls in the office have and they say he goes into descriptions of things I've done, and gives dates for them. There are only two real mistakes in what I've heard . . . He says I'm well-built — ha ha . . ."

DOES HE mention what you were doing in California?

No! but I did some lectures and then I moved up to San Francisco and lived there for a while. Most of the lectures I gave were around San Francisco and the UC Berkeley. The Berkeley ones were 850 people per night; there were three of those and there were two others which were quite big, about 600 people.

What were you speaking on?

'The recording studio as a compositional tool'. There were two strands in the talk: one was talking about the special compositional possiblities that the recording studio offers as distinct from any other compositional mode, and the other strand was saying that this is actually a new art form, just as film was a new form of art.

I want to talk at an interesting level about how technical possibilities give rise to conceptual possibilities and vice-versa. For instance, how the possibility that you could completely reorganise the dynamic structure of a piece of music gave rise to funk. The fact that you could have a bass and a bass drum extremely loud in a way that wasn't possible in an ordinary playing environment can give rise to a whole form of music anchored round those two things, around the rhythm section.

Did you talk about how that evolved?

Yes. The lecture was in three parts. The first was history, technical history. The second was subsequent possibilites, and the third part was talking about my own use of the medium and my feelings about what kind of future that offered and also the interesting artistic question of Why This Now? That's always the question critics should be answering and hardly ever do. Why should this form evolve now rather than then?

It's not only technical possibilities, you know; there are clearly strong cultural reasons why things appear at a time. Not only why they suddenly appear, but why everyone suddenly likes them. Look at the ska revolution. I can remember listening to Prince Buster in '64; it's been there for ages and ages. Then there's a shift in public consciousness which makes it the form people want to hear.

What's your theory about that?

Well, first of all, I've always assumed that culture is a unity. I assume that cultural events don't happen in isolation from one another and that if a whole series of things are happening at one time, it's interesting to try and make a complete picture of them and to try and include everything in that picture. For instance, my cultural picture of England at the moment says ska — a return to a particular style of clothing which is a low fashion rather than a high fashion sensibility — Conservative government — disenchantment with labour structures — you know . . . Any created picture should try to accommodate all those facts rather than just pop music or what gets called rock culture.

Things happen for one of two reasons: either because people want them or because they don't want the alternative. Governments obviously often happen for the latter reason; wherever the choice is simple and binary you get a lot of that negative thing. The other factor is time lags; certain things like fashion are very rapidly-changing forms . . .

Rapidly ENGINEERED to change anyway.

Yes, I agree.

What we were talking about earlier — the readiness to acceot credentials and the pressure to display credentials which is fashion — seems peculiarly endemic here.

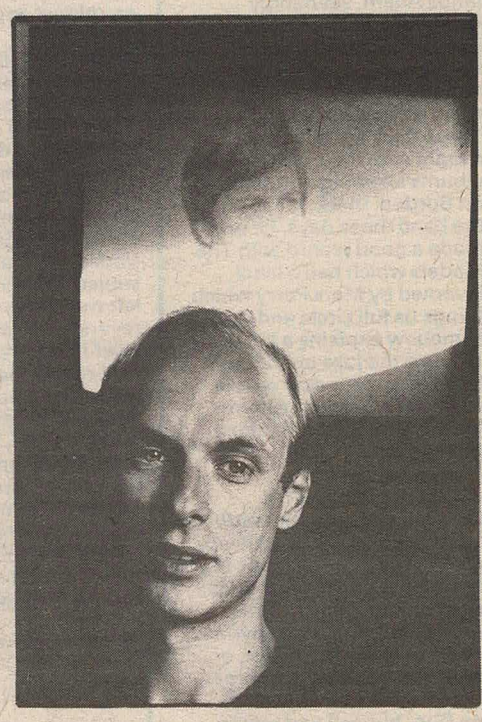
I think it's because in this country everything is seen as ideologically linked. I was thinking about this the other day — actually I was responding to the (Ian Penman) review in *NME* of the Harold Budd and Jon Hassall records I've just done and I was thinking why *does* this piss me off? It didn't piss me off a lot, but before those records were released I wrote what I thought was a mock-*NME* review as a joke while I was talking to Harold. Some of it I got word for word, and I thought, Fuck me! I've been away from this country *two years* and I can still make accurate predictions about what's going to happen on the 'fashionable' level.

I thought, well it's not interesting, and then I thought again — well, *why* isn't it interesting? And I decided what I thought had happened is that all the papers have got involved in a fairly local ideological struggle. They've all taken new wave and punk much more seriously than any musicians I know. For the musicians it was not even a defined form as such. No one who was working in that area saw such clear boundaries and definitions and meanings as writers have. And it seems to me now they have made such a heavy emotional investment that they have to put a lot of distance between themselves and anything which does not fit into a certain area — as those two records obviously don't.

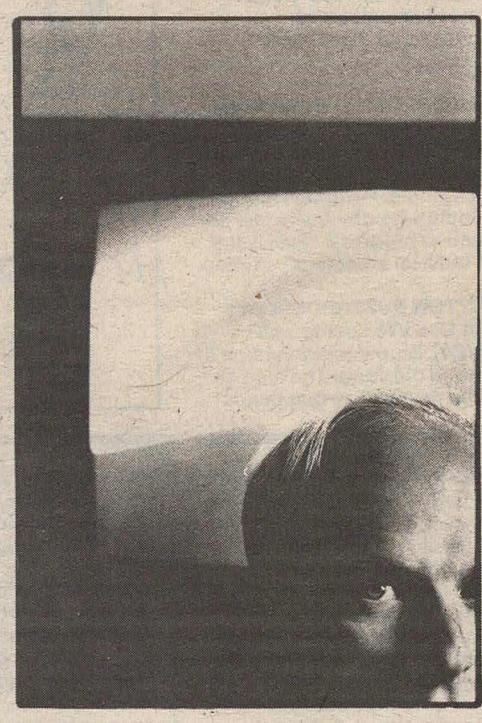
But that investment has been made because — as you observed once yourself — many people hoped punk was the token of some possibility for a new social order.

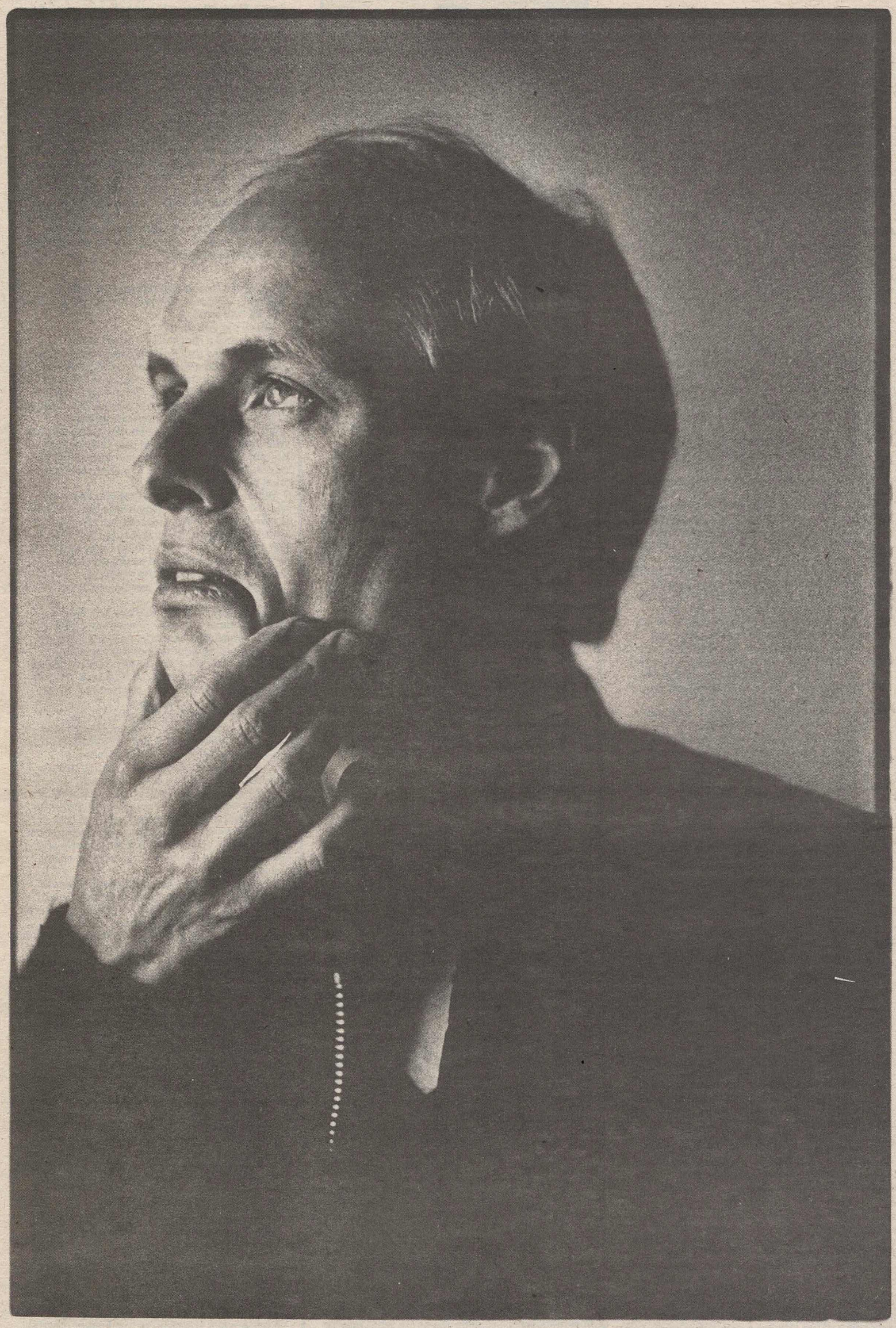
Well, one of the criticisms I knew would be implicit in anything written about those two records was that they don't address the harsher realities of life . . . the popular illusion of what new wave did and is doing. My own answer to that in this case is it's true that they don't, but harsh realities are hardly the only realities worth looking at. I'm not saying the review was reactionary, just reac*tive.*

What I was going to say before was that what happens here more than anywhere else is that every aesthetic judgment you make is



'Right now I have a whole psychedelic African vision . . . Whatever answers we find in the next few years, I think a lot of them will come from Africa.'





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ANTON CORBIJN

immediately construed as a set of ideological judgments. I say "Boy I really like that Michael Jackson record", the one we were just playing here, you know, and people would say "Oh yeah, that means he's into that, and doing *that,* and wants this." Now clearly there are ideological patterns at work in any choice one makes and you can't make choices without that being assumed at some level, but the problem with the media is that they never state *their* ideological assumptions — and they assume a tacit level of agreement backing them up, a congnoscenti.

Well, they try to enforce a tacit level of agreement to feed off financially. It's a political delusion . . . But then just look at the growth of something like the gossip press in recent years.

Well, the function of gossip in society is to continually re-discuss a moral position. And that's not such a bad thing to do, but the sad thing is that it always masquerades as another type of work being done.

It would seem, though, that there is a tacit desire to participate in that.

I think that's because there are more moral dilemmas to be dealt with these days. It's because the sense of community gossip has broken down a lot, especially in cities. So the community becomes a community of the culture, and instead of Mrs Smith down the road, it involves Sonny and Cher and Anthony Tennant. Although you don't know these people at all, they're watched closely for their social manners to see what they're doing, and the discussion is really about whether or not this is *a propos.* Though of course it's never put that way, it's nearly always put in terms of condemnation. The other tacit acceptance in gossip is that what's being condemned now is being condemned because it's fascinating, and that fact means it will soon be taken up.

But people here also relish reading about Bloodstained Nuns in Mercy Dashes to an extreme — because it protects them from the real news which looms up from just off the page.

Yes. Robert Wyatt said a smart thing, as he often does. He said, "Well the papers have to come out every day and the headlines always have to be the same size and it's as simple as that." It doesn't matter what the scale of an event is, you have to make it look as though something big is happening every day and of course the really big things, like the drought in the Sudan, rarely happen on a single day! Those events involving huge numbers of people simply aren't like the tube crash last night, with a nice round number of people led whimpering out of the tunnels. The format of newspapers just isn't suited to real news — it isn't suited to giving the background, the present and the possible futures of an event. It's a newspaper thing; I don't know what you can do about it.

Well, you can educate people to recognise it but that sort of critical faculty isn't being much encouraged today. In the '60s people had to learn it by default, but they observed the difference between what was happening and what—

Was reported as happening, yeah. Times are more hostile now, though, and people want to be orientated more. When your whole sense of the future is quite optimistic, your sense is also that you can afford to take risks. And the main kind of risk is to no longer believe what you're told. That's the biggest personal risk you can take; to decide that you're going to make your own assessments, not just choose a side. It naturally puts you on uncertain, possibly correct, ground rather than certain, and almost certainly wrong, ground. If things are looking really rather grim, you tend to take whatever messages are being sent out and to choose from among them; you think, "Well we really don't have an option but to trust" until things reach a point of terminal grimness. I guess that's a kind of revolutionary condition, but I don't think it amounts to revolution in the end.

The whimper rather than the bang?

Yeah.

What you said about the papers, I think that's interesting in a wider social context, and as an industry consideration — especially when dealing with people's taste and their choices about leisure. I'm thinking about the phenomenon of people being pushed down a chute towards the Next Big Thing and if that doesn't materialise being told 'Well there's just not much on, but here's the Next Best Thing' and being presented with that.

Have you heard of the fire hose analogy, do you know about that? It comes from a Pentagon analyst who was describing Nixon's war on Cambodia. He said what really happened was the air force had an allocation of so many bombs a year and in those kinds of services if you have an allocation you have to get rid of 'em and if you don't your allocation is cut . . .

Like the Arts Council.

Exactly. You don't return unused bombs. So, he said, what happens in defence is a fire hose situation where you have this much water coming out all the time — it just gets pointed at different places. So Camdodia was massively bombed for a total loss of maybe 160 Viet Cong. Millions of acres bombed.

The firehose analogy is equally interesting in terms of the media — what happens is that there is a standard, constant amount of attention coming out all the time and this sort of barrage of hype, and they have to be focused on something. If there isn't anyone interesting around, they'll get focused on someone less interesting. What would happen if one week the *NME* decided nothing genuinely interesting was going on and came out four pages long?

WELL, among other things, it would be unable to record Eno's ecstatic embrace of his latest discovery: Northwestern Africa. Our talk has been intermittently recharged with roomfuls of the magnificent flamboyance of Fela Ransome-Kuti and his Africa 70 ("That's his seventy wives, the lucky fucker! He lives in a principality in Nigeria with all his wives"). Back on the black leather after an extended bop to 'Zombie', Eno humbly proselytises on behalf of his hero.

MAYBE I can make the people of England forsake their new wave records and rush out to buy Fela Ransome-Kuti! Actually, I just hope people listen to it. He's one of the leading exponents of High Life music, but then there are plenty of others. It's a beautiful music — it's so thrilling to me, I could work 24 hours a day on this music. It's rhythmically sophisticated in an interesting way; it's perfect for dancing because it leaves holes in all the right places — it pulls your body in a most interesting way. Like the great revolution of reggae was that it left a hole somewhere where rock music always puts it in. And that poises your body on a precipice so you're constantly kept in motion. *This* leaves two holes generally . . .

You listen to this and you can't help but think, "What do *we* have? The fuckin' Jam!" I've had this record since '72 or '73, but lately I've been listening to High Life and African pop music quite a lot. There's a very good book I've been reading, too — *African Rhythm and African Sensibility* by John Miller Chernoff, I think it's University of Chicago Press. David Byrne and I started getting into African music and culture; well all the Talking Heads did, but David and I started work together which was very consciously influenced by it.

I like the idea of David doing the High Life!

Well, David's playing style is so akin to this . . . Oh God! I've got something else you should hear! You must have a quick listen to this while we talk. If you want to hear how well David fits into this area, listen to the guitar work on this song — this is Fela as well. Of course! But this sounds exactly like David Byrne. *(Eno stands and mimes along in an approximation of that Byrne playing style which caused him to nickname the Heads' work 'hoovering music'.)*

What's interesting is that the playing is so accurate you don't get this sense of a lot of people playing. It's got all the energy of a small group. That's what makes small groups so attractive: there's no muddiness about anything. These guys play so beautifully rhythmically, that you still have that sense, plus every rhythmic option. These pieces last a

■ *Continues over*

Continued: BRIAN ENO

■ *From previous page*

whole side of an album and the great thing is that the singing doesn't come in for at least twelve minutes. It's the other way round from the way we arrange things — all the singing then all the instruments then another bit of singing at the end. They have all the instruments going through all their permutations and changes and suddenly, by the time you've completely forgotten that there might be a song involved, suddenly the voice comes in. It's a big thrill.

It's really slick, too. It's certainly as slick as that Michael Jackson.

Yeah, exactly. That's what I say! *(Eno is down on the carpet, animating the full-length album cover shot of Michael Jackson into a dance routine. The electric white socks Jackson is wearing bob up and down.)* I think that he's the other side of the coin. I think Michael Jackson's made much greater cultural breakthroughs than anyone else who's around at the moment. But of course there are various ideological reasons why a young Englishman shouldn't like a record like 'Off The Wall' — won't go down at all well with the *boys.*

Actually, yesterday I decided not to talk about Africa, you know. My thoughts on it are only from a perspective of my mind as I haven't been in black Africa at all. I've been thinking about it so much and my thoughts are unclear. So perhaps I should stick with something I'm more able to discuss. But I hope to be there in two or three months, I hope to live there for a while.

How did you get interested in it originally?

Well, the truth is it was through two things — African music and black women I met. Seeing people who never have any doubts that their being was completely linked from the head to the toes and that there wasn't any separation, and that sexuality was a thing of the mind and body, not just the body and not just the mind.

And that the universe was a place charged with erotic possibilities — that's really the sense I get and it seems the sense they have. Also the sense of sexuality being something . . . sublime, inseperable from every other social function. For instance, you see girls involved in the High Life dances in Nigeria and they're doing incredibly sexy dances, but what the records are singing about are ethical and religious problems and they're very serious records.

But there isn't a dichotomy there. People don't think, why's she dancing like that when there's this music on? It doesn't work like that, there is a continuity there which I find very attractive. And which I probably won't measure up to, I'm sure. I'm not of that frame of mind, I'm just an admirer of it at the moment. Maybe it's something which will develop.

Women have immense power in Ghana and Nigeria.

They do all over Africa! And they do it by the opposite technique from that feminists are adopting, in that they recognise and enhance their separateness. It would be unthinkable to them to educate men and women in the same way. It would be ridiculous! I mean, what happens in our schools is that children are sent to primary schools, actually a feministic educational system, so the boys suffer there; then after that they're sent to universities which are very masculine in their educational orientation, so the women suffer from that. It seems to me that what we really should be thinking about is educating people in an interesting way tailored around their differences.

You mean with reference to assumed differences in their aims?

Observed differences in their aims, needs, and wants. Not that I think the aims of men and women are opposed, though. I think they lock in a very interesting way, the problem in the current power struggle being that the *type* of power which is being usurped is male power. Leave that to men! Female power is the one to start working for.

I think one of the big cultural problems we have — which I've certainly contributed to and suffer from — is an uneasiness about our sexuality . . . a fear of being male or being female. Because both of those things are a little bit scorned, they're almost parodies. Like the pretty girl with the flowery dress and lots of scent is considered 'feminine', and the locker-room Joe knocking around on nights out with the boys is a masculine polarity of that. Of course those are both strange perversions and neither of them really represent anything other than—

Marketing images?

Yes, that's right. But the fact that they exist scares people away from looking at sexual polarities frankly. We live in an age of extraordinary Puritanism disguised as liberalism, whereas in Victorian times people were Puritan in a sense we recognise, putting covers on piano legs and all that.

I'll tell you a long anecdote which gives you an idea what I mean. I was giving a lecture in New York and somebody asked me a question after the lecture, they said, How do you find working with women? And I said, Well, I haven't really worked with that many women and consequently, I don't think I can make any generalisations because they were all quite different, the few I have worked with. And I was chattering on about this and I said, I don't know if there *are* any distinctions in that situation from a normal situation — and when I said 'a normal situation' everyone went OOOOOOOhhhhhhhh, uuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhmmmmmm — as if I'd just given myself away. "Oh, so he thinks women are abnormal", you know? And I just thought, you stupid — Really! Clearly it *is* a normal situation for me to be in a studio full of men and it is an abnormal situation for women to be there just on a percentage basis. But their immediate interpretation of that was that I meant something loaded by normalcy.

I gave them a lecture about Puritanism then and there, because what that sort of stifling attitude results in is people becoming afraid to say what they mean because they've got all these little political considerations they mustn't offend. I've spent quite a lot of time recently re-evaluating all of these sort of *bete noirs* or *betes noir,* of polite society at the moment. Like 'the role of the female' or the role of aristocracies and hierarchies . . . various things; education is one of them. Things that one's always assumed oh, you can't discuss that, it's taken for granted that that is the case. I don't take it for granted anymore, or rather, I try not to!

The first thing, though, is to identify those things.

Yeah. It's very hard to identify your own assumptions. It's easy to see others' but your own ones are harder.

Do you find that through work you can do that more easily?

Certainly it's a tool. In terms of discovering your operational strategies and assumptions. The interesting thing about being an artist, for me, is that it's the only system of knowledge I can make use of . . . every other system is an adjunct to that. You know, I read a lot, I do all the other things that intelligent young people are supposed to do. But the actual real test of where I'm at at any one time is something I can discover through work more readily than any other form of behaviour. And the way it's discovered is by deliberately creating a situation which, like real life situations, isn't covered by the techniques and codes you already know, and then to see if you fumble and mess it up or whether you manage to have the . . . *confidence* to make the right leap in the right direction. All those sort of things.

I take it as read that anything that's fun is educational. David Byrne said that in one of his songs: *"I look out the window, I call it education. I see my friends, I call that education".* That's exactly my feeling at the moment: that you're constantly in an educational position, all you have to do is recognise it, and not deny its usefulness.

Going back to the educational system, the extraordinary idea that children have lessons and then 'playtime' and this playtime is sandwiched in between as a sort of favour to them! Whereas in countries fortunate enough not to have educational systems there is no distinction — it's play.

I think one of the reasons people are suspicious of what you do is in what they see as a real recycling — taking everything in and making something out of everything . . . finding a value in everything. Also lifting side effects up into a new prominence.

What people really mistrust about me is that they think I'm an intellectual.

ENO'S latest work is the as yet unreleased album with David Byrne, "consciously affected by" the African music in which both have immersed themselves, though Eno insists that he can't say "it's as good as that is". Like Robert Fripp's 'Indiscretions', a work-in-progress which deals with people's voices recorded in public and private saying indiscreet things (the first Indiscretion is the *"your house/my house"* argument on 'Exposure'), Eno and Byrne's new music uses "voices taken from other places".

Anyone who figures to have Eno already pigeonholed will get a shock when the contents are made public. The record moves to rhythm patterns which are obviously not bland, overlaid with a thinking man's sense of strong melody . . . and much Enoesque humour.

"That was a mountain girl from Lebanon," says Eno, explaining as we test each cut. "It's just taken off another record, and it's a recording of her singing a solo fishing song; no backing. We just dropped it in.

"This one here is taken from a New York phone-in on the radio." The track is a declamatory, prophetic American male who was holding forth originally about Iran. *"America is waiting for investors of some sort or another,"* he intones over a chorus of electronic soft-shoe music, embroidered with

'You listen to African High Life music and you can't help but think, what have we got? The Jam!'

tweets and missile sounds. The rhythm seems played on razor blades. *"Again! Again!"* laments the speaker. *"I haven't seen any any any citizen over there stand up and say HEY, JUST A SECOND!"*

The unknowing contributors are treated as major instruments in the music and the idiosyncratic qualities they express — pique, mystery, or pure craziness — are exploited to the full. The mood of the music (which features Mingo Lewis as well as Tubes drummer Prairie Prince) is of a fairly vast and dark landscape throwing up sharp and striking conflicts. Real upbeat funky butt music, too complex and compelling to seem at all apocalyptic.

The lost truths=found art use of voices is epitomised on the track 'Into the Spirit World', which features the voice of California spiritualist and faith healer Katherine Kuhlman. Eno had made the tape of her voice before finding out that she was already dead.

"She looks amazing too. Very old and . . . I had a picture of her with her arms stretched out and head tucked in; she looked like a turtle. At one point we were going to put her on the cover of the album but her estate won't let us use the voice at any price. Not for a million dollars, they said. So we'll have to re-mix it. We did all these songs first, then we went and asked about the rights."

Kuhlman's voice is spinechilling in a downhome way that suggests the best Southern Gothic as it weaves in and out of a suspended funk punctuated by a stinging guitar signal. *"Sit down by my side,"* she purrs, *"Tell me all about that won-derful experience, when you were the possessor of that won-derful gift, whereby you were able to see into the spirit world!"*

Found voices on other tracks include Samira Talfic, an Arabic Top Ten popular artist, as well as another American from another phone-in whose *"I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! I made a mistake, I made a mistake!"* creates a Brooklyn Babylon effect, a rapid-fire punctuation over another heavy Afro bassline. The construction of these songs — ephemera recycled into art — suggests the art circles of New York rather than California, where they were finally assembled.

WELL, New York is very energetic, there's a lot of charge there and you can just sort of pick it up. It's hard to do that in London, where you have to be very much your own generator. But there are many pitfalls in New York as a place to work. One of them is that it's such a self-contained system — nearly everything done there is done *only* in terms of a New York scene. It doesn't choose to be exposed anywhere outside of there, nor would it survive the exposure in a lot of cases. Because just as soon as it's removed from the context of all those cultural assumptions peculiar to New York it doesn't look so great.

The benevolent way of looking at it is saying it's a village community. It is, in a way.

It's been particularly obvious to me in video art, so-called. This is perhaps the dullest area of human endeavour at the moment, I should think. Because what's happened is that all the people who've gotten interested in it at the moment, like the people who first got interested in synthesisers, are technicians, so what they're doing are technically very sophisticated things and visually very tedious. Or there are the other people who go and say, "Ah, whatever happens I'm not gonna bloody well be seduced by this medium — I'm not gonna have all those pretty colours, I'm gonna do something *serious*!"

Because they assume that the rest of television has been people *being* seduced by the medium, which isn't true. The people who make television shows aren't sensitive enough to be seduced.

So when I started work in video, like whenever I've worked in any medium, I was doing it completely on the level of, "Oh God, look at this — look at those lovely colours!"

ENO HAS always sought out strong collaborative relationships with visual artists. Before the tragic death of his friend painter Peter Schmidt, the two had been involved in numerous joint projects, including the development of the Oblique Strategies.

Schmidt's water colours were often exhibited with Eno's 'Subliminal Music'; at the time of his death Schmidt's work was in Europe with Eno's new videos in an exhibition entitled 'More Than Nothing'. And for the past three years Eno has been working with London artist Russell Mills on a book which will feature Mills' illustrations of Eno's lyrics, a test composed of Eno's lectures, and an album of new music.

'Two Fifth Avenue', Eno's first video exhibition in New York, was held at The Kitchen from September 27-October 30, 1979. It was a four-channel installation with music, originally intended for Newark Airport. "Is it music, is it sculpture, is it video, or some strange personal hybrid of all three?" asked a nervous *Village Voice.* "Whatever, it's like seeing Monet's Rouen Cathedral happening in real time — the buildings appear like constantly woven and re-woven plaids and ecstatic chanting, like scores of unseen angels, gives the ensemble a more spiritual aspect."

WHAT were you doing with video?

Shooting films of the building across the street.

When did you start?

A year and a month ago today! What happened was that Talking Heads were in the studio with me and someone walked in and said "I gotta deal on this video equipment; get it real cheap" and I thought oh, I'll have one! That's always been the way I've bought equipment. I didn't know anything about cameras or anything, and it just happened that the camera was a real beauty, the best one I could have bought. It's one of the only cameras which is non-automatic; you have to adjust the light level by yourself.

Which means of course that you can make absurd mistakes on it, which was the impetus for what I was doing. I just started filming very simple things and really thinking, "Oh! That's just *beautiful"* at these colours I was getting by twiddling the knobs. And as usual I *was* completely seduced by the medium.

Robert Fripp said you were working on ambient video . . .

That's right. That's what they are. Nothing much happens and they're very slow, but they're amazingly beautiful colours, like a mauve building against a green sky with brilliant ultramarine windows and pink clouds moving across behind it . . . It sounds crummy, doesn't it? It sounds just 'psychedelic'. Well, I don't care. I like psychedelic.

It sounds more like a Hopper painting.

That's right. Actually, I was looking at him quite a lot at that time. What's interesting about these things is that they have a feeling of incredible silence about them, 'cause there's nothing really moving in them except sometimes you see a reflection of a cloud, or a bird flies *very* quickly by, or a curtain moves a little bit. But it's this strange feeling of this building which you know is located in the most bustling city in the world, but it's just still and silent and it has this sort of crystalline, really weird quality.

It's much weirder than anything you could achieve by setting out to do something weird. I set out to . . . Well, actually what happened was that I didn't have a tripod, so I put it on the window sill, which was the only flat surface that pointed somewhere, and I got the building across the street. I thought umm, it looks alright — and the camera was at a funny angle because it wouldn't sit straight and I just started fiddling from there.

This is a strategy, you see! That's a strategy in the sense that someone who was in inverted commas 'getting into video' would say, Now I better read the handbook, now, how does this work? and I'd better get a decent monitor, and uh, I must get a tripod . . . Which I didn't have. They would immediately have cancelled — in the first ten minutes of *thinking* about it — everything I've done!

I get colours that you just don't see on television or around *ever.* Very bright colours — or sometimes just incredibly rich, like these beautifully deep purples. They have to be seen in slightly dark rooms. The richness is what's lovely.

What have you done with it since?

It's in LaGuardia now, the videos are in with 'Music For Airports'. I've never seen it installed but I've had good reports. People say that it is absolutely lovely in airports, that it's exactly the right place to be ambient, because you can just sit and rest your eyes on this screen.

Why does psychedelia appeal to you right now?

It has always appealed to me. I never lost the sense that it was an interesting style to use. The difference is in the amount of prominence one gives it. You can either feature it or you can use it within a context, so it's like it has a sort of geographical function. Right now I have a whole psychedelic African vision.

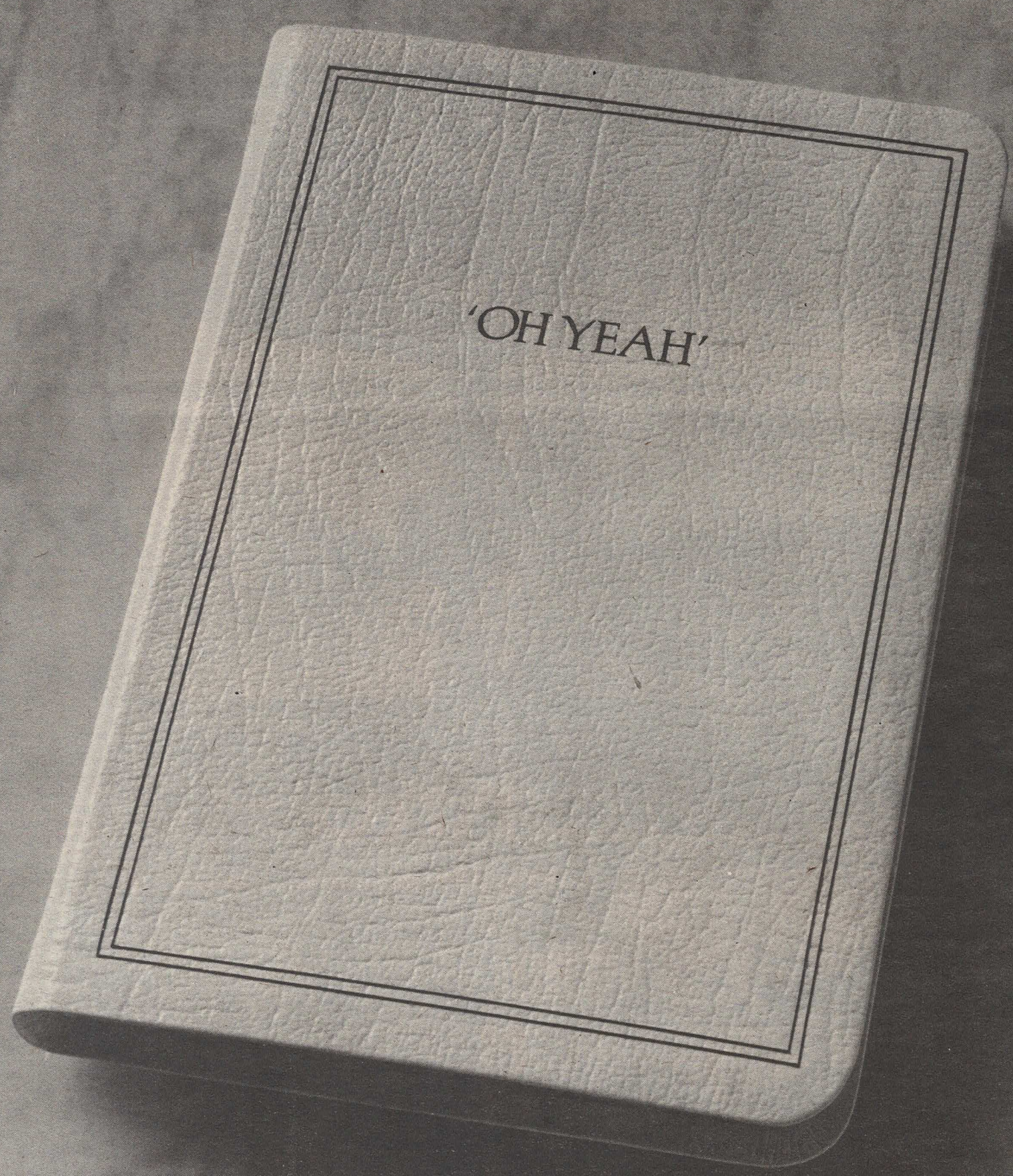
That's very optimistic (pointing to the new record).

Oh yes! That's what happened! David Byrne and I both discovered Africa and that *is* the optimistic future. I mean, *these* countries aren't. What sort of optimism can you have about these? But suddenly discovering this whole *continent* of people who have a different and optimistic outlook . . . And who look as though they're not making such a big mess . . . That's really given me a different feeling.

I think whatever answers we're going to find in the next few years, a lot of them will come from Africa. You know, just as the East was a very important influence for the last 50 years or so, I think Africa will become that important an influence. God, I can't wait.

ROXY MUSIC

NEW SINGLE 'OH YEAH' FROM THE ALBUM 'FLESH + BLOOD'



Polydor

EAST IS WEST

SPECIALS

LIZARD

JAPAN: Random Observations of a non-writer.

INFORMATION — THE KEY WORD:
To be used to open any door. The information is then used, transistorised etc, but hardly ever modified. The Japanese seem as unable to think of new ideas as the British are to produce the ideas they have thought of.

Hence the peculiar situation of me being shipped out to Japan for a month (not for an exhibition, as mentioned in *NME*, that's the future), to take 'English style', (did we ever have one?) photos of Japanese bands in Japan, for use in assorted mags, on record covers et al.

ON BEING INTERVIEWED:
Yes . . . and was asked all the usual questions you'd expect of a photographer, like: "When did you first lose your virginity?" (Fanzine) to reading a translation of another just before I left which ends: "Yet I remind of her arms, which are stout and unsuited for her thin body. I was struck with admiration imagining those two arms are something that produce The Clash photos." Talk about oblique angles!

TV ADS:
David Bowie advertising a new brand of saki.
Howard Devoto a new department store.

Space . . . lack of.
Tokyo eleven million people. Trying to explain something one day, I found agrophobic in the dictionary, but not claustrophobic. But no vandalism, very little crime. But a strange submissive attitude.

HAZARDS:
Fire . . . The Japanese have a whole language related to fires. My one was started by the owner of the flat below at 6.30 am.
Earthquakes . . . these put a whole new dimension on the ground being solid under your feet. It isn't.

AND THEN THE BANDS:
Being a newish 'industry' the 'rock business' is treated the same as traditional industries (fashion etc). Hence a large number of 'idols'. On enquiring after the health of these monsters I was told they satisfied a demand. Possibly true, but they also fabricated the need. Problems with post pubescents as the industry can't work out what image to use on their bands, because information, (note use of key word) is coming from England (main source) faster than can be processed. Middle age matrons were already wearing 2 Tone, but they didn't know The Specials were in town.

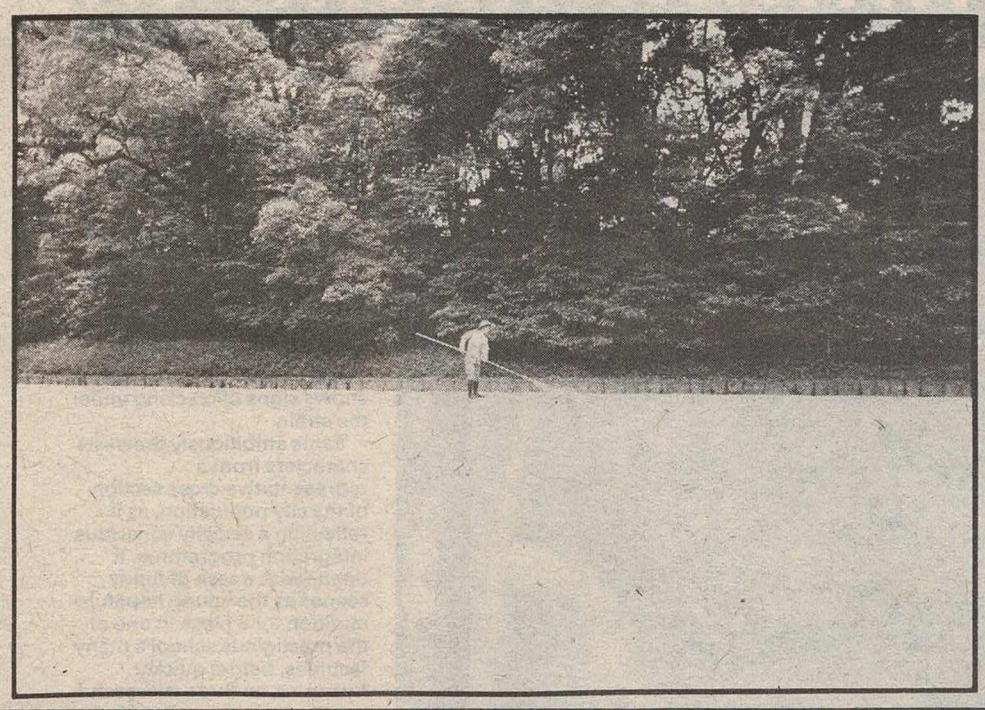
EATING:
Squid or Macdonald Hamburgers.

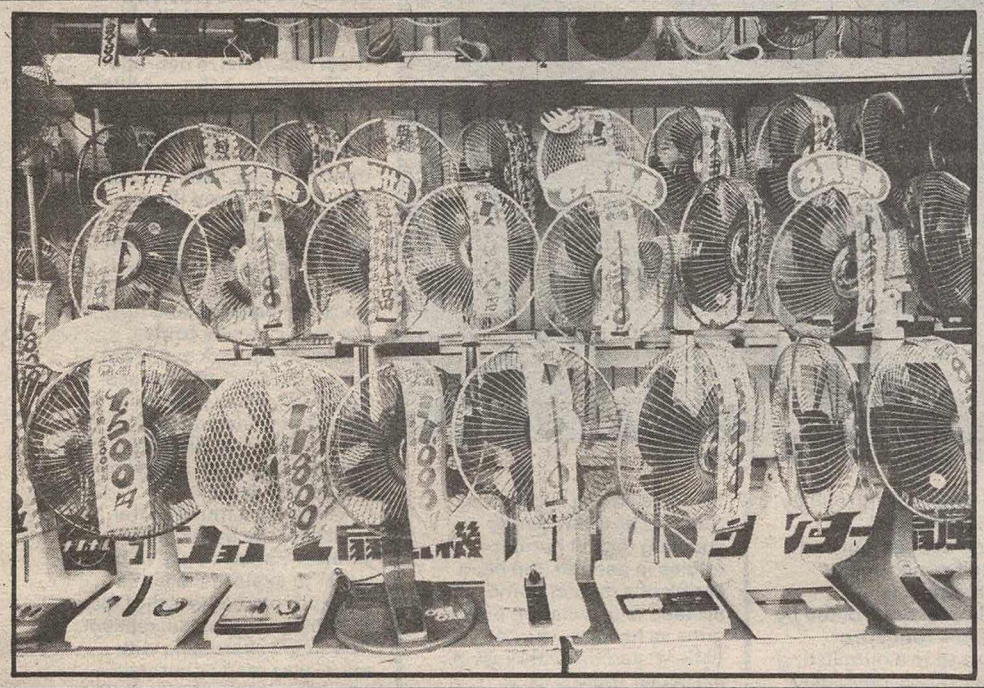
Pennie Smith

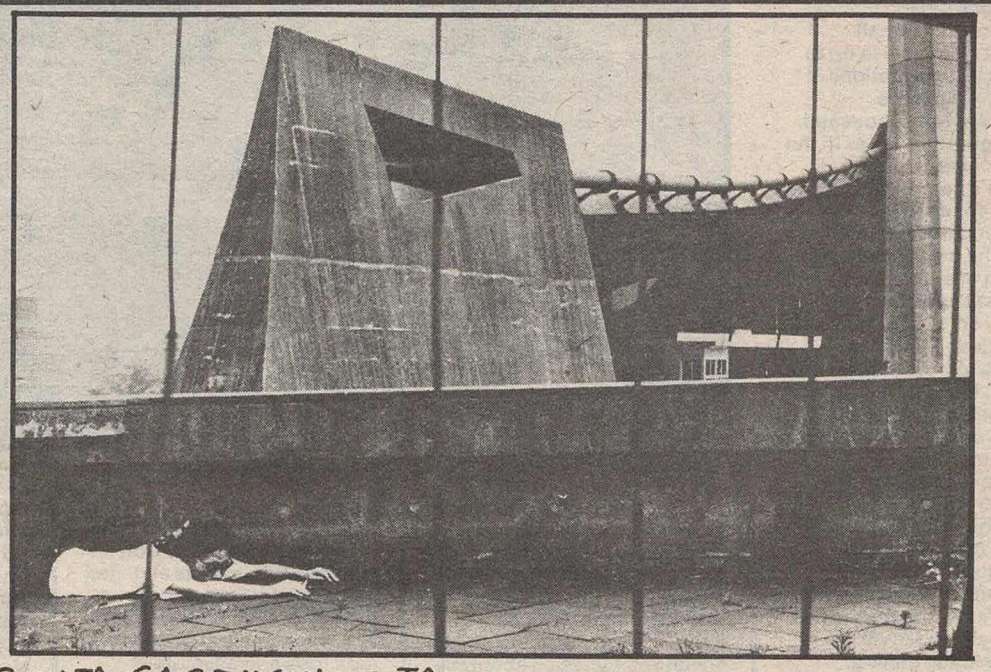
JAPAN:
Random observations of 2 musicians.
Undoubtedly the best reaction outside of the U.K.
At first the security were a bit dodgy, but after the 1st gigs, they let everyone down the front.
It's very, very Americanised.
The people are polite, though bordering on formal.
There's these little girls who wait for you around the hotel with quick action cameras and autograph books; they're obviously professionals.
It's OK at first, but after a while it gets on your tits 'cause they're everywhere.
And they do it to all visiting groups, including Aerosmith etc.
The gardens are nice and tranquil. But so's Kew.

Paul Weller

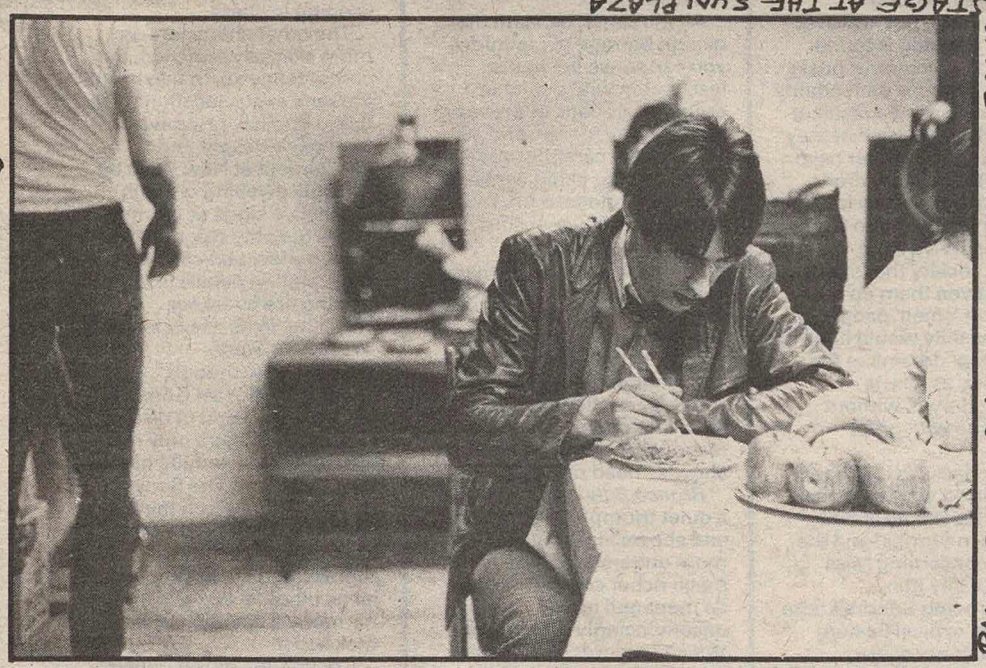
PICS PENNIE SMITH





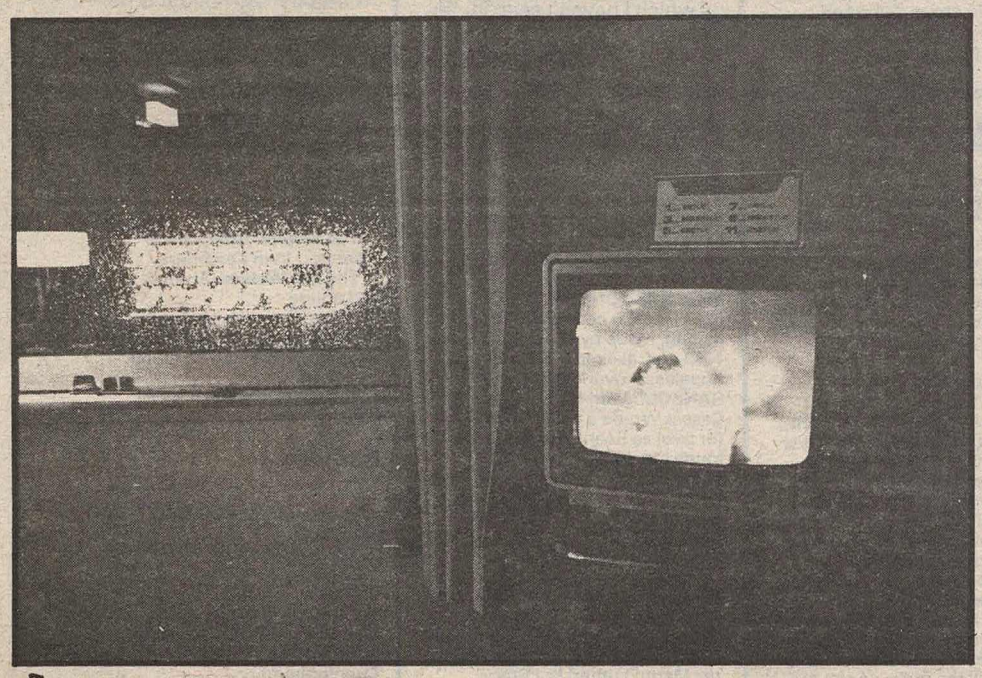


GUNJA-GA CRAYON — JAZZ.



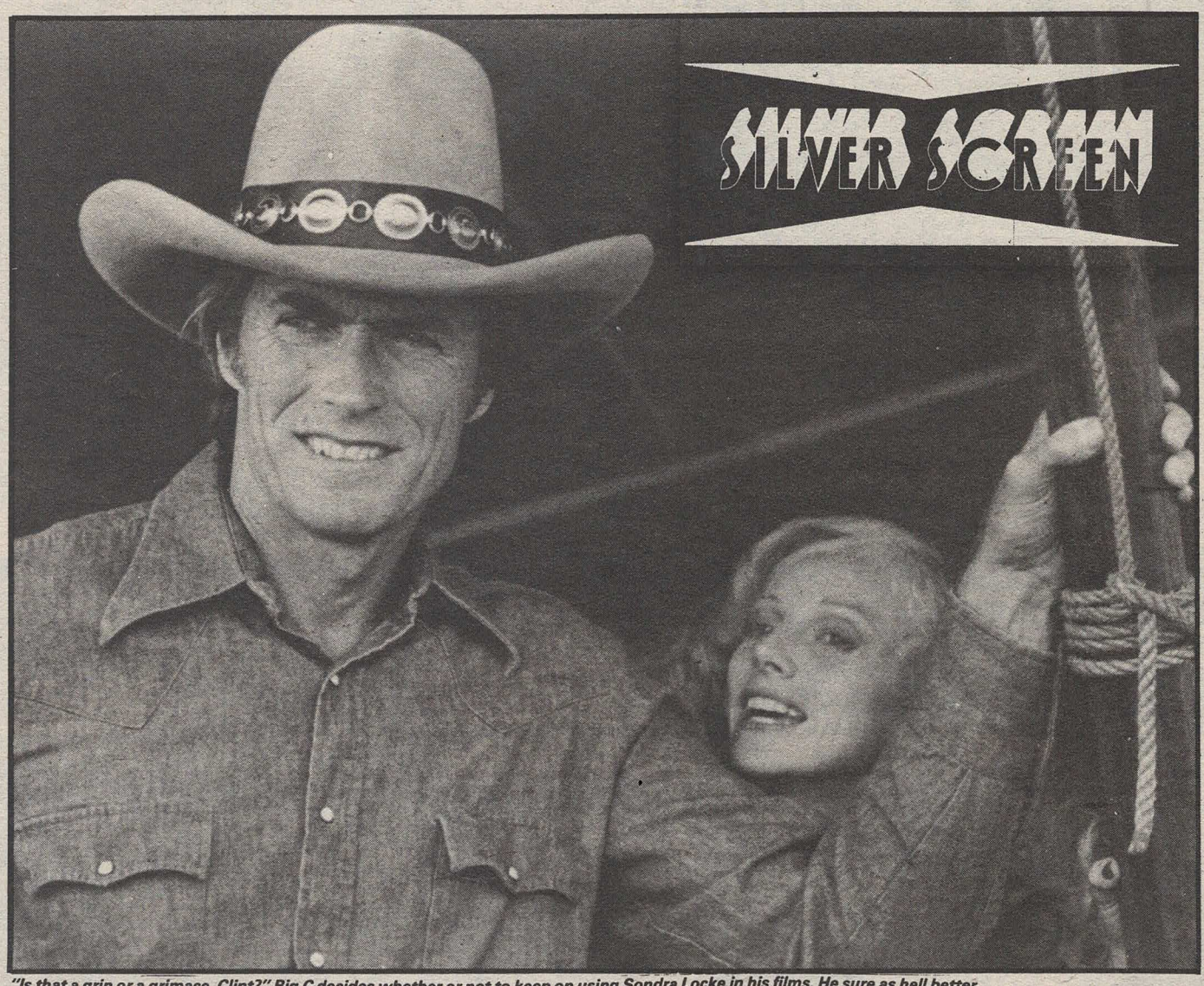
PAUL WELLER PLAYS WITH HIS FOOD BACK-STAGE AT THE SUN PLAZA

PETER WOLFF / J. GEILS "GIMME A 'T', GIMME AN 'O' GIMME A 'K'.....ETC...



BASEBALL IN THE RAINY SEASON.

Clint busts out



"Is that a grin or a grimace, Clint?" Big C decides whether or not to keep on using Sondra Locke in his films. He sure as hell better.

Bronco Billy

Directed by Clint Eastwood
Starring Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke *(Warner Bros)*

MORE reminiscent of Robert Altman's equally eccentric *Buffalo Bill* than anything else, *Bronco Billy* is Clint Eastwood's fifth film as actor/director and will probably surprise his audience as much as his first, the compelling *Play Misty For Me*.

It's wilfully unfashionable and painstakingly old-fashioned — small wonder it failed to live up to commercial expectations in America — and sees Eastwood shoot a thousand, mostly figurative, holes in the strong 'n' silent true grit image he's been struggling to shrug off for so long.

Eastwood is Bronco Billy McCoy, the owner and main attraction of a ramshackle Wild West show that treks doggedly across the sticks of the American Mid-West, playing to almost empty tents. Like Billy, his five "wranglers" are all misfits or dropouts. Together they share a sense of real camaraderie that verges on the familial, and also a secret.

For all his bluff and bluster, cowpoke cliches lovingly regurgitated at every opportunity and excruciating homilies extolling the virtues of all-American family life delivered to the gaping, adoring "little pardners" (kids to you or me), Billy is as much a cowboy as was Milton or Einstein. In truth he's an ex-shoe salesman from New Jersey who, driven on by disillusionment with city living and the lingering pull of childhood fantasies about the wild west, has simply realised his own, ultimate dream. He *is* that sometimes masked man.

Like some latterday Don Quixote, Billy shoots at plates and gives free charity shows instead of tilting at windmills. The character is at once totally ludicrous and absolutely winning. The irony of the repeated view of Billy (and by inference Eastwood) silhouetted against sun and sky — a self-consciously 'strong' image — is overwhelming. Confronted by a pair of bank robbers or almost forced to a humiliating draw by a callous, obviously corrupt sheriff, Billy proves himself an unwitting or unwilling hero. But however often the bravado is found wanting, his metamorphosis gives Billy and his dependants great strength and a resilient belief in themselves that they would otherwise never have. For all of them every tired repetition of the show is an act of faith, a testament to their ability to survive in an uncaring society that's as good as given them up for dead. Even 'small' people (or "folks", as Billy would have it) can live 'big' dreams — the moral, such as it is, is delicately drawn, without rancour and with great pathos.

Dennis Hackin's intelligent script (button your ears well back, the laughs fly at belly and brain in flurries) and the sub-plot concerning Miss Antoinette Lily (the ever-improving Sondra Locke as a stuffy, cynical Eastern heiress) and her cowed, con-husband (Geoffrey Lewis looking and behaving like a ridiculous cross between Vincent Price and *Dallas'* J.R.) lend the film constant spice. As do its strong supporting cast and its many gently knowing digs at human foibles in general (the head shrink of a mental home ecstatic to be wearing Billy's guns as he interviews a patient) and the Old West in particular (Billy & Co's wonderfully inept attempt to rob a train).

All the same, beneath the benign barrage of platitudes you can sense the film's fascination with quaint ol' Southern notions of decency and fair play for one and all, also its very carefully qualified regret at their being wiped off the face of modern America. After all, however absurd Billy's simplistic and homespun ideals may seem and however inadequate or outdated they may appear to the 'sophisticated' onlooker, they work well enough for him, enabling the man to shoulder confidently the not inconsiderable responsibilities of being the show's "head ramrod".

Bronco Billy is something of a quiet triumph for Eastwood, and shows him playing a more understated and yet much richer comic role than he managed in the unconvincingly robust *Every Which Way But Loose*. It's a charming, heart-warming and totally splendid film, the like of which I haven't seen for far too long.

Angus MacKinnon

Fame

Directed by Alan Parker
Starring Maureen Teefy, Barry Miller, Paul McCrane, Gene Ray and Anne Meara *(CIC)*

A MUSICAL set in Manhattan's High School Of The Performing Arts conveniently conforms to the 'all the world's a stage' line, but as a microcosm of New York's contemporary fears and tensions that same stage shows signs of cracking under the strain.

Fame ambitiously draws its characters from a representative cross section of the city population, as if reflecting a socially conscious integration programme. It opens with a rash of funny scenes as the young hopefuls audition for a place in one of the prestigious school's many faculties, before quickly focussing on three successful applicants in the acting class.

They're Doris (Teefy), a fragile Jewish girl intimidated by her mother; Montgomery (Paul McCrane), a neurotic gay; and Ralph (Barry Miller), a razor-sharp Puerto-Rican with a Freddy Prinz fixation.

Meanwhile, over in the dancing class, illiterate black ghetto child Leroy (Ray) dances his way into the affections of rich white bitch Hilary (Antonia Franceschi), a product, naturally, of wealthy uncaring parents. And from the music faculty comes Italian pomp rock exponent Bruno (Lee Curreri), whose grandiose ideas clash with the commercial aspirations of Donna Summer-like Coco (Irene Cara) when they form an unlikely partnership.

But being a musical, the unlikelier the better, and director Parker might've been wiser to explore the film's fantastic elements rather than its moments of social realism. Too many characters with equally as many neuroses mean one big problem child, which he has a lot of trouble keeping in check.

The other characters are more skimpily sketched, but competently so, to mesh with Parker's exotic location work. Being English, he conveys a stranger's delight and amazement at New York, by lovingly dwelling on such distinctive signs as glaring neon, garishly coloured fast food, yellow taxi-cabs and even piffling details like leaking fire hydrants, recalling, in its use of location, *West Side Story*.

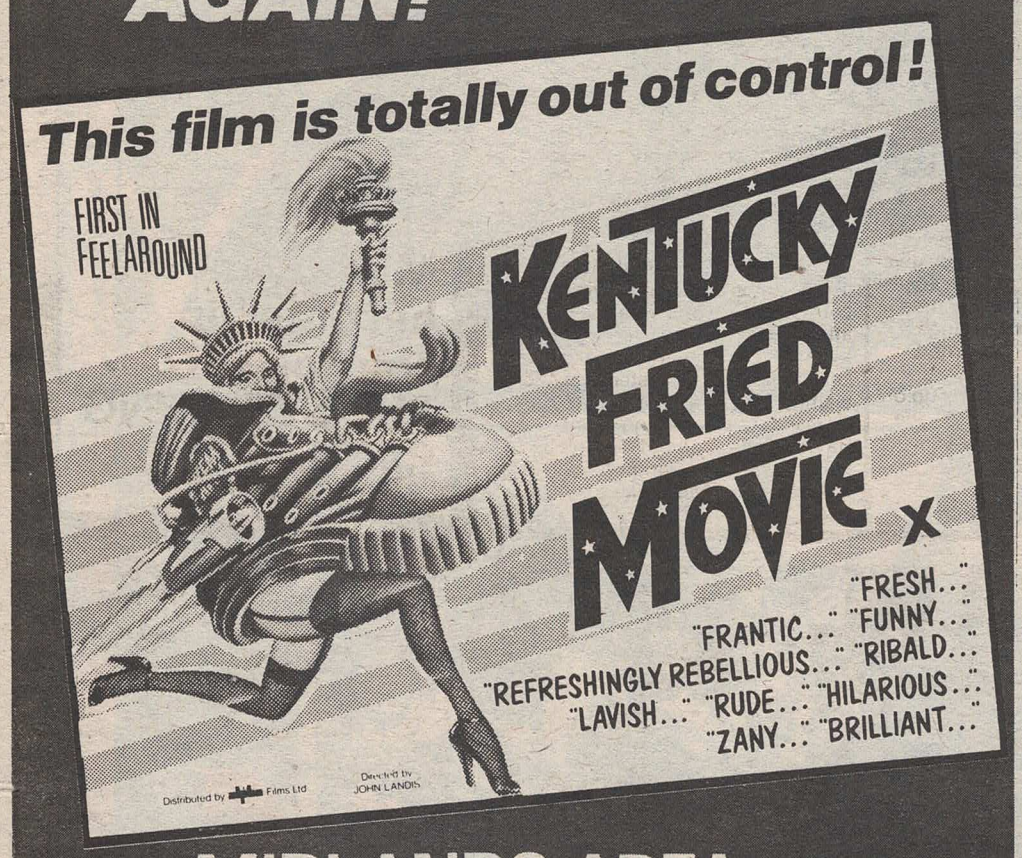
Fortunately though, composer Michael Gore's unworkable blend of disco, rock and orchestra only really intrudes in the awfully hammy finale of 'I Sing The Body Electric', with which the film cornily brings together the various racial elements represented by players from all faculties to perform in harmony a pseudo-classical rock ballet.

Convoluted as the movie's one big production number is, it's somehow not out of keeping with the rest — it serves as a fitting ending.

Chris Bohn

YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT, SO
WE'RE RUNNING IT AGAIN!

This film is totally out of control!



Full MIDLANDS AREA release
Starts SUNDAY JULY 27
(Weekday Performances are Evenings Only)

See local press for Programme details

ON THE BOX

Friday July 25
VIOLETTE ET FRANCOIS: The pretty dim 'Vive la France' season (not one Truffaut on show) grinds on with Jacques Rouffio's slim '77 comedy about a couple — Jacques Dutronc and Isabelle *Adele H* Adjani — down on their luck. They take to petty thieving, yuk yuk. **(BBC 2)**

Saturday July 26
CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF/FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE: As werewolves go, Oliver Reed is fairly effective — and he requires less make up than most. Directed by Hammer's favourite fright merchant, Terence Fisher, in 1961. Our old chum Peter Cushing is the proprietor of an eerie antique shop in the other half of the bill, an establishment frequented by the likes of David Warner, Nyree Dawn Porter, Donald Pleasance and Diana Dors (requiring all the make up she can lay her hands on). Directed by Kevin Connor in 1973. **(BBC 2).**

Monday July 28
HAMMERHEAD: Feeble '68 spy spoof with Vince Edwards wooing Judy Geeson, and Peter Vaughan a predictable villain. Directed by David Miller, and two big people have small parts — Diana Dors (again) and Dave 'Darth Vader' Prowse. **(ITV London)**
MAN'S FAVOURITE SPORT: Trite Rock Hudson comedy centred on fishing, made by Howard Hawks in 1963 and, like most of his films, hopelessly overlong. **(BBC 1)**
RANSOM: Well-known Finn Caspar Wrede's most turgid hour (or two) as Sean Connery (sans toupe but with big furry hat) battles it out with hostage-holding terrorists in snow-bound Scandinavia. It died the death in 1974. **(BBC 1)**

Wednesday July 30
LUTHER: More culture for us ignorant plebs what prefer films to stage. Guy Green directs John Osborne's play oh-so-reverentially (perhaps apt here since it's about *the* Martin Luther) but Stacy Keach, as ever, is worth watching. **(BBC 2)**

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2. **The Sea Wolves** (Andrew V. McLaglen)
3. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
4. **The Exorcist** (William Friedkin) / **Exorcist 2: The Heretic** (John Boorman)
5. **The Black Stallion** (Carroll Ballard)

Regions

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
2. **Zombies** (George A. Romero)
3. **The Way We Were** (Sydney Pollack)
4. **Midnight Express** (Alan Parker) / **Taxi Driver** (Martin Scorsese)
5. **Friday The 13th** (Sean Cunningham)

(Screen International)

2-TONE MEETS MANTO-VANI

ADRIAN THRILLS conducts.

PETER ANDERSON constructs.

They said it could never happen . . . In today's fast-changing world can Mantovani become hip courtesy of THE SWINGING CATS.

IT'S a small wonder they ever built a stage for rock bands at Dingwalls in the first place. The shape of the place is all wrong for most live music, and a fair slice of the clientele actually seem to prefer things that way. After all, what's the point in fighting your way through an obstacle course of tables, chairs, limbs and stairs to get to the front of the stage when it's easier to soak up the action on the video screens strategically placed behind the bar?

This, of course, all depends on the band playing and a combo as whackily instantaneous and visually exquisite as The Swinging Cats virtually *demand* that the drinks be downed in a frantic rush for elbow room on the cramped dance floor.

That the majority of the guest-listed liggers chose to stay in the bar waiting for the appearance of headliners X probably says more about Dingwalls than it does about The Swinging Cats.

The Swinging Cats are seven in number, hail from Coventry and have the distinction of being the latest 2-Tone band, following in the slipstream of The Specials, Madness, Selecter, Beat and Bodysnatchers.

FOR 2-Tone, and particularly label instigators The Specials, the last couple of months have been a period of re-assessment, with maybe even hints of self-doubt in some corners.

This month, the label celebrated its first anniversary. It is a year since 'Gangsters' was making its first forays into the lower reaches of the singles chart; a year since The Special AKA — as they were then — inked the deal with Chrysalis enabling them to release singles by other bands through the 2-Tone set-up.

The original agreement was for six singles by groups of The Specials' own choice to be released. Things went so well that precisely twice that number have already seen the light of day, all of them at least minor chart hits.

But suspicions of formularization and artistic sterility have been slowly creeping in, fuelled by the inevitable spring backlash, and 2-Tone is now in some need of both new direction and fresh blood.

The Specials are responding to the challenge in fine style with some of their most powerful new material for over a year while The Beat, now stationed at Go-Feet Central, have their increasingly refreshing wit and invention. But who else is there to kick new life into what has become the withered old skahorse?

Maybe we should look to The Swinging Cats. Their casual integration of Mantovani's traditional sophistication and melody and The Rezillos' tacky trash aesthetic is at least some way from the well (off-) beaten track.

The Swinging Cats' mainman, guitarist Vaughan Tru, is a strikingly similar character to The Specials' Jerry Dammers. He possesses the same goofy, bumbling exterior which hides the same alert mind and the purist's vision. He even has his own, extended version of the 'Dammers gap', half of his front teeth having been 'removed' in a motorbike accident.

The comparison, unsurprisingly, holds no water with Vaughan.

"Other people have said that I'm like a sort of Dammers figure, but I don't see it at all. If it wasn't that we both come from Coventry, it would never have entered their heads."

The two are close friends, however.

"Yeah, we were at school together. I first heard of him through his reputation as a general nutter! I had a bit of a reputation too and we got to know each other through that. I remember getting to know him around 1975 and then again at the end of '76 when The Clash came out and he really got into them."

Before the Cats, Vaughan was in the Coventry punk group The Urge, eventually leaving, "because they weren't into making people dance."

So he formed The Swinging Cats at the end of last year with the help of keyboard player Toni El Dorko and Jerry Dammers' girlfriend Val (incestuous, isn't it?).

The proverbial line-up changes followed thick and fast and by the time the band had finished their supporting stint on the spring Selecter-Bodysnatchers tour, half the original members, Val included, had been replaced.

"The Selecter tour really sorted out a lot of things within the group," recalls Vaughan. "It happened so quickly that it really threw things out of balance. We were thrown in at the deep end, so you couldn't tell what the reactions of people in the band would be at the time."

The tour, though, did result in the group being offered the chance to do a 2-Tone single. One of the half-dozen originals in their set, the single, 'Away' (TT13), was recorded by Vaughan and Toni El Dorko with the current line-up, singer Jane De La Swing, bassist Wayne Riff, percussionist Craig Guatemala, drummer Dicky Doo and saxophonist Paul Heskat, which sounds too much like a real name for comfort.

BUT does the 2-Tone connection put unnecessary pressures on the band? It does, after all, give them a lot to live up to. "I don't feel the pressure at the moment 'cause there are so many internal things within the group to be concerned about.

"Hopefully the music stands up on its own as a variation on the 2-Tone theme, which is basically dance music. I think people will obviously get into it at first because of the 2-Tone thing, but we hope that they'll take it for what it is after that."

What it is, yet again, is a series of hybrids and fusions, but not so much plain old ska and punk as incidental music — the John Barry t'ing — and '60s pop. There are still the odd, lingering ska overtones here and there — a bluebeat version of Captain Scarlet for instance — but the Swinging Cats are doing something to diversify the scope of 2-Tone and possibly even provide a pointer for Jerry Dammers' professed intention to move into the muzak market with The Specials.

"I wouldn't like it to get categorised simply as a muzak thing," explains Vaughan.

"But the muzak influence is not just a flippant thing. I think 2-Tone is going through musical changes at the moment, but they are really subtle things like that.

"I really get a great feeling from listening to things like Mantovani, listening to the original music and the melodies. We're doing that 'cause the music means a lot to us. We want to take the 2-Tone thing on a bit from ska. There are plenty of other dance rhythms around at the moment. I'd love to see people dancing to a bossa-nova beat!"

What!? A hall of skinheads pogoing?

"I don't know. I read about it on an album sleeve. It sounds good."

Is that where all the ideas are coming from?

"Well, there's plenty of good second-hand shops in Coventry. And my mum's LP collection. That's been a big influence. There, that'll please her!"

Vaughan thinks about the implications of his grand vision, and comes up with one, final afterthought.

"Actually, we want to make the sort of music you'd listen to while waiting for an ice cream in a cinema. Or in a dentist's waiting room. Having your teeth out needn't be so painful with the Swinging Cats."

And never again will we do the dog.

SPLIT ENZ
are back with a hit
"I GOT YOU"
The new Single on A&M Records
In Full Colour Bag.
AMS7546.
From the forthcoming Album "TRUE COLOURS." AMLH 64822.
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ALBUMS

Another heated session of the Birmingham Young Soul Rebels and Schoolboy Essayists Society. *Pic: David Corio.*

'Oo you patronising, John? ...

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
Searching For The Young Soul Rebels *(Parlophone)*

WITH THE release of this album Dexys have become the latest in a long line of performers to (a) proclaim all press contact redundant — "we're too important" is the line — and (b) wave a huge new broom, in this case a trombone, and shout "burn it all down, here's the *new* music!" For a band that have made such a bold show of pride in their sense of literature, it's astounding that Dexys Midnight Runners should be floundering around pulling public strokes that are even older than their horn riffs. Further, it seems Dexys are sickened and insulted by bad reviews and feel patronised by good ones. My option: fling the LP nineteen floors down straight out the bleeding window. My reaction: Christ, this is a magnificent record.

So how do you combat the natural wave of personal and professional antipathy to a band who're currently creating an aura around themselves that suggests that soon we're all gonna have to pass some pretty serious exams before we can purchase their stuff? It's not enough any more to like their records, Dexys demand a full appreciation of their skills and references. Which, yeah, is odd, because they're just a band and this is just an album.

And now all this babble about buying space in the music press so as to get their thoughts directly across to you. Well, NO! Speaking purely as a music fan I'm sick as a dog of bloody musicians presuming they can enlighten our lives by a few words which they assume we otherwise wouldn't have formulated.

You might take their hand, but I'm no stranger to paradise. (And a paradise in soul is something that the Runners and me both understand.)

Which brings us to the aspect of these scoundrels that spoils the rant. (Whispered) theyaresuperb. (What?) They are superb. (What?) THEY ARE SUPERB. Alright, you squeezed it out me.

In fact, 'SFTYSR' is superior to anything recently available in Britain. First off, it's no good placing them in the traditional American soul perspective. I did that and started griping as to why there weren't more, or any, songs about love on the album. But stop and consider where that would leave them. Just another bunch of great horn riffs behind a singer rhyming romance with chance.

Dexys actually smash down the soul tradition they love so much and then resurrect its original bones, its aim. They try, sometimes too hard, to get to grips with what they really feel in their soul. No US transplants, Dexys are exorcising what lies frustrated in 1980 British soul. And really, there's not a great deal of TLC around.

Unlike The Specials, say, they don't mould thoughts and anger into neat verses and danceable choruses. A lot of the time things get mangled and chaotic in there — like it says on the inner sleeve: "Some of the words here are not necessarily in the songs but we think they add to the picture". It just pours out of Kevin Rowland. It's pure emotion, twisted and ugly but still firm, with sense and concrete roots — those horns.

Brass is the next best thing to a human voice — guitars are vulgar, crass flat things in any case — and played off so expertly against Rowland's uncontrolled passion, the effect is unstoppable. Bobby Bland sang "Ain't no love in the heart of the city" and Dexys Midnight Runners are living it out.

Without chucking them together in the cock-fighting pit, somebody just asked me if they get to grips with emotion as forcefully and reflect conditions as clearly as Joy Division. If the choice has been set up, I'll side with DMR. They fight, they hope and encourage.

Of course there are jarring blunders: an overly theatrical beginning; phoney inner liner notes that smack of over-exposure to the TV concept of noble gangsters (maybe Bernard Rhodes' hand from the grave?); lines like *"I don't believe you really like Frank Sinatra"* ('There, There My Dear') which seems to indicate that Frank is either an acquired taste or else only enjoyed by posers. . .Also there's a distinct case of too much too soon. Often the vocals are rambling and trying to fit it all in before the fade-out.

But no, I don't think they're po-faced and over-earnest. We desperately need at least one earnest band, and rather them than me; it doesn't sound much fun to live like that.

Dexys Midnight Runners should herald the last nail into The Clash's coffin and a good half dozen into 2-Tone. Hopefully, the fads stop here. It's ironic, but everything else I'm playing seems dated. Those blowsy, arrogant horns are blowing the landscape clean, constructing and urging where everyone else is just leaning on their shovels.

This record ends with; *"I'm searching for the young soul rebels and I can't find them anywhere. Maybe you should welcome the new soul vision."*

There's no maybe about it.

Danny Baker

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
Do A Runner *(A&M)*

THE NIPS
Only The End Of The Beginning *(Soho Official Bootleg)*

FIRST of all, congratulations to Spizz on cruising from planet Rough Trade to planet A&M. Momentarily disconcerted — Spizz slotted amongst Squeeze, Styx, Police, Armatrading, it's like The Fall joining Virgin — I quickly realised the logic of it was total. The Spizz-fable 'Where's Captain Kirk' sold 60,000 copies; with promotion and all those realistic things big labels do, it would've sold double that, charted, and livened up more people's lives. It is not so much the signing that is the trouble, but the effect on the group. In Spizz's case, if there's no name change next year, if the boy himself doesn't grin so much, if there's a crushing of intimacy — important spizz-type things — then we can groan at the sad ending.

Can the essential Spizz survive? Will the boy be spoilt? Read on . . .

'Do A Runner' would sound the same on RT or A&M, but it's a lot funnier as product where it's landed. It is not nasty and thin, as some believe. What it is is impressive within the Spizz context, an energising collection of abrasive, cheerily disorientating mekanik-pop songs like The Human League would make up if they played with guitars and drum kits.

Athletico Spizz 80 have made their reputation from the stage. They're a live group — 'Runner' is a live group LP like it's a singles group LP (glam-rock critical standards). You'll never understand them if you don't see them live — the spizz-grin and self-deprecation out in the open — and their boisterous live show has built them a punky following. 'Runner' is raucous enough to please all these, and active enough in other ways to please adults.

'Red And Black', a spizz-classic with its shiny hardware SF scrapings and its clipped catchiness, 'European Heroes' and 'Energy Crisis', where the Athletico balance of humanism and amorality is at its clearest, 'Effortless' and 'Rhythm Inside', all indicate that current Spizz-policy is an attempt at a montage of dark-punk, art-pop and perversely old-fashioned futurism. In attempting this montage, there *is* intelligence involved, as well as insanity and lashings of cheek.

For established spizzologists like myself, this is a gratifying stage in Spizz's lunatic development; from upstart gatecrasher of gigs, then maladjusted primitivist supporting his betters, then leader of a REAL group, and now centre of attraction of an assured, successful group whose subtlety seems almost to protest that the past is an unfortunately publicised mistake.

But not quite. Spizz, the illogical with a voice that has yet to break singing cut-up songs of *Amazing Stories* futures, is still at large, his waywardness creakily balanced by the three-quarter seriousness of his crew: bassist Jim Solar, drummer C. P. Snare, guitarist Dave Scott, and keyboardist Mark Coalfield (whose 'Personimpersonator' is incongruously Kinks-ish). Spizz's original primitivism is never far away. The thirty-second 'Clocks Are Big' is an exclamation of *"clocks are big, machines are heavy"*, Spizz repeating this with the wonder of a boy who has discovered a profound secret — maybe he has.

'Runner' is not an LP to take out of context, but will deserve its success more than most. The first instalment of the story of Spizz the boy wonder's growth to superpower ends with a flourish. Spizz is too carried away — eight minute songs! — to stop now, and why not?

Will Spizz's voice break? Will spizz-songs ever make sense? Will The Human League be forced to support Spizz? Start of part two . . .

Meanwhile The Nips' mastermind Shane has mouthed through 406 of his mythically alloted 900 seconds, and will yet be back to claim the rest. Like Spizz, Shane has the audacity — rather than dignified creativity — of the apparent loser and oddball. If we know Shane for his ears and the Chiswick beauty 'Gabrielle', then this tatty 'bootleg' pads out his small impact with galvanising incontinence. Songs with the fastidious irritability of Costello, the ravishing anger of Parker, a whirl of sensitised Costello-beat and skittish Richman fanta-billy, an agony of teenage depression, a pool of phlegm: a rousing memorial to the ultimate sneer, Shane fulfilling his mission almost accidentally by producing one of the great party records of pop.

Cuddly Spizz, pissed-off Shane: extreme fans and their fantasies. Look what they get away with, look what they've done! 'Runner' and 'Beginning' are two punk rock records rooted in the madness and sensationalism of '77 but not the sentimentality or the monotony. Transient treats.

Paul Morley

Where have all the good times gone?

THE KINKS
Kinks *(Pye)*
Kinda Kinks *(Pye)*
The Kinks Kontroversy *(Pye)*
Face To Face *(Pye)*

NOT THAT any of this is actually important, but the kurrent Kinks reissue programme abounds with small ironies.

First of all, Pye — the kompany with whom The Kinks kommenced their recording kareer — have now merged with RCA, to whom Ray Davies and his associates fled after it became apparent that Pye were more koncerned with banging out cheapo Marble Arch kompilations than fostering the band's kontemporary work. Secondly, the fact that these early Kinks albums — their first four, dating from the period 1964-6 — have been reissued is less remarkable than the fact that they were originally deleted in the first place, since only The Beatles, the Stones and The Who kould truly be said to have outranked The Kinks in the original Britrock league tables.

The albums in question chart the kourse of The Kinks' development from a noisy, hilariously ramshackle R&B group hammering out kovers of standard Berry, Diddley and Motown numbers alongside the occasional original komposition to one of the most innovative and influential groups of their day. Duff British R&B is, of kourse, timeless, but when The Kinks tackled material like 'Beautiful Delilah' (sweet as apple pah!) or 'Dancing In The Street', they neither reproduced the energies of the original versions like — say — The Animals, nor kreated a new music out of an old one like the Stones or The Yardbirds, but instead merely established their distance from that music.

On the first album, the way a song like 'Stop Your Sobbing' as lately immortalised by La Hynde — krashes in on the heels of a succession of rickety Berry borrowings demonstrates with telling efficiency that Ray had konsiderably more up his sleeve than kontemporaries like Gerry And The Pacemakers and The Fourmost.

By the time 'Face To Face' arrived, Ray Davies had attained some level of kontrol over his muse: the flights of casual, diffident brilliance had become the rule rather than the exception. And the documentation of his development as a songwriter isn't even komplete on these albums: there were all the singles and the EPs like 'Kwiet Kinks' as well with songs like 'Well Respected Man' included.

Virtually everything on these albums has been available for years on kollections like 'Golden Hour Of The Kinks' Vols 1 & 2 and such, which superficially provide better value for money, but which kompress the tracks so viciously that most of 'em sound even weedier than they did at the time. Purists and nostalgists will, however, be delighted at the opportunity to kollect the set in the original packaging, though it would be nice to have 'em at 1964-6 prices as well (£1.62½ an album, anyone? Sigh).

Owing to the high proportion of grade Z R&B on the first two albums, 'The Kinks Kontroversy' and 'Face To Face' unquestionably have the edge on musical merit as opposed to kuriosity value, but anyone young and wealthy enough to want to investigate what The Kinks sounded like in the — gulp — mod era should approach, albeit kautiously, and any authentic '60s kids who had their kopies nicked or scratched beyond redemption at parties should welcome the opportunity to replenish their supplies.

Where *have* all the good times gone, anyway?

Charles Shaar Murray

"Everywhere the Carnabytian Army marches on, each one a dedicated follower . . ." Pete Quaife and Ray Davies prepare for take off. Swinging Sixties pic: Napier Russel (ho yus, guv . . .)

G. LEWIS & B. C. GILBERT
Dome *(Dome)*

THE ODDLY anti-geometric progression of the group Wire has caused its members to turn another obtuse corner in the maze of things, setting for themselves and for us another puzzle; an LP's worth of abstactions in search of a solid conclusion. These little problems must make life interesting.

Like a piece of amorphous sculpture, 'Dome' an amorphous piece of noise, requires its audience to participate mentally for completion. The random adventures in sound and texture performed by Graham Lewis and B C Gilbert on an assortment of instruments and with the help of the ubiquitous tape recorder are like a series of dots waiting to be joined, but with the numbers conveniently missing.

Nothing suggests itself very strongly, and one's impressions are left to meander like specks of dust in the air, occasionally clinging to a fragment of whimsical and often nonsensical lyric. To wit: "Keep shoving those double-thick slices of electric salad down my throat!" Which makes you wonder if they even want to be taken at all seriously.

It's possible to simply relax and enjoy the nice dreamy textures and faint patterns as they float past, and on that level 'Dome' comes close to being a good aural adjunct to one's living space, rather like the work of Brian Eno or The Eagles. It's possible, yes, but hardly a priority experience . . .

'Dome' tries patience more than it taxes imagination. Wire seem bent on burning bridges behind them and building barriers in front.

Paul Rambali

THE KINKS
One For The Road *(Arista)*

WITH ITS predecessor 'Low Budget' having finally catapulted The Kinks into the American Top Ten after what seems a lifetime of cult status, what could be more fitting than four sides of Ray and his bulldog breed mixing the old with the new in concert to cement the old megaplatinum standing once and for all? But despite the stupefying obviousness of its intentions, 'Road' is yet another frustratingly uneven Kinks record.

Expectations were initially high. This is after all the version of The Kinks (the Davies brothers, Jim Rodford on bass, Ian Gibbons on keyboard and the inevitable Mick Avory on drums) that Charlie Murray claimed to be the most powerful onstage ensemble housed under the name to date. Plus Ray Davies appeared — from CSM's article of last year — to have finally gotten a firm perspective, having ditched all those dreadful concept album party-pieces and pathetic vaudeville turns like 'Demon Alcohol' in favour of simply pumping out a well-balanced selection of good songs.

Davies had stated categorically he'd be performing both 'David Watts' and 'Stop Your Sobbing' in the set. Which he does, as both numbers appear at the conclusions of sides two and four respectively. Good versions they are too: 'Sobbing' boasts a neat keyboard dominated orchestration that quotes 'Then He Kissed Me' quite blatantly whilst 'Watts' gallops elegantly along with the same fervent aplomb that The Jam mustered for their rendition. Yet these two numbers — obvious choices not only because of their recent 'new wave' reinterpretations — seem little more than concessions in their given context.

The fact that virtually 50% of this album comes from 'Low Budget' and its immediate predecessor 'Misfits' doesn't help matters much. Songs like 'National Health', 'Pressure' and 'Superman' are fairly good numbers reasonably executed, but it's really too soon after the fact for them to bear repeating. Perhaps Davies' intention is to denote a strong continuity in his songwriting vision from the likes of 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' through to 'Low Budget', but this angle backfires when one chooses to juxtapose something of the weight of 'Lola' next to the clever-clever slightness of 'Prince Of The Punks'.

There are however a few reasons to be cheerful about 'One For The Road' (though one of them certainly wouldn't be that title). Both 'Sobbing' and 'David Watts' are performed well whilst 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' and 'Til The End Of The Day' are revitalised, the latter due to a surprisingly effective reggae lope replete with snaky guitar embellishments, whilst the sheer exuberance of 'Good Times' is gorgeously infectious. Most of side four makes for good listening, commencing with 'End Of The Day' through an effective rendition of 'Celluloid Heroes', an agreeably anarchic 'You Really Got Me', to close with a great raucous 'Victoria' and 'David Watts'.

Yet frustration still reigns. Although the band can play with fervour, their bearings are balefully slack and ill-focussed at times. Dave Davies is allowed to indulge in trite guitar solos that rummage through myriad rock cliches — the 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', 'Move It' and 'Honky Tonk Women' riffs are pillaged constantly — invariably to any given song's detriment. This dilemma reaches crisis point when 'Muswell Hillbillies'' excellent '20th Century Man' is slowly but surely transformed from a forceful Davies rocker-with-a-twist to a dim-witted rip-off of 'Won't Get Fooled Again'.

With such arch tripe to contend with, it would be only too easy to dismiss the band as a write-off, were they not to come up trumps with such skillful workouts as the one meted out to 'Victoria'.

'One For The Road' will probably succeed admirably in its chosen intention — i.e. to plant The Kinks firmly in the rich soil of U.S. Top Ten success. But aside from the odd inspired moment, plus Ray Davies' general bouyancy, this album shows just how arid the musical terrain The Kinks are digging away at, really is. Invest in any decent compilation which includes 'I'm Not Like Everybody Else' and hear the sound of a band who really are alive.

Nick Kent

CARLENE CARTER
Musical Shapes (*F-Beat*)

THIRD of the F-Beat longplay releases, 'Musical Shapes' arrives like its predecessors (Elvis' 'Get Happy' and the Clive Langer album) wrapped in some witty and stylish packaging. What's more, the record inside matches that packaging for attraction and quality all the way. 'Musical Shapes' is a record to treasure as well an instant delight.

Carlene Carter, it might be as well to explain at this point, is what's technically known as a country singer; step-daughter to Johnny Cash and youngest offspring from middle America's foremost musical clan The Carters.

But read on. The lady's own inclinations aside, the presence of her husband and producer Nick Lowe, plus the back-up offered by the redoubtable Rockpile, all conspire to render 'Musical Shapes' one fine album in anybody's book, and approximately one million miles removed from all that yukky slop junk which most of us know and loathe by the name of contemporary country music. Yee-ha indeed.

So what went right? Well, several things by the sound of it, not the least of them is Ms Carter herself. Having written the bulk of the twelve songs herself — and there's not a duff one amongst them — she goes on to perform each number with power and vitality and flair to spare. Whether it's the infectious rocky raunch of 'I'm So Cool', exuding sassy arrogance, or the endearing, unsteady lurch of the tear-jerking ballad 'To Drunk (Too Remember)' (sic), Carlene's voice seems to come up smiling every time. And darned if you won't find yourself doing exactly the same.

Nick Lowe, when he wears that producer's hat of his, is not a man who likes to mess around. And the raw material of 'Musical Shapes' proves itself ideally suited to the direct, all-out punch'n'thump techniques he applies to it. Any traces of the usual maudlin country schmaltz that could have lurked in the songs to start with would have been well and truly obliterated by the poundings handed out. Any number that's faced by Lowe at the desk, with Rockpile behind, has to learn how to stand up for itself, and quick.

Dave Edmunds (whose vocal duet with Carlene on Baby Ride Easy' is a certified highlight), Billy Bremner and Terry Williams team up with Lowe to hammer out the characteristic Rockpile gallop. The two non-Rockpile cuts, curiously, provide the album with its weakest and its finest moments — the old standard 'Ring Of Fire' and last track 'Too Proud' respectively; 'Too Proud' is magnificent, a dramatic ballad on the grand scale.

I'll confess myself impressed, surprised and converted.

Paul De Noyer

The last word in one-upmanship: Mark 'Set-Go' Stewart brandishes import copy of 'Live At KGBGs' by Leonid Brezhnev and the Olympic Runners. Now just watch it go gold . . . Pic: Mark Rusher (no kidding).

THE POP GROUP
We Are Time *(Y/Rough Trade)*

THIS COULD have been a great record. On paper, it seemed to be a handful of The Pop Group's strongest suits. Given that The Pop Group live are a completely different prospect from their recorded works, and given that the exotic (but occasionally concentrated) excesses of their earlier records are infinitely preferable to the drab, dogma-ridden dilution of 'For How Much Longer. . .' a retrospective album culled (unfortunate choice of word, perhaps) from demo tapes and live material appeared to hold out a variety of promises.

But although 'We Are Time' storms off like The Pop Group at their best (with 'Trap', an early demo), by side two it all begins to sound very forced, contrived, and overly histrionic for its own sake, rather than the sake of the lyrics or any internal dynamics in the music. And by the time the title-track at the end of the album is reached, the prospect of a gagged Mark Stewart has become highly desirable.

With the exception of 'Thief Of Fire' and 'Spanish Inquisition' — which are half-acceptable — the live tracks lack any kind of sustained control. Maybe okay at the time, but a flat, self-indulgent bore after the fact.

Similarly, with the exception of the excellent 'Trap', the studio/demo material treads water in an unfocused, messy fashion. And whenever they manage to put together a purposeful musical construction , as on 'Sense Of Purpose', their lyrics let them down. *"Science has no soul,"* they rant, *"science has no conscience. . . we can't lose control, we can't play at god"* — handy catchphrases with which to circumvent very real philosophical issues. Theirs is an ethical system based on past "certainties" rather than future possibilities — sterile, dogmatic, and for all the apparent freedom in the music, firmly back in the dark ages of received opinions. No follow-through of thought exists, just a blind grasping at illusory problems like 'Genius Or Lunatic' (an invalid dichotomy based on bourgeois categories).

Elsewhere, they claim that *"only the intense can dance without moving"*, patent bullshit along the lines of The Slits' stupid avowal that *"silence is a rhythm too"*. One can only presume that this silence is the rhythm to which the intense (and only the intense, mind you) can dance without moving. Of course. . .!

The Pop Group's main fault is that, for them, issues *are* cut and dried, black and white; this certitude, combined with their obvious "imperialist legacy" guilt (another bourgeois fallacy, that of the sins of the father being visited on the son), makes such a comforting little cocktail that there is no chance of them ever suggesting an alternative: they are thereby neatly exempted from any real responsibility. That they half-realise this is suggested by the statement that "at this moment despair ends and tactics begin", which graces the sleeve of 'We Are All Prostitutes'. That they have neither tactics nor strategy worth mentioning, beyond issuing silly ranting records, is borne out by the appearance of yet another record, yet another little cog of consumerism.

That doesn't worry me, particularly; I just wish it wasn't so duff. It could have been a great record. . .

Andy Gill

Under the influence

ANY TROUBLE
Any Trouble *(Stiff)*

IT was a mistake to start Any Trouble's first album with their current single. 'Second Choice' is so obviously influenced by Elvis Costello that it sounds very like contrived copying.

Not that the comparison would matter so much if they added anything fresh to the style. Unfortunately Any Trouble don't. Instead, they act out a series of passionless plays in a well constructed commercial pop setting. Their sound is a clever pastiche of restrained light rock that's superficially attractive but contains nothing but an irritating emptiness.

'Second Choice' is a pleasant but hardly heartfelt illustration of rejection. The lines *"I never felt the need to cry or rejoice/I never felt the need to raise my voice/I only wanted to be one of the boys/But now you've made me second choice"* don't exactly inspire you to share the sugary sadness.

Track two is credited to one N. Simpson. When 'Playing Bogart' was a self-financed 45 by Nick Simpson's own band 23 Jewels it was a scruffy blaze of enthusiastic emotion that Tom Robinson made Single Of The Week in *NME*. In Any Trouble's hands it's smoother and blander, though it's still a strong slice of wry teen drama; an unfulfilled fantasy of the romantic loner out on the town on a mundane Friday night.

So far, so-so. But with 'Nice Girls' we get the first faint smell of something slightly unpleasant. In the context of a song about *"real girls"* who do and *"nice girls"* who don't, the words *"Hey babe, I wish I had the strength of mind/ tell you what I'd do/I'd wait until you thought you'd got the upper hand/Then I'd turn the tables on you"* sound almost sinister. Costello's former spurned rage was tempered with his tender, reluctant lust. Clive Gregson isn't as honest. He tries to disguise his subject matter with the wistful romanticism of an adult Undertone. But the twee heart-flutterings and flattery often sound like sly, petty put-downs. Clive's far too clever to ever be blatant. He usually contents himself with portraying his opposite sex as a mysterious separate species. Just occasionally he blows his cover with silly dismissals like *"You can't sew and you can't cook/So the time has come to get you off the hook."*

On this sort of material Clive's clear, sweet voice and fetching choir-boy quaver (another quibble: Gregson comes from Manchester, so why sing in an Americanised accent?) ring false, forced and so grimly determined that he makes even the prospect of a night on the beach at 'Honolulu' sound distinctly uninviting.

Elsewhere there's the slow Joe Jackson sound-alike on 'Girls Are Always Right' which has some twinkly keyboard and a flowing tune; except that, unlike Joe, Clive doesn't sound a convincingly good loser.

This album is annoying, not least because it does have a certain energy, sense of style and flair for melody that suggest Clive Gregson has deliberately channelled his talent into trite, safe cliches. At the moment he's just striking attitudes, posing prettily as the injured innocent in an emotional minefield. Pretending to lurch awestruck in and out of love won't work when you sound knowing enough to make sure something always breaks your fall.

Any Trouble have made an album that's a flat, neat parcel of bright commerciality, something to tap your toes or click your fingers to in an abstracted moment. Beyond that it's just aural candyfloss that melts in the ears long before it touches the grey matter between them.

Lynn Hanna

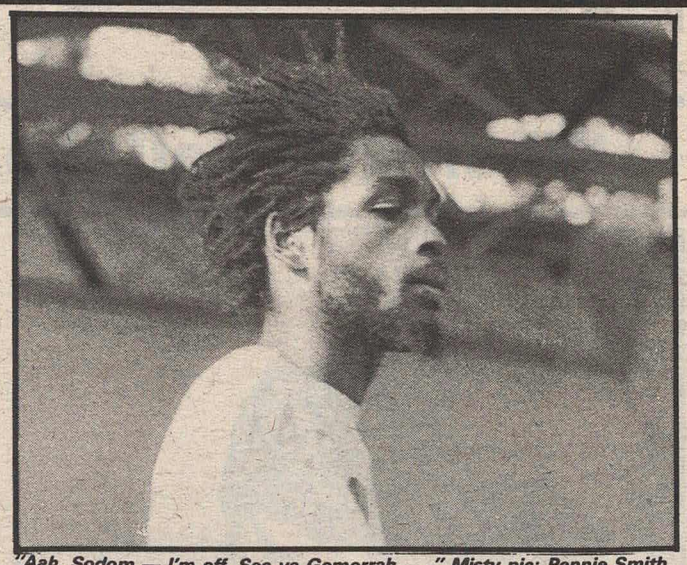
MISTY IN ROOTS
Live At The Counter-Eurovision 79 *(AZ Import)*

IT SEEMS pointless to divorce Misty's music from their well-known context as Southall youth organisers whose People Unite self-help organisation was badly damaged by the Special Patrol Group in the troubles last April. One of Misty's main qualities is a deep seriousness which transforms their almost unvarying rhythms into a remorseless, inexorable roll of music, the steady forward march of armed artillery.

When Misty sing about *"walking through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, sure and steadfast as an anchor to a rock I shall stand, see them a come, but we no run,"* they're literally describing the manner in which they have chosen to conduct their lives — the way they have set themselves up as a staunchly independent unit and community organisation, resisting any grants that might have come their way. They simply want to survive and work without compromise, playing only where they feel fit.

Hence this first long-playing release, after many years of working as a unit — recorded live on March 31 last year at the Cirque Royal in Brussels, at the Counter-Eurovision, a musical event organised by a workers' organisation called CAFIT and socialist organisations. The band are already selling this album for £3.00 at gigs, and they'll be releasing it on their own People Unite label with national distribution via Spartan.

To fully appreciate this album, tune in to Misty's apocalyptic world-view. Their comments seem to thunder down from the mountain in stern patriarchal reproach at people's wickedness and folly. Lyrical gravity is musically matched; Misty are not a jolly dance band, it's a more serious skank. As you move your head from side to side, banging your head doesn't enter into it. You're either a) pondering, b) bemoaning the shape we're in, or c) organising.



"Aah, Sodom — I'm off. See ya Gomorrah . . ." Misty pic: Pennie Smith.

Except, in Misty's case, 'we' isn't in it, it's strictly us and them. In clipped four-part vocal unison, Misty intone the catalogue of evils: *"Ignorant minds, corrupted and confused . . . dreams are just an illusion, pavements are not gold . . . hatred and oppression down in the ghetto of the city . . ."* ('Ghetto Of The City'). They are definitely talking about Southall, but then Southall is Anyghetto. Anyghetto is situated somewhere between a couple of burgs that feature in another Misty song, 'Sodom And Gomorrah', controlled in part by a universal personage they directly address in one song: *"Food for thought . . . wicked man, where're you gonna run? You can't hide on the Judgement Day!"*

So Wicked Man confronts Jah; two concrete beings glaring it out from two mountain tops, while Sodom and Gomorrah bubble and occasionally erupt in flames in the valley between and little Anyghetto is rocked by each movement. How comfortable to perceive, not vast grey areas of ambiguity, but a clear-cut divide: Good in the right-hand corner displaying the red, green and gold; Evil on the left, the sinsister side dressed like a Babylon.

Some of these tracks were available on Misty's disco-mixes, and they're all familiar from live shows. Recorded live, they roll on steadily from between 3½ to 6½ minutes, presenting Misty In Roots, at work; in their true colours.

It must be total destruction.

Vivien Goldman

CLIVE LANGER & THE BOXES
Splash *(F-Beat)*

THE PRESENT prestige and reputation enjoyed by Clive 'Clanger' Langer rests on two of his recent roles in particular — as protege of Elvis Costello, and as producer of Madness. The unfortunate thing, so far as this keenly-anticipated debut is concerned, is that Langer has pitched his aspirations much nearer to the latter act than to the former. The result is a bright, breezy, and ultimately rather slight album, a disappointment to any of us who nurtured hopes of something substantial from this long-promising customer.

Once the guitarist and writer-in-residence at Liverpool's Deaf School, Langer has always given the impression of being a man on his way — partly thanks to the kind of quiet, bespectacled visage which seems to conceal secret schemes of world domination, but mostly just for the imprint of class he's left on each project that's involved him (further examples including the brilliant string of Bette Bright 45s, and The Teardrop Explodes' 'Treason', all Clanger productions). So why does 'Splash' turn out to be eminently dispensable product?

The three Boxes — James Eller on bass, Ben Barson on keyboards, Martin Hughes on drums — turn out a light, spirited sound, more at home with the rock'n'roll rhythms than the various excursions into skaville. The Rumour brass and Ms Bright and some Original Mirrors are also on hand to help out, as is Costello himself, credited with production on two tracks — not that production is a department where Langer stands in any conspicuous need of outside assistance

No, culprit number one has to be Langer and none other. What's especially annoying is his singing. Inexplicably, he adopts a gratingly phoney Cockney-yob tone throughout, which might work well enough for a Suggsy or a Chas Smash, but here provides the album with its most serious defect.

This approach ties in, sadly, with a corresponding loss of nerve in the songwriting. This isn't Deaf School anymore, and there are no facades to hide behind; but Langer persistently opts for the casual, jokey all-lads-together style, full of forced jollity — as if in wilful avoidance of anything that might betray too much thought or emotional content. He sells himself well short.

Paul Du Noyer

skafish

Pronounced *'Skayfish'*

SKAFISH will be appearing at:

The Milton Keynes Bowl	Saturday July 26th 1980 (5pm)
The Leixlip Castle, Dublin	Sunday July 27th 1980
The Porterhouse, Retford	Friday August 1st 1980
The Music Machine, London	Saturday August 2nd 1980
and all over France (with The Police)	August 10th - 27th. 1980

THE DEBUT ALBUM
on
ILLEGAL RECORDS
Another Faulty Product

"No one goes to Gary, Indiana. People just drive through and roll up their windows on the way. The city stinks of steel mills and the sky is perpetually grey. The smog is so thick you can taste it. From this pit belches forth SKAFISH the newest, weirdest ugliest, - and possibly the best new group in rock 'n' roll." *Mykel Board, New Musical Express, April 1978.*

"Before your commit suicide, see Skafish." *Gabba Gabba Gazette, Chicago fanzine.*

PRINT

Starlin Wars

—The People's Republic Strikes Back

The Bass Saxophone
by Joseph Skvorecky (*Picador £1.25*)

BESIDES being a remarkably fine writer, the Czech author Josef Skvorecky is a member of ". . . the international brotherhood of rhythmic, antiracist, antifascist syncopated music". More pertinently, he's been a member of that international brotherhood under oppressive regimes from opposite ends of the political spectrum: regimes united by (amongst other things) their pronounced antipathy for rhythmic, syncopated music in general.

In *Red Music,* the foreword to *The Bass Saxophone,* Skvorecky (a Bohemian both by nature and nationality) attempts to explain why and how "creative energy becomes a protest".

"Totalitarian ideologists don't like real life (other people's)," he writes, "because it cannot be totally controlled; they loathe art, the product of a yearning for life, because that, too, evades control : if controlled and legislated, it perishes. Popular mass art, like jazz, becomes mass protest. That's why the ideological guns and sometimes even the police guns of all dictatorships are aimed at the men with the horns."

Red Music, a memoir of his days blowing tenor for the band of that name, is wonderful, managing to be both sad and funny at once, and shot through with the heroism of long-gone outfits like The Ghetto Swingers, all but one of whom were already condemned to death by the occupying Nazis.

In order to play their disgraceful non-Aryan music, Red Music (so named because a Prague band was called Blue Music: Skvorecky and his mates had no idea that blue needn't necessarily mean a colour) had to resort to re-naming both titles and composers: 'Tiger Rag' became 'The Wild Bull', 'St. Louis Blues' became 'The Song Of Resetova Lhota', and so on.

When the war ended, things only got worse, the peace-time stability of Stalin's regime serving to produce more efficient persecutors of "cannibal music"; Skvorecky's reminiscences mirror the change, becoming more grey and dismal, with less shafts of light and humour. Eventually, he emigrated to Canada (in 1969), for, although jazz was by then largely accepted, he needed to write freely.

Red Music ends with the baton passed to rock. Some things will never change, and some will never be allowed to.

The main part of *The Bass Saxophone,* though, is taken up by the novella of the title, and another, *Emoke.* The latter is a poignant tale of lust frustrated; cold and intimately introspective, it consists in large part of long, meandering, train-of-thought recollections which swoop off at tangents to the narrative but somehow curve parabolically back to the main flow. The effect is Proustian, and the length of the sentences reflects this. The difference is that Skvorecky's poetic flights are always chained, restricted by a strange oppressive atmosphere which evokes — more successfully than anything in, say, Solzhenitsyn — the awful, ever-vigilant atmosphere of totalitarianism, the all-seeing eye of repression.

The Bass Saxophone itself is about how a jazz-besotted youth transcends the mutual national hatreds of wartime through a common love of music and the verdigris-encrusted piece of bespoke plumbing of the title; and, on another level, about how music is (or *should* be) made: "The unattainable message of music . . . will always be no more than this craving to communicate, to understand, to go all the way to the end with them — the end of what? Of the world, heaven, life — possibly of truth."

In an illuminating little vignette towards the start of the story, the narrator tells of the two Nazi soldiers who would come and listen to his band, eventually coming out of their closet to swap swing and dixieland sheet-music with the band (each copying the others' out laboriously by hand), and sitting in with them: ". . . they had been crossing Europe like a pair of missionaries possessed of a faith without ideology, indeed a faith which cancels ideologies, like two modern scribes from some sort of migrant monastery on the march, reproducing secret manuscripts . . ."

There are some things which transcend the barriers which we set up, the categories with which we would constrict them. "The craving to communicate": Josef Skvorecky understands. I understand, I hope. The sadness is that too few, today, care to try to understand.

Andy Gill

Illustration: Caramel Crunch

Paul & George shed further light on the origins of the non-sexist haircut, Hamburg 1960. Pic from 'I Me Mine'.

Only A Northern Book

I Me Mine
By George Harrison *(Genesis Publications Ltd. of Guildford £148)*

"IN EXCRUCIATING detail, just for you, at a price outside everyday experience, we offer the small change of a short lifetime." Thus erstwhile Beatle George Harrison, age 37, introduces his 'autobiography'.

It comes in a signed limited edition of 2,000, handsomely printed on deluxe goldleaf paper, lavishly bound in leather, boxed, profusely illustrated and ghost written by former journalist, former Beatle aide, former Warner Bros Vice President Derek Taylor, who offered up his own autobiography, *As Time Goes By,* a few years back.

With 400 pages in all, the actual 'autobiography' takes up a mere 62, about 18,000 words, the remainder being given over to the collected lyrics of Harrison's songs, which are accompanied by explanatory comments about their origins and intentions, together with reproductions of various original (or neo-original) manuscripts, scraps of paper, bits of old envelope and the like.

If you were expecting any kind of own-up, forget it. The book proves a dull, self-congratulatory affair, and the emotional force generated by the best kind of autobiography — a confrontation and showdown with the past and the self — is numbingly absent from all but Harrison's account of his early life in Liverpool. From Beatles and beyond all is glossed over in a jumble of highly selective memories and drab self-descriptions from George, and bland, he's-a-wonderful-human-being summaries from Taylor.

"Excruciating detail" . . . if only! Instead we have eight years of being one of the world's best known people consigned to a few hundred words (sample: "Beatlemania. I would never want that again. Really it's awful but sometimes it was good, whatever . . ."). All the moments one might reasonably surmise as the emotional high and low points of the man's life — the first flush of success, the Beatles break-up, meeting Patti Boyd, their marriage and its breakup, meeting Olivier Arias — are studiously avoided. The impression left is curiously empty; everything is groovy but lifeless, and indeed, the most animated passage is where George describes his lifelong passion for motor racing, though Taylor cuts his monologue short, saying that several thousand words on the delights of camshaft rake-over, etc. would have thrown the book out of balance. Shame: a *Buddhism And The Art of Formula One Maintenance* might have helped us learn how George integrates his western material obsessions with his Eastern mysticism. We do, however, learn that racing drivers have "a kind of expanded consciousness". No such accolades for the younger generation of musicians who are dismissed as having "abandoned the pursuit of excellence".

As for the price, those caught up *inside* "everyday experience" need not wait up for the paperback version. Buy Lennon's post-primal *Lennon Remembers* (Penguin) for a more insightful account of Beatledom and beyond.

Neil Spencer

Readers' Digest

by Ian Penman

THE SPEWING forth of countless, spineless (I know that all books have spines but that's not what I mean), shiny rock biographies does not seem to pause, ever. Inasmuch as the vast majority of these tomes do little more than reflect their chosen subject (a timid, blandly suitable marriage) it's not altogether startling that most are so uniformly, stubbornly, stupidly historical.

This week's selection: **The Police Released *(Big O Publishing £3.95)*** is, as it says, 'over 110 photographs, 50 in full colour, of one of today's greatest bands'. At the back of the book is a thankyou to *Sounds,* 'for allowing us access to their library' — so you can imagine that what we have here are the 110 most boring and guitar-fixated photos of The Police in existence. An easy book to produce/a price to pay/an easy book to ignore.

Pink Floyd *(Omnibus Press £5.95)* is a 'visual documentary' by Miles. I had no idea. In fact, the 'visual' aspect of the book is without doubt the least necessary; their history (and Miles has 'documented' it well) is interesting, especially Syd era history. It would have made a good, long article — now more than ever, what with so many 'psychedelic' definitions free floating around and so little definition of the genre. And again, the photos are guitar-fixated and ordinary. Click click brrr: evidence.

Pink Floyd are not exactly Fab Faces or anything, are they? Nor are Rush. **The Words and The Pictures (Volume 2)** by a 'music publishing' company, is just that. What (do) you expect?

The **Kate Bush Biography** — or as it says inside — **Kate Bush: Princess of Suburbia *(Target Books 95p)*** by Fred and Judy Vermorel is possibly *not* what you expect. Without giving anything away . . . well, it's hilarious, prize Tongue In Cheek exploitation stuff. A must. (The last biography the authors were responsible for was a Sex Pistols one, you may recall.)

Patti Smith: High On Rebellion *(Babylon Books £1.50)* brings us back full circle to a surfeit of 'visual documentary' and the usual sycophancy. I always thought *she* was the biographer!!!

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Sunday 27th July 75p
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+ Everest The Hard Way

Monday 28th July 50p
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Tuesday 29th July £1
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+ Sons Of Cain

Wednesday 30th July 75p
THE EXPRESSOS
+ Modern jazz

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July 24 SHEFFIELD The Limit Club
26 LONDON The Venue
30 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor
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7 WOOLWICH Tramsheds
10 NORTH FINCHLEY The Torrington
12 LONDON 100 Club, Oxford St.

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20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 25th July £2
D.A.F.
+ B.T.P. Folders
Saturday 26th July £2
LIMELIGHT
+ Deadringer

101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill. 01-223 8557

Wednesday July 23rd
THE AU-PAIRS
Thursday July 24th
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
+ Capitolist Music
Friday July 25th
MEDIUM MEDIUM
+ Les Apaches
Saturday July 26th
THE V.I.P.s
Sunday July 27th
THE VIBRATORS
Monday July 28th
THE THOMPSON TWINS
Tuesday July 29th
THE FLATBACKERS
Daytime enquiries to be made via "The Woodman Pub" (Free House) 60 Battersea High Street, Tel 228 5949.

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Wednesday 23rd July £1.25
DUMB BLONDES + Suttel Approach
Thursday 24th July £1.50
THE AU-PAIRS + Device
Friday 25th July £1.50
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Snapshots + Guy Jackson
Saturday 26th July £1.25
DIRECTIONS + Tranzista
Sunday 27th July £1.25
THE SOFT BOYS + Les Apaches
Monday 28th July £1.25
VOODOO + Boogatti
Tuesday 29th July £1.00
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Disco Zombies + Nomil Hawaiians
+ The Sinatras
Wednesday 30th July £1.25
JANE KENNAWAY and STRANGE BEHAVIOUR
+ Japanese Toy

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Wednesday 23rd July
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Jazz Funk
Thursday 24th July
THE IDLERS
(Hard Edge Country Rock)
Friday 25th July
DAVE CHAMBERS WITH THE SYNDICATE
(Electric Jazz)
Saturday 26th July
COMBO PASSE
(Jazz)
Sunday 27th July
THE CITY GENTS
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19th July, Saturday £3.50
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20th July, Sunday £3.75
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present an evening with
MIKE McGEAR FOR THE SAVE THE WHALE CAMPAIGN
featuring Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames, John Gorman, Anne Nightingale, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Neill Innes, Brian Patten + Special Guests
21st July, Monday £2.00
DANCE BAND + Snapshots
22nd July, Tuesday £2.00
TOUR DE FORCE + The Catch
24th July, Thursday £2.50
FABULOUS POODLES
+ Never Never Band
25th July, Friday £3.00
LIVE WIRE + The Lasers
26th July, Saturday £3.00
9 BELOW ZERO
+ The Cheaters
27th July, Sunday £4.50
JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS
with Billy Cobham, Clem Clempson & David Sancious
28th July, Monday £4.50
2 shows As above
29th July, Tuesday & 30th July, Wednesday £3.50
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS + Seven Year Itch
31st July, Thursday £3.50
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS
+ Remember When
COMING IN August
1st August, Friday £4.00
DON EVERLY
9th August, Saturday £4.00
HOYT AXTON
10th August, Sunday £3.15
PETER HAMMILL
11th August, Monday £2.00
MOTION PICTURES
+ Paul Goodman
12 August, Tuesday & 13th August, Wednesday £3.50
SONNIE TERRY & BROWNIE McGEE
2nd—8th August
CLOSED FOR RE-FURBISHMENT
COMING SOON
28th August £3.25
CHARLIE DORE
29th August £3.00
MARSHA HUNT + Line
30th August
THE STEP

SNATCH — 22

Friday 25th July Putney, Starter Garter 8 pm
Saturday 26th July Horn of Plenty, St. Albans 8 pm

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Barry Memorial Hall: **Girlschool**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Merton Parkas**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Privates/The Ever Readys**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Switch 7**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Orange Cardigan**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Vardis**
Bolton Aquarius: **The Salford Jets**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Spring Offensive**
Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Johnny G**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chesterfield The Shoulder: **Budgie**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **UB40**
Derby Blue Note: **Q-Tips**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Samson**
Eton The Christopher: **Motley Crew**
Feltham The Airman: **The Pictures**
Grangemouth / International Hotel: **Chelsea**
Grimsby St James House: **Hot Vultures**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Exploding Seagulls**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Sad Among Strangers**
Hucknall Miners Welfare: **Angel Witch**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Shader**
Hull Wellington Club: **Otway & Barrett**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Strange Days**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Pin-Ups**
Leconfield Steering Wheel: **Ethel The Frog**
Leeds Fan Club: **Veiled Threat/Artery/ Scarborough Antelopes / Repulsive Alien**
Letchworth The Leys: **Sta-Prest**
Liverpool Swingers: **A Sudden Sway**
London Cemden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
London Camden Music Machine: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Everest The Hard Way/ Capitalist Music**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Guns for Hire / New Statesmen**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Impulse**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rosetta Stone/ Chinatown**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Roaring Jelly**
London Fulham The Cock: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Gun Control**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Any Trouble**
London Highgate Duke of Wellington: **Stone Lady**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Elaine Delmar (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Fall**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Rhythm Squad**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Modern Jazz/ Sore Throat**
London Putney Whie Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
London Rotherhithe Apples and Pears: **New Cross**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Attendants**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Freddy Randall Quintet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Tommy Bruce & The Bruisers**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Broadcast**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
Londond West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Au Pairs/ Device**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Splodgenessabounds**
London W1 Maunkberry's: **The Ram Jam Band**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Manchester Belle Vue: **The Damned**
Manchester The Factory: **D.A.F.**
New Brighton Riverside: **Dick Smith Band**
Newport (Gwent) Bailey's Club: **Toys**
Norwich Cromwells: **Climax Blues Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Marie Little**
Reading Target Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Strobes / Maximum Penalty**
Skegness Sands Show Bar: **The Lambrettas**
Stoke Kings Hall: **The Stranglers / Headline / The Tea Set**
Thornaby Rock Club: **Limelight**
Torquay The Pelican: **Seventeen**
Totnes Civic Hall: **The Hitmen**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Madame**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Black Cat**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Aylesbury Tudor Hall: **The Loved One**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Bath Walcott Theatre: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Birkenhead Gallery: **Vardis**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Budgie**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Shades**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Bastille**
Brighton Alhambra: **Sharafia**
Bristol Turntable: **Black Cat**
Burton 76 Club: **The Cruisers**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Q-Tips**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Witchfynde/Gaskin**
Derby Sin Fin Club: **Blush**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Denizens**
Fishguard Frenchman's Hotel: **The Beat/The Jackals**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Chelsea**
Grimsby Royal Dalton Hotel: **A Sudden Sway**
Hereford Aymestrey Crown Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Take Away**
Instow The Lobster Pot: **Roaring Jelly**
Kettering North Park Club: **Bop Street**
Kingston The Swan: **The Fabulous Kevins**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Deja Vu**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Smart Alec**
Lincoln The Vault: **Deemus Mint**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Any Trouble/Tranzista**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Medium Medium/The Apaches**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stilleto/The Thunderbirds**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Modern Jazz**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Slaughter & The Dogs/The Dark**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Tennis Shoes**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Everest The Hard Way**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Revillos**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spider**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.W.1 Musicians Collective: **Alterations/Spurtz/Dislocation Dance**
London Putney Half Moon: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Freddy Randall Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Blue Cat Trio**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. YMCA: **The Passions/The Au-Pairs**
London Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's: **Limited Edition**
London Victoria The Venue; **Live Wire/The Lazers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force/Snapshots/Guy Jackson**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Tommy Bruce & The Bruisers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Release**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Keys**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Fall**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **The Salford Jets**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Merton Parkas**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Trespass**
Minehead Regal Cinema: **Dangerous Girls**
Nairn Royal Hotel: **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals**
New Brighton Empress: **Dick Smith Band**
Paisley Bungalow: **Henry Gorman Band**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **June Tabor & Martin Simpson**
Retford Porterhouse: **D.A.F.**
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **Girlschool**
Scarborough Taboo Club; **Angel Witch**
Southampton Netley Marsh Steam Rally: **Pat Halcox All Stars/Sweet Substitute**
Southend Elms: **Johnny Storm & Memphis**
Torquay The Pelican: **Seventeen**
Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **The Lambrettas**

SATURDAY

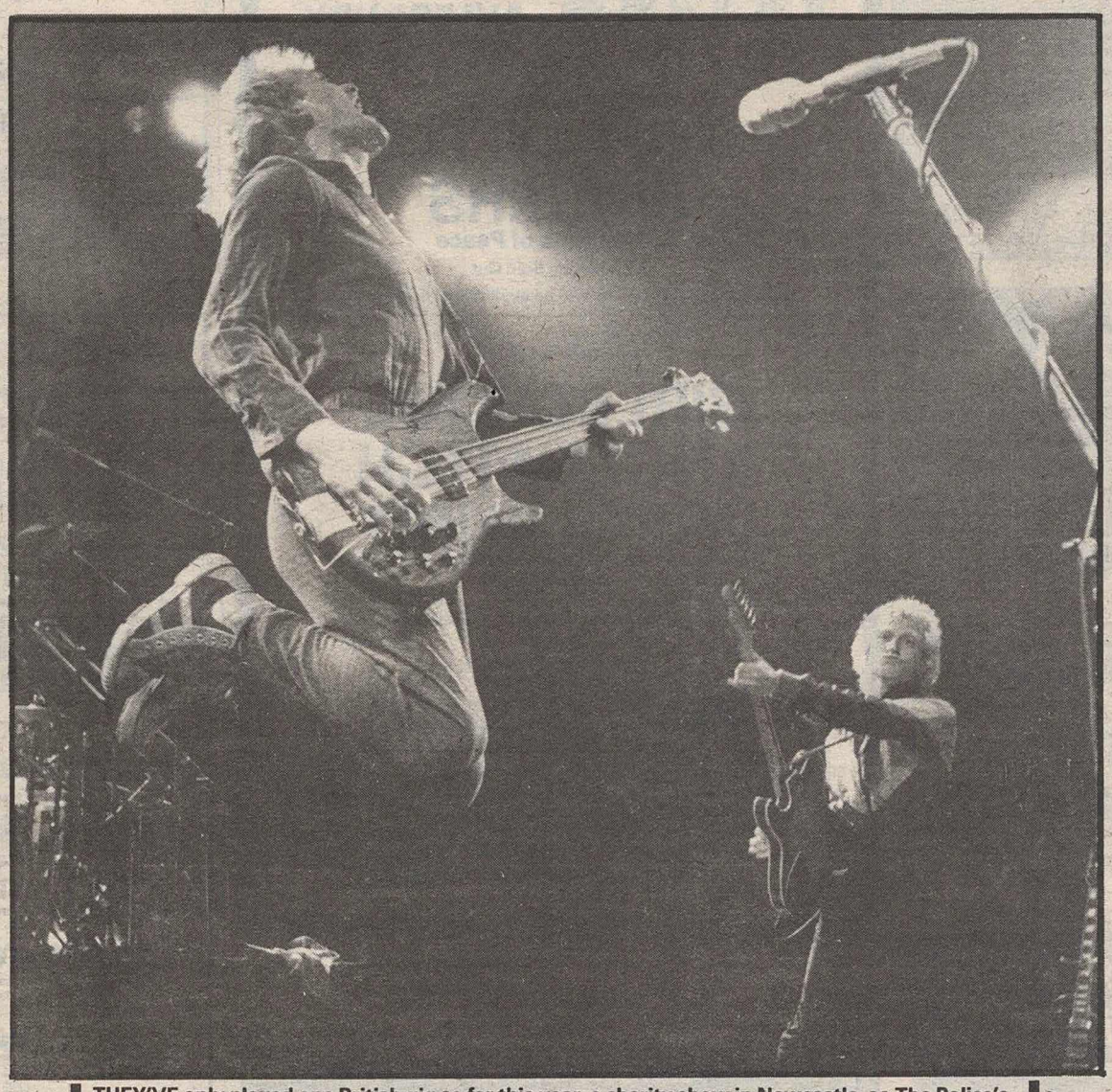
Bath Pavilion **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bedford The Crown: **The Orange Cardigan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Trampus**
Bradford St George's Hall: **The Lambrettas**
Brighton Courthope Centre: **The Vandells**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Tommy Bruce & The Bruisers**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Rockin' Louie**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Merton Parkas**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Trespass / Bastille**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Derby Ockbrook Barbeque: **Strange Days**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
Edinburgh The Playhouse: **Chelsea**
Exeter Rougemont Gardens: **Dangerous Girls**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Fall/Between Pictures**
Harlow Park Bandstand: **Gonzalez/Hi-Tension**
Harlow Town Football Club: **Mad Chateaux**
Haverfordwest Four Seasons Country Club: **The Foundations**
High Wycombe Multi-Racial Club: **Cyclon-B/Sinyx/X80**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Alexis**
Hull Charleston Club: **Ethel The Frog**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Kicks**
Knaresborough Mitre Inn: **The City Limits**
Knighton Norton Arms: **Poseidon/The Exhumed**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Blue Cat Trio**
Leeds Staging Post: **Dick Smith Band**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Deemus Mint**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Dark Star**
Liverpool Gallery: **Taurus**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jim Wilkie/The Moonwalkers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Sinceros/Modern Jazz**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spider**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The VIP's/The Art Objects**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Black Slate/Everest The Hard Way**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sox/Shock TV**
London Fulham The Cock: **Radical Sheiks**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Flying Saucers**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Harlesden New Roxy Theatre Club: **Cimarons/Capital Letters/Blackstones/Ras Angels/Rema Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Flix**
London Hayes Cranford Youth Club: **Kit 185/P.U.S./Red Box/Urban Collapse/Mayhem/The Hoods**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Piranhas**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Marquee Club: **The Revillos**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **World Service**
London N.W.1 Musicians Collective: **The Door And The Window/The Nightingales/Reptile Ranch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pat Halcox All Stars/Sweet Substitute**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **John Spencer's Alternative**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Decorators**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Limited Edition**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Nine Below Zero/The Cheaters**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Directions/Tranzista**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Remember This**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Roxy Music / Martha & The Muffins**
Manchester Millstone: **Direct Hits**
Manchester Zodiacs Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **D.A.F.**
Mildenhall Speedway Stadium: **Darts/Matchbox**
Milton Keynes Bowl: **The Police / Squeeze/Skafish/UB40/Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
Newark Palace: **Menticide/So Commercial/Vox Populi/The Permits / Devices/The Amazing Space Frogs**
Nottingham Raleigh Club: **Blush**
Paisley Bungalow (lunchtime): **The Wee Sharks**
Redditch Hopwood Caravan Park: **Dedringer**
Sheffield University: **Veiled Threat**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Review**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Motorhead/Saxon / Girlschool/Angel Witch/Mythra**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Mechanics**
Tamworth Chequers: **Aorta Major**
Tamworth Wiggington Lodge: **Roaring Jelly**
Torquay The Pelican: **The Hitmen**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Worthing Montague Arms: **The Blazers**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Trampus**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Coventry The Burnt Post: **Roaring Jelly**
Croydon Greyhound: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Dublin Leixlip Castle: **The Police/Squeeze / Q-Tips / John Otway / U-2**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Associates / The Androids**
Hornchurch Queen's Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Seventeen**
Hull Chalk Hill Club: **Remember This**
Ipswich Wolsey Theatre: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Isle of Man Sports Centre: **Beshara**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Trespass**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Vye**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester Braunstone Victoria Club: **Strange Days**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Manitou**
Liverpool Sefton Park (afternoon): **The Accelerators**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Swan: **A Sudden Sway**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Juice On The Loose / The Cheaters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Step**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Mind**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Spectres**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Beast / The Leopards / The Civilians**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Pagan Altar**
London Finchley Torrington: **Doll By Doll**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Soul Band**
London Greenwich Well Hall Open Theatre: **Hemlock Cock & Bull Band / Tim Laycock**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Sinceros**
London Highgate The Wellington: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Scene**
London Marquee Club: **The Revillos**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Stone Lady**
London N.W.1 Musicians Collective: **Paul Burwell & Bean / Take It / The Instant Automatons**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Crescent City Jazz Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **The Razz**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chicken Shack**
London Putney White Lion: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Time Flies / The Dave**
London Tooting Dawns Club: **The Loved One**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jack Bruce / Billy Cobham / Clem Clemson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Soft Boys / Les Apaches**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Campbell Burnap Quintet**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Police raid on the bowl



Pic by Kevin Cummins.

THEY'VE only played one British gig so far this year, a charity show in Newcastle, so The Police's big open-air event on Saturday is good news for their ardent supporters — well, 35,000 of those who've been able to get tickets. And it's an ideal launch for a brand new outdoor venue, of which we're going to hear considerable more in the future, the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl. Joining Sting & Co. is a strong supporting line-up comprising Squeeze, UB 40, Tom Robinson's Sector 27 and American band Skafish.

As soon as this gig's over, The Police will be winging their way to the Emerald Isle for a Sunday concert in the grounds of Leixlip Castle, just outside Dublin. Squeeze are again in attendance, and the others on the bill are Q-Tips, John Otway and U-2.

While The Police are pounding the Milton Keynes beat, heavy metal addicts will be heading for Stafford Bingley Hall, for Motorhead's big bash. It looks like being the heaviest day of the year so far — with Saxon, Girlschool and Angel Witch also taking part, among others.

Pic: Christmas tour, 1979.

MORE GIG GUIDE

London W.14 The Kensington: **Seven Year Itch**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Roxy Music / Martha & The Muffins**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Crispy Ambulance / God's Gift**
Mansfield James Maude Club: **Blush**
Middlesbrough Loftus Club: **Limelight**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich The Cottage: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Paignton Manhattan Night Club: **The Hitmen**
Paisley Bungalow: **Non Compos Mentis**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Martyn Wyndham-Reed / Bill Caddick**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Naiad**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Girlschool**
Slough Alexander's: **Shades**
Southend Shrimpers: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Wellingborough Dun Cow: **Shader**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Angel Witch**
Bournemouth Capone's: **Liliput**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Park Lane**
Camberley Agincourt: **Sledgehammer**
Cambridge Raffles: **Device**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Kicks**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Roxy Music / Martha & The Muffins.**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Girlschool**
Guildford Bunters: **The Pictures**
Hornchurch Queen's Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Hull Wellington Club: **Samson**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Caledonian Hotel: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Modern Jazz**
Leeds Fan Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
Liverpool Kirklands Wine Bar: **Asylum**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sons Of Cain / Embryo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner/Andy Lloyd & The Wedge / Sub Zero**
London Camden Music Machine: **Killing Joke/Time Flies/Headline/Blue Cats**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth / Les Apaches**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Thompson Twins**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dance Chapter / The The**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sharp Times / Stigma**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park: **Don Harper / Denny Wright**
London Marquee Club: **The Sinceros**
London Neasden Nite Spot: **The Loved One**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London N.W.8 The Crown: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Scene / The Cheaters**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Real To Real**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jack Bruce / Billy Cobham / Clem Clemson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Voodoo / Boogatti**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The Sirens**
Manchester Rafters: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Manchester Zodiacs Club: **Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Syd's Bar: **Strange Brood**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Plymouth Casterways: **The Hitmen**
Rayleigh Crocks: **Black Cat**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Between Pictures**
Redcar Old Road Club: **The Accelerators**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Salford Jets**

TUESDAY

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson.**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Madame.**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo.**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo.**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts.**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit.**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Shader.**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Tarot.**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Chefs.**
Cambridge Raffles: **The Amyl Dukes.**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Stiff Little Fingers.**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Peter Bellamy.**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Roxy Music / Martha & The Muffins.**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Weapon Of Peace / Ruby Turner.**
London Camden Music Machine: **Otway & Barrett.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Certain Ratio / The Lasers.**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Danny Adler & The Gusha Band / Doctor Sax.**

MOTORHEAD headline big heavy-metal bash at Stafford on Saturday.

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kicks.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Sinceros / Sons Of Cain.**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys.**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny.**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts.**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Brewery Tappers.**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Modern Jazz The Merton Parkas**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band.**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Stars Jazzband / Bud Freeman.**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ski Patrol / The Housewives.**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Disco Zombies / Normil Hawaiians / The Sinatras.**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Paul Goodman & Lezlee Carling.**
Mersey Island International Summer Festival: **Mad Chateaux.**
Minehead Festival: **Matchbox.**
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: **Monoconics / 7 Minutes.**
Norwich Cromwells: **Lew Lewis Reformer.**
Nottingham Scamps: **Strange Days.**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Squeeze.**
Oxford Scamps: **Fast Livin'**
Pailsey Bungalow: **Cadiz.**
Preston Warehouse: **Athletico Spizz 80.**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Samson.**

WEDNESDAY

Barnsley Cudworth Village: **Limelight**
Bath Pavilion: **Samson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork.**
Birmingham Railway Hotel Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Girlschool**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The City Limits**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Liquid Stone**
Cambridge Raffles: **Tranzista**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Shaking Hands /Snibbo**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Pictures**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Merger**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Protex**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Way Of The West/The Warriors**
London Deptford Star and Garter: **The Time Flies**
London E3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Lionel Grigson Quintet with John Mumford**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Modern Jazz/The Expressos**
London Islington Wolsey Cafe: **A Sudden Sway**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas 'a Beckett: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car/Holograms**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bud Freeman/Brian Lemon Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Southside**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **First Aid**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Suttel Approach**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour/Japanese Toy**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Johnny G**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Paul Goodman & Lezlee Carling**
Manchester Beach Club: **A Certain Ratio/Action Holiday/The Names**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Seventeen**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Squeeze**
Oxford Scamps: **The Accelerators**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Hot Vultures**
Preston Warehouse: **Vardis**
Retford Porterhouse: **Deemus Mint**
Sheffield Riplat Tube: **Artery/Mrs Beech**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Sinceros**
Torquay Town Hall: **The Merton Parkas**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Gonzales**

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GIRLSCHOOL
ANGELWITCH
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Tickets £2.50 available from outlets shown below, or at door on night
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A very rare appearance
THE KINKS
Tickets £3.00 available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Dunstable, Luton, Bletchley, D. J. Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham or £3.00 at the door if available. Postal applications with S.A.E. to Earth Records, 72a Fryers Sq, Aylesbury.
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Thursday 24th July £1
BRIAN BRAIN + Modern jazz
Monday 28th July £1
THE SCENE + The Cheaters
Tuesday 29th July £1
MERTON PARKAS + Modern jazz
Wednesday 30th July £1
CHRIS HUNT'S CABLE CAR + Holograms

Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
Refresh the parts other blues bands cannot reach
Fri 25th July: HALF MOON, PUTNEY
Sat 26th July: HOPE & ANCHOR, ISLINGTON
Sun 27th July: SHRIMPERS, SOUTHEND
Mon 28th July: RAFTERS, MANCHESTER

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Anerley Hill
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Q-TIPS
SATURDAY 2nd AUGUST
WASTED YOUTH
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Wednesday, 23rd July
MAX HEADROOM
&
THE CAR PARKS
Thursday, 24th July
BROADCAST
Friday, 25th July
THE PAPERS
Saturday, 26th July
MANIPULATOR
Sunday, 27th July
DEMON PREACHER
(Lunchtime)
THE DAVE
+ THE TIME FLYS
(Evening)
Monday, 28th July
MI5
Tuesday, 29th July
"OVAL NIGHT"
Wednesday, 30th July
SOUTHSIDE

THE JUMP
Music Machine
July 31st.
with Splodge
Debut single out Now!

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CLARENDON HOTEL
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Next week Friday 1st August
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YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS
+ THIS HEAT
+ Furious Pigs
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THE
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with special guests DOLLY MIXTURE
and D.J. JERRY FLOYD
TOP RANK SUITE, BRIGHTON
SUNDAY 10th AUGUST at 8 pm
Tickets: £2.00 (Advance) from Box Office, Virgin Records £2.50 (Door)
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Featuring OZZIE OSBOURNE — Ex BLACK SABBATH
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Thursday 31st July	Old Queens Head Stockwell
Friday 1st August	101 Club Clapham

HURRY! HURRY!
last shows before the Holocaust!!
Don't believe me?! Don't care?!
Haven't got a shelter? Never mind!
HURRY! HURRY!

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
GUNS FOR HIRE
THU 24• "...The real killing joke, reported ZIG ZAG. "The spirit of the Clash with the style of the JAM." NEW STATESMEN support
STILETTO
FRI 25• Fronted by the foxy Bren Laidler - "The refined features and pouts are Debbie Harry, but Bren is taller, fuller and sexier." drooled SOUNDS. The music?! "Sharp and choppy...a very good pop outfit." THE THUNDERBIRDS
BLACK SLATE
SAT• "A magical reggae band," said N.M.E
BEAST + LEOPARDS
SUN 27• + THE CIVILIANS
DANCE CHAPTER
MON 28th• + THE THE
CERTAIN RATIO
TUE• "A forceful, unique band of high quality." SOUNDS. "Excellent." N.M.E
WAY OF THE WEST + THE WARRIORS
WED 30• Two likeable, straight-ahead music outfits courtesy of very selective SWERVE RECORDS
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the • POLICE

• SQUEEZE, JOHN OTWAY,
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SUNDAY 27 JULY 1980 2·00pm
TICKETS - £6·50 ADVANCE £7·00 ON DAY
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ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM MON 23rd FROM : HARRISON'S RECORDS, BELFAST ; THE QUAVER, DERRY ; STAR RECORDS, GALWAY ; URSULA RECORDS, CORK ; GOLDEN DISC & MURRAY'S, DUBLIN. POSTAL APPLICATIONS TO HARRISON'S RECORDS, 50 CASTLE ST., BELFAST FOR NORTHERN IRELAND & MURRAY'S, GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN FOR EIRE.

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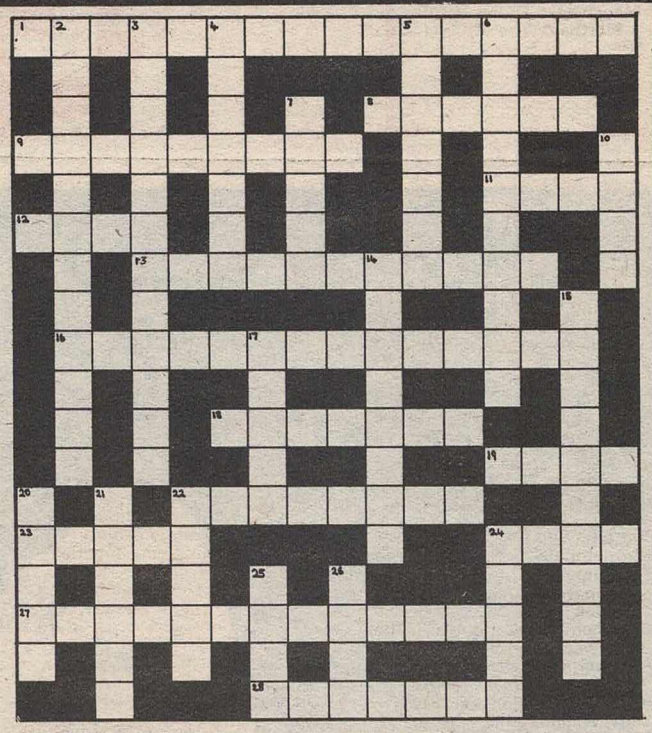


ACROSS

1 Soothing words to someone in distress — current single (5,5,2,4)
8 Static excerpts from movies, or bozo Steve!
9 A dog of a group! (3,6)
11 Bit of hypocrite over-promoted!
12 & 17 Confused and living in London HJY!
13 Soul antique recently back in the chart (5,6)
16 Zepellin standard from first album (5,5,4)
18 Disco group alluding to ancient Grecian journey
19 See 21
22 Familiar with a Modern Lover
23 Twist a groin!
24 Sonny's ex
27 N Lowe's singing missus (7,6)
28 Industrious (get it!) independent

DOWN

2 Jailbird! (4,8)
3 Beat toaster (7,5)
4 **Bette Midler movie (3,4)**
5 All but maim a reggae band!
6 Early '60s US pop singer with falsetto trademark (3,7)
7 See 24 down
10 See 25
14 Jack, philosopher/producer!
15 Bowie single from 'Diamond Dogs' period (5,5)
17 See 12
20 & 22 down Female disco singer with strong gay following
21 & 19 Had a hit with 'Lonely Boy' *and grew old!*
22 See 20 down
24 & 7 Malc's irony is James' old lady!
25 & 10 Guitar hero of the old school
26 Late bopper idol

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

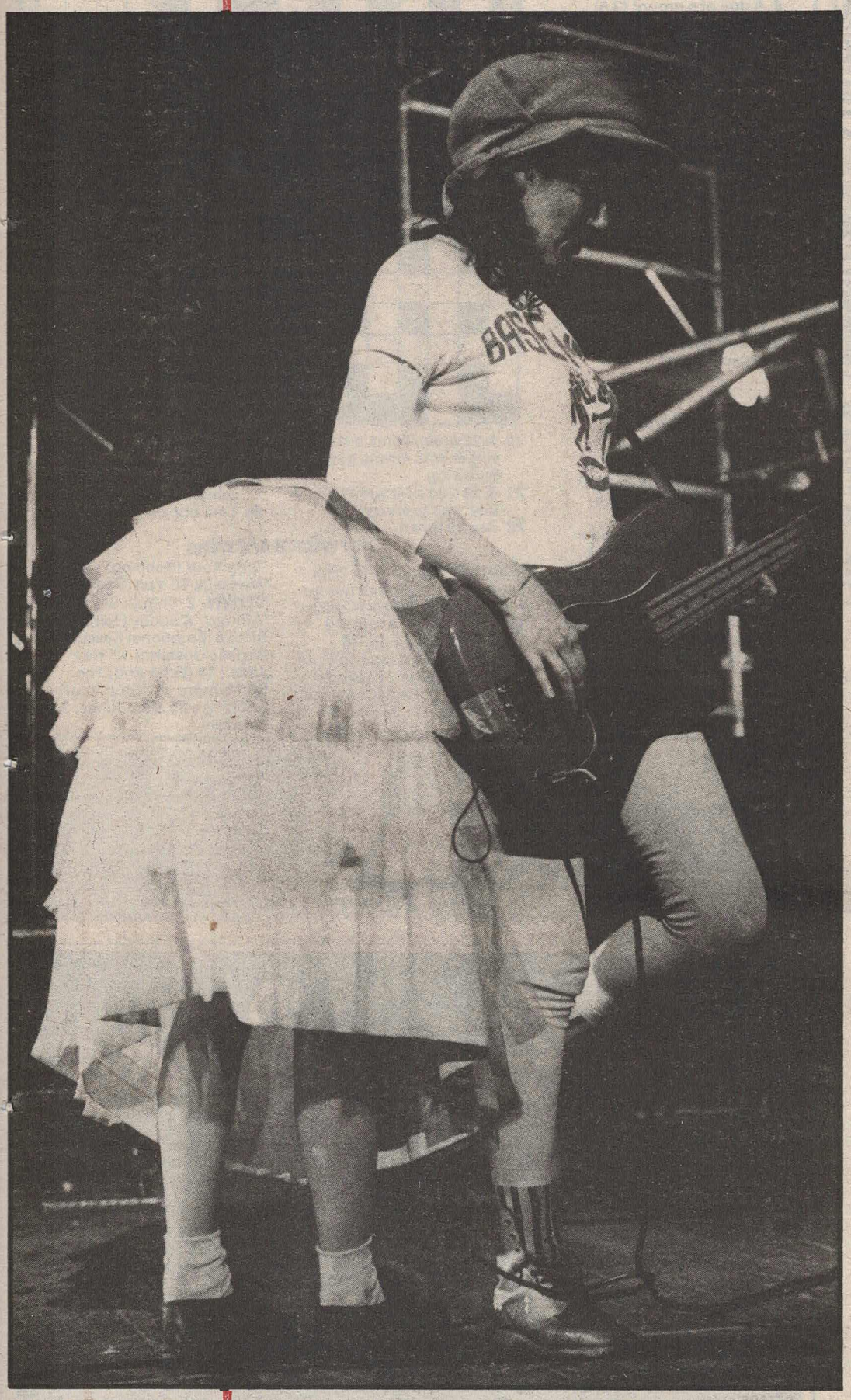
ACROSS: 1 Echo And (The Bunnymen); 4 (David) Byrne; 7 Vic Godard; 9 (Paul) Cook; 10 Marvin Gaye; 11 Hit; 13 Mott; 15 Bill Wyman; 16 'Angel'; 17 '(Message To You) Rudy'; 18 'Shine'; 19 (Andy) Summers; 21 Paul (Cook); 22 (Billy) Bremner; 23 Eno; 24 'Stop Your (Sobbing)'; 25 'Message To You (Rudy)'.
DOWN: 2 'Chinatown'; 3 'Atomic'; 4 Buddy Holly; 5 Rico; 6 'Emotional Rescue'; 8 Angelic Upstarts; 12 'Hey Jude'; 14 (Echo And) The Bunnymen; 18 '(Stop Your) Sobbing'; 20 Mick Jones; 21 Polydor.

MAIN AGENT

No Easy Way
NEW SINGLE
FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM
"GLORY ROAD"
C/W
HANDLES ON HER HIPS
I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME
(two tracks not available on forthcoming album)

Virgin
Gillan

LIVE!



Slit up a treat

The Slits

Little Bit Ritzy, Brixton

THE SLITS great problem has always been how to translate their undoubted conceptual brilliance into equally enthralling real life musical entertainment. The *idea* of the three a typical girls and their uncompromising modern female sensibility fusing together rock, reggae, soul, and anything else to hand has invariably outshone the reality of their highly erratic onstage and on-record performances.

Some three years after their inception, signs are that they are finally matching theory, potential and pose with practice and yes, music. Granted there were moments during their show at Brixton's Little Bit Ritzy Cinema — always a hospitable and relaxed venue — when their performance threatened to collapse into the familiar and self-indulgent Slits shambles, but finally they were disciplined and determined enough to win through with a mixture of vocal and rhythmic prowess and fetching bonhomie.

Only early arrivals witnessed the performance of The Rude Pigs, a semi-lengendary (ie you haven't heard of them) accapellamale quartet, so the veil of obscurity remains drawn over this particular contemporary outfit, but the trio of African drummers and their accompanying brace of dancers made for a entertaining second of the bill, entirely free of the air of academic interest usually pertaining to such imported exotica. CetkCertainly the applause wa more than merely polite.

More of the ranking thunderous sounds of the Don Letts/Dave Hendley democracy Hi Fi — cue naff treble and Ari dervish skanking onstage — culminating in a Tubby's version of 'I Wanna Be Like You' of *Jungle Book* fame which let The Slits slip onstage for some impromptu miming before plunging into their set proper.

Their set is heavily dub-oriented these days, meaning they've found a format which allows their playful not to say wilful, sense of spotaneity and invention full reign without degeneration into formlessness. They played 'Grapevine', 'Silence Is A Rhythm Too', and their current single, a reworking of the old John Holt/Paragons classic 'Got To Get Away' aka 'Man Next Door', also their best number.

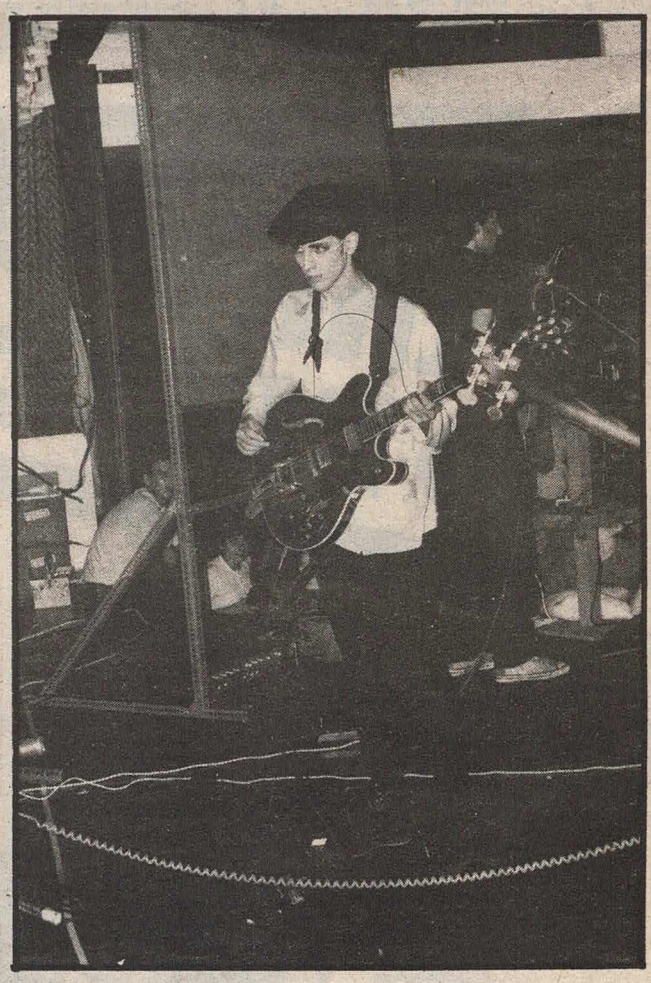
Central to The Slits, polish and new sense of purpose is drummie Bruce Smith, whose inventiveness and virtuosity are exceeded only by the sympathy he extends to the girls' selection of material. Not only does he maintain a faultless rhythm pulse for the still unpredictable outbursts of Ari on vocals and Viv Albertine on guitar, he virtually plays melody lines on his kit — quite remarkable.

Whether the trio would succeed so convincingly without his adroitness is debataeble but Tessa Pollitt's bass has progressed from the plodding to the stalwart, while Ari seems to have disciplined her voice — a powerful and exceptional natural instrument to be sure — to go where she wants it rather than where it would of its own accord.

Viv Albertine's guitar still unfortunately leaves much to be desired (why doesn't someone lock her in a room with some JB's albums for a week?) but there in the wings to help out were Steve Beresford on assorted keyboards, tubas and things that go clonk in the set, and a splendid violinist whose appellation is known only to this critic as 'Davey'.

Ari danced, sang, jumped on roadies' backs, bawled at the men ("You guys are so uptight"), danced and sang with a scarf over her face and head and never ever seems to run out of energy. She's the Aryan answer to the myth of the noble savage, though completely over the top and still completely original.

Neil Spencer



Pic: Joe Stevens

Left: "You might as well come out of there Viv, they can all see your silly dress anyway." Slits pic: Vernon St. Hilaire.
Right: "Yeah, fancy going on stage loking like that." Monochrome Set pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Set on the blink

The Monochrome Set

YMCA

FOR the impartial observer a visit to the YMCA is supposed to be a guaranteed good time. The venue is civilised, it has a carpet, it provides ashtrays, it has two bars and it attempts to do without obvious security control. Set in the bowels of Tottenham Court Road, the YMCA encourages the active co-operation of its patrons. As an alternative to the horrific rota of ill-tempered London halls, the YMCA is just about tops. When a fringe element of pathetic juvenile delinquents starts to use the dance floor to settle a grievance — as happened last Friday — you can say goodbye to this place.

The Monochrome Set were not entirely to blame for the rumbles. A fire officer deemed the hall over-crowded. Delays. The band and management failed to compromise over the use of side lighting and back projection. Interminable delays.

Finally the group rolled out the films, and they weren't no classic film noir. Monochrome Set might have lifted a leaf from Human League and attempted tu make their cinematic backdrop half-way relevant — but that would be too obvious. Instead the oblique angles and fragments of fun that surfaced on their Rough Trade beginnings and were seen to be developed on 'Strange Boutique' are replaced by a live level of repetitive tedium. The group has one and a half decent musical ideas and likes to hammer them home at length.

It's annoying that the line-up, two guitars, multiple vocal choices, rhythm and invisible keyboards finally mesh into one cloying noise, a signal bereft of imagination or wit and long on boredom.

The Monochrome Set looked bored too — the feeling was mutual. "I'm Bid — the snotty one" remarked Bid snottily. Apart from observing that "Hang on, this is turning out like an Adam and the Ants concert" (bassist Andy Warren should know) that was the sum total of the group's parlance. Absolutely fascinating, and so nice to see a set of individuals with such complete faith in their audience.

When not making an effort to distinguish 'Goodbye Joe' from 'The Etcetera Stroll', 'Espresso' from '405 Lines', the listener could attend to the flickering film, some kind of impractical joke based around wacky family holiday home movies, the sort of indulgent and pretentious rubbish that should have been knocked out at film school.

After the big fight, the evenings only (unnecessary) burst of excitement, there was little left to do other than register a voice of protest and leave.

So, after all, The Monochrome Set were not an accomplished black and white singles band with a foppish dynamic but just another irritating area of greyness. I hope they resume normal service before everybody catches on. Me? I've had wiggier entertainment watching the test card.

Max Bell

Any Trouble

101 Club, Clapham

MINDLESS tribalism and nonsensical trends being quite the rage nowadays, are you ready for the New Wave Of English Pub Rock? No, I thought not.

So where does that leave Any Trouble, I wonder? Already hailed as the Next Big Thing by *Melody Maker* (to rank alongside, presumably, other giants of modern music, like Acker Bilk and Jethro Tull) this rather unassuming rock four-piece stand in imminent danger of finding out they've got a great future behind them. Although there's really nothing *wrong* with Any Trouble, in the wake of that media fanfare it seems less important to discuss the band's actual merits, and more appropriate to consider why they are *not* the Next Big Thing — or, at least, why it would be far better for the health of contemporary rock if they are not.

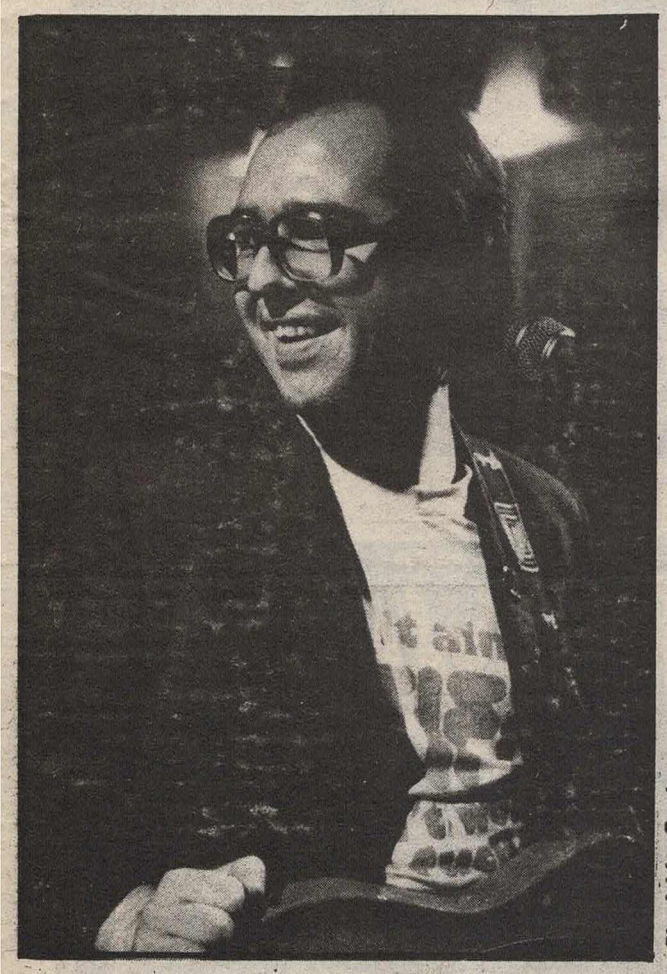
I suppose Any Trouble are an unpretentious, enjoyable act in the sturdy traditions of orthodox British rock, post-Parker, post-Costello. The essence of good pub-rock was the element of pleasant surprise with rugged dependability thereafter. You took a few mates and a lot of beer money; any new group was only an inexpensive gamble, and the known acts weren't expected to come up with any unsettling messages or experiments.

Any Trouble fit this bill all too comfortably. Anyone who stumbled across them at the time of their obscurity was in for an entertaining treat. Stuck on the humbler circuits, they'd always score for straightforward punter-reliability. But, but, but . . . it looks like the band are being elevated above that station, via some heavy duty reputation-inflation. People are going to turn up curious, like I did in Clapham, and go away wondering what all the noise was about. No way will I ever queue up for a five-quid Hammersmith seat.

Then again, they might just take off after all — and what good will that do us? I can't help feeling, enamoured of 'good old rock and roll' as I am, that we need something more challenging and fresh to be the dominant sound around in the early years of this dangerous new decade. Whereas, at best, Any Trouble only like the perfection of ordinary-ness. They're good, and they're worthy in their own way, but they don't excite or intrigue.

Is that asking for too much? Quite possibly, yes. ('Be Realistic — Demand The Impossible' as the slogan goes.) But the only place I'd ever warm to Any Trouble would be down at the local, foot-loose and free of preconceptions.

Paul Du Noyer



Pic: Adrian Boots

Any Trouble: Nope, but is there any point either?

Pic: Joe Stevens

Who are you calling a skeleton, skinny?

Skeletons of angst come alive

Pere Ubu

New York

THE INAUGURATION of Pere Ubu, phase three. Or is it four? Even the band members say they've lost track.

The latest phase shift is marked by Mayo Thompson on guitar replacing Tom Herman, who's gone off to work the oil rigs in Texas. This steaming night in Hurrah is their first performance with Thompson, and their first gig in ten months. There's no sign of rust.

Each phase of Pere Ubu has had a distinctive shading. The early singles emphasised a guitar-crunch sound of the apocalypse, courtesy of the late Peter Laughner. The albums brought the importance of Allen Ravenstine's synthesizer work forward, developed a gloomy, stylised sense of atmosphere. 'Dub Housing' was a pinnacle of rhythmic inventiveness, 'New Picnic Time' got spacey.

Now, David 'Crocus Behemoth' Thomas taps the mike, gazes out at the audience with amazement, as if we were the alien visitors from another dimension, not him. The band strikes up with a sure-footed crash and the song 'Navvy' lurches forward. Thomas is telling us he's got these arms and legs that flip-flop, flip-flop. He can't fit in this world, and not just because he's so big. The place just wasn't built for a man like him.

Mayo Thompson, on the other hand, looks very much a man of this world. Intent and serious, businesslike and efficient, he tosses off delicious licks with a determined expression. Don't bother him with any rock and roll nonsense about giving good visuals please. He's got a job to do.

His presence produces minimal alteration in the Ubu sound. He fits in. One notices, here and there, an extra intelligence being applied to what the guitar does, deliberation (unexaggerated) and restraint.

A lot of new material, from a forthcoming album, is introduced. The rhythms are strong, direct and insistent, funky in a subtle way. Bass, drums and guitar are upfront. Ravenst's synthesizer keeps up a running commentary from further in the background than ever before. From there, he translates electronics into ethnic musics, wind instrument sounds echoing African, Chinese and Middle Eastern influences.

This has long been a part of the Ubu method (check 'Chinese Radiation' on the first album). But their integration of far-flung sounds is now much more effective, well surpassing the heavy industrial murk and invocation of the machine-chained landscape they first trademarked. As the rhythms become simpler — some even reggae and blues-derived (Tony Maimone playing slide bass!) — the songs become better venicles for these travels further out into the real world bazaar.

The things Ubu find, rummaging around out there, seem to make them sad. This is serious music, interpreting a world seen through jaundiced, disconsolate eyes. It shakes us, but then we wake up from bad dreams into nightmares.

Thomas is the perfect figure to front this vision. His voice, pitched somewhere between a squeak and a moan, speaks worlds about pain, longing and indecision. Thomas knows he will never "belong". His dilemma is that while he suspects this is to his advantage, how can he ever be sure?

He shouldn't need to go out of his way to deflect the games of ritual star-worship. The very incongruousness of his presence should be enough. But his little routines between songs — humming "this magic moment", trying out a few jokes — are cheered on by the assembled Ubu following in a way that suggests a self-congratulatory cult. Not that there is anything I can think of for Thomas to do to avoid this. Everyone, it seems, loves a freak.

"Now let's see if I can regain my composure," Thomas said at one point. "Oh, don't do that," answered someone from the crowd. We are, after all, laughing with and not at him. But that's such a thin line.

There are moments of celebration in the set that break through like sun through clouds. On '(Pa) Ubu Dance Party' Maimone switches from bass to guitar, and his and Thompson's double-guitar parts propel a motion in which the undercurrent of dance-trance funk becomes explicit. Movement and sweat for all.

Ubu's modern dance is part dance macabre, the skeletons of angst and industrial waste, part Thomas' cracked, off-kilter jig, and part genuine body-party rhythm. A fellow writer said he thought of them as "Pink Floyd for graduate students". But besides a willingness to live up to their intelligence, other things separate them from Floyd — Ubu have compassion and a real sense of humour. With Thompson on board, they should continue to get even better.

They are one of the important bands.

Richard Grabel

A breath of waste

Wasted Youth

The Venue

NEO-PSYCHEDELIA is now a fact of life. One we must learn to live with. In essence, it's about the return of mystery into music, or at least of efforts at the cultivation of mystery. Some beautiful mysterious music has appeared in the past year, but one gets a sinking feeling that there's an awful lot of rubbish on the way.

Wasted Youth are from the East End — a place you might more quickly connect with the Cockney Shamstarts and so on — and they are not rubbish, though neither are they especially beautiful. They are certainly committed to seeming dark and enigmatic, despite a lacing of black humour. On this evening's showing, it'll be a while yet before Wasted Youth can prove themselves substantial enough to carry off that heavy image of mystery in which they choose to shroud themselves.

But to begin at the beginning: grim grey curtains conceal five shadowed shapes; soundtracked winds blow and howl and moan.

"Happy sounds for happy people . . ." intones a disembodied voice with a low zombie drone. Miraculously, guitar chords strike forth from the gloom. The curtains disperse, and five fringes stand revealed — a Wasted Youth just discernible beneath each one.

Song one is under way, like a sombre procession. It slowly builds from cold starkness towards richly amplified overkill, faster and faster — singer/guitarist Ken Scott, for it is he, so forgets himself as to execute a neat series of Townshendian scissor-kicks. It's only my subtle sense of occasion which inhibits me from yelling "Get down", or similar approbation.

Song two is 'That Little Girl'. It is, says Ken, about the time he fell in love with a shop dummy. One starts to worry about Ken.

Things do get better: 'The World's Greatest Dancer' is harsh pop, sardonically funny.

'Baby' is slower, more ominous; uneasily, its tempo settles somewhere between the stately and the laborious.

'Man Found Dead In Graveyard' (love that title) is catchy and abrasive, but also the most extreme example of

Wasted Youth's dangerously necrophiliac devotion to the Velvet Underground — Scott's

exact facsimile Lou Reed vocals in particular. So slavish is this impersonation at times, that Wasted Youth make The Monochrome Set sound like The Monochrome Set.

'Jealousy' is a mess. Performing in tune still seems to present the band with acute difficulties — apologetic tuning sessions contrast oddly with the Olympian detachment they affect during songs. I spend the entire set oscillating from mis-trust to enjoyment and back again.

Nevertheless, Wasted Youth deserve the chance to develop; if only for their evident determination to carve out something uncompromising. I do believe that they believe in themselves, in their sound and in their songs. And that's a start. And this is a finish.

Paul Du Noyer

Tame Colonial Boys

Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons

The Venue

THEY'RE not a pretty sight. They've got a rotten name. They've just released a thoroughly naff album. Truly, Australian big band Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons reach these shores boasting a formidable spread of disadvantages.

Summoning up all the charity I can muster, the best to be said of this encounter at The Venue is that it wasn't altogether as horrible as I'd pessimistically expected. As an experience, the gig proved painless, if in the end a bit uninspiring. Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons are a band who work up an efficient head of steam, and then proceed to chug around in gradually diminishing circles.

Jo Jo: No No. *Pic: Tom Sheehan*

Admittedly, the act does make much more sense live than on the lacklustre 'Screaming Targets' LP, and after a sluggish start things begin to swing tolerably well with 'So Young' and 'Don't Wanna Come Down' — fierce funky stuff, brassish and heavy on the backbeat. On vocals the frontman Joe Camilleri (Non-Antipodean, actually a *Maltese* Falcon) belts out the numbers in a rough and sweaty way which manages to generate some excitement without really suggesting much emotional depth.

Gary Young on drums, and Tony Faehse and Jeff Burstin on guitars all do their duty, whilst to the right there's Wilbur Wilde (keyboards, occasional sax) grooving with the grim determination of a frustrated star. To the left, hefty John Power, bassman, lends out some gruff vocals when required, not to mention some badly-needed visuals: bald, but with ample beard, from a distance he gives the impression of having his head on upside down.

'I Wanna Be Like Billy Baxter' was okay, if difficult to identify with, followed by a few strong soul covers. And all was alright, except it seemed so naggingly familiar.

Just then (and this is true) Graham Parker walked past my table. Imitation being the sincerest form of, that man should feel *very* flattered by Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons. I understand that Elvis Costello is a great fan also. I wonder what Southside Johnny and Bruce Springsteen think?

The moral being, Jo Jo & Co give out an adequate brand of neo-pub rock entertainment, never quite rising above the sum of all their apparent influences. It's the working life.

Paul Du Noyer

The Gas

The Rock Garden

THIS CAPITAL city has been bereft of any local talent for so long now that it was as surprising as it was heartening to witness a London based trio — The Gas — draw a genuine crowd of devotees in by the lapels and then proceed to justify their interest.

The Gas have worked their way to just such a position of real strength over the past six months, impressing first time viewers with their irrespressible good humour and a minor wealth of positive musical virtues, all of them blessed with that tension and structure that a practical three piece can lay claim to.

In Donnie Burke the group has a persuasive front face, a writer capable of calling up the line that binds together echoes of Steve Marriot and The Hammersmith Gorillas. Burke handles the transition from white soul to reggae overtones to rock's physical submission with ease, his voice alternately crude or graceful, his lyrics sharp and committed.

Because the band are more about rhythm than endless beat there is no visible join between the basic momentum of Burke's delivery and the sparse solo colouring. This seamless quality is certainly not the private property of the focal figure — drummer Les Sampson kicks and snarls and can also keep quiet, bassist Del Vickers is happy to maintain an organic and melodic thrust, or scatter out a suggestion, when Burke goes acapella.

At their best The Gas suggest that they can contribute to a vital new soul music, they have nothing to do with the revivalist element that continues to dog two tone. In fact the most potent initial criticism I can make is that the quality of Burke originals like 'Knock It Down', 'It Shows In Your Face' and 'Losing My Patience' is so straight in the face obvious that the resort to encores of 'Getting Mighty Crowded' and 'Fire' only serves to dispel the mood for the sake of a predictable safety.

Max Bell

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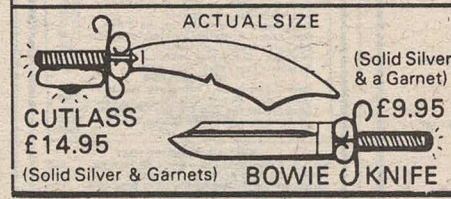

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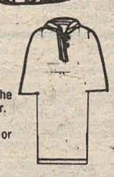

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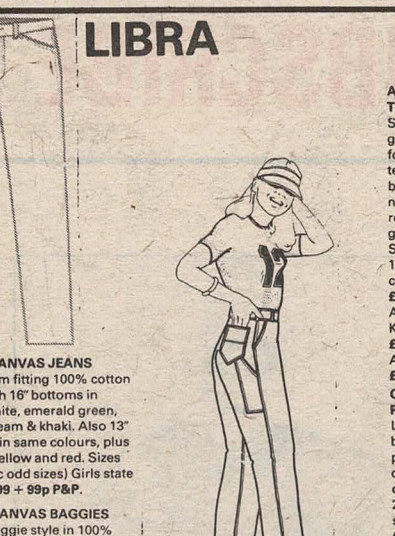

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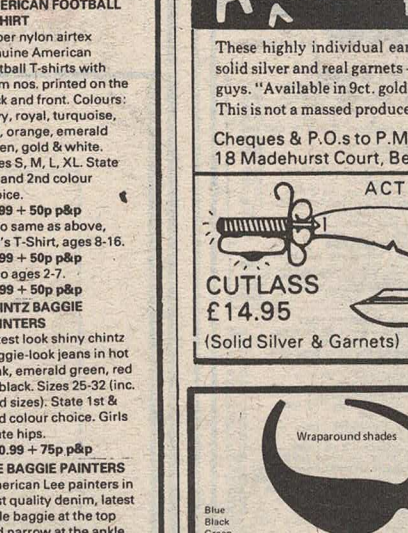

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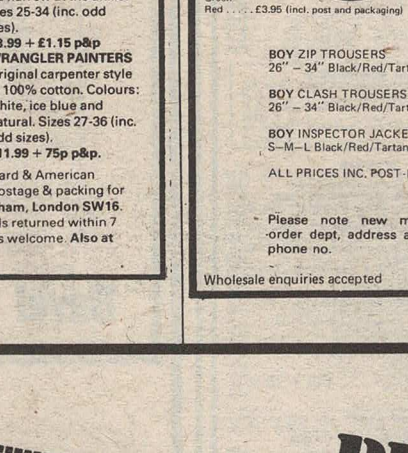

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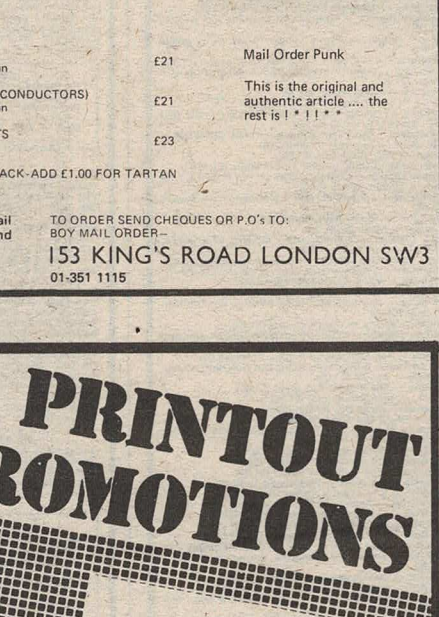

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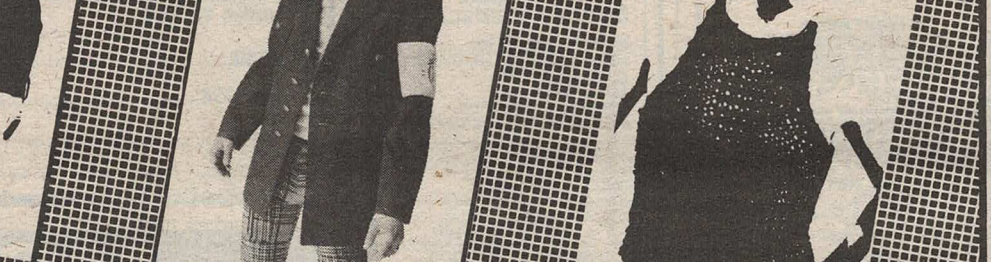

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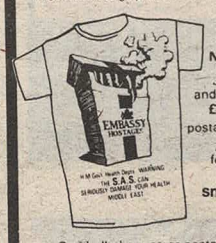

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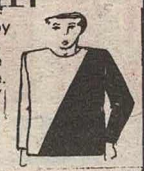

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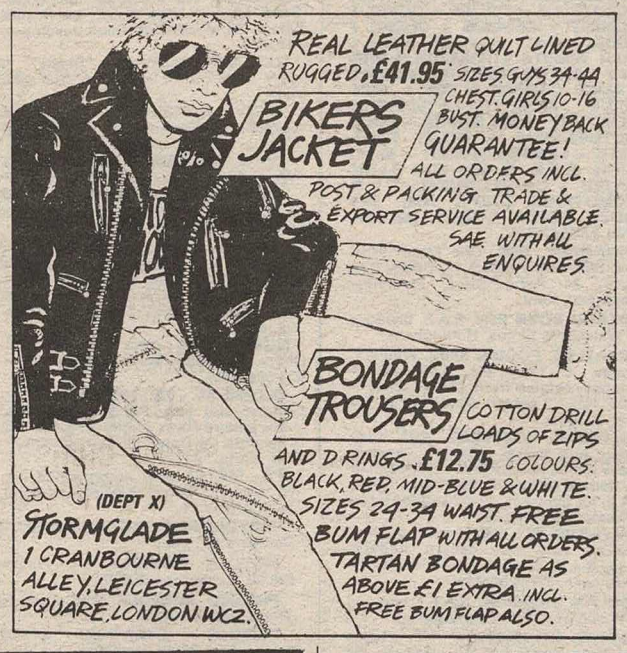
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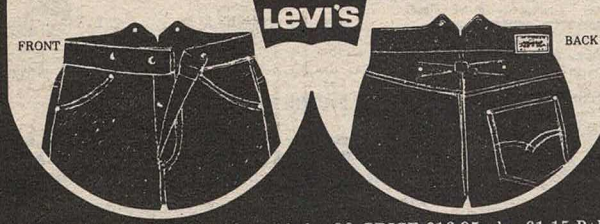

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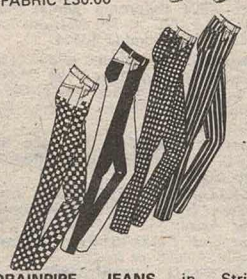

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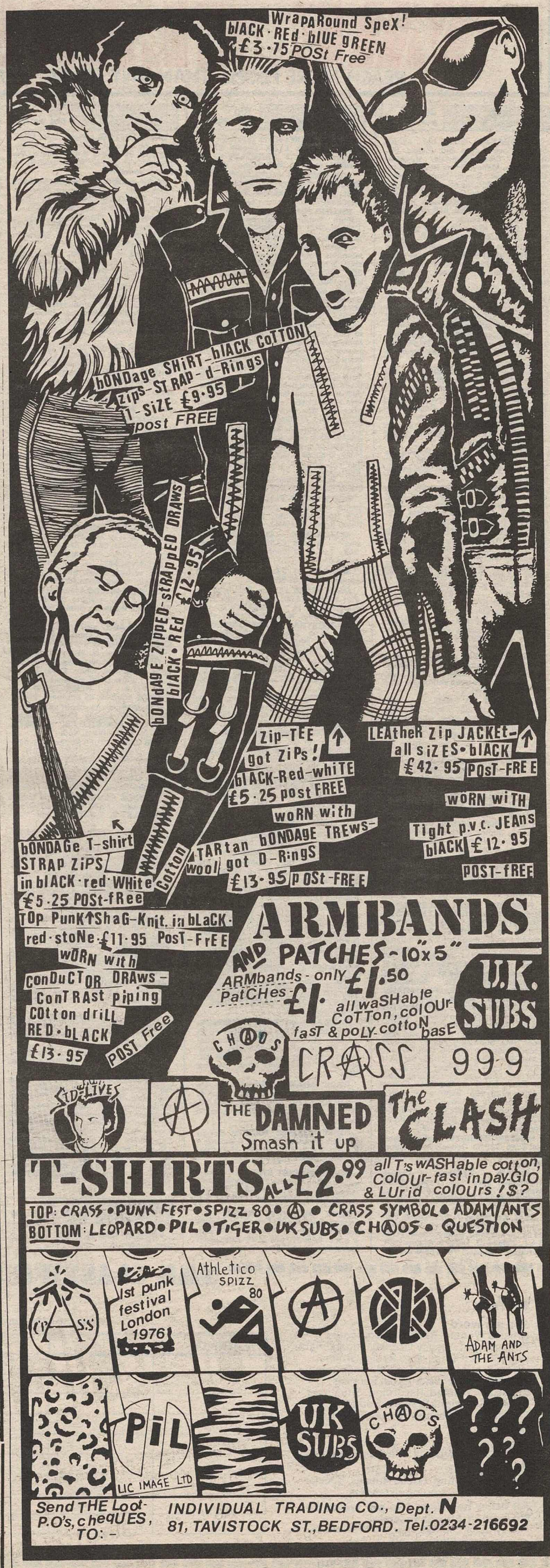

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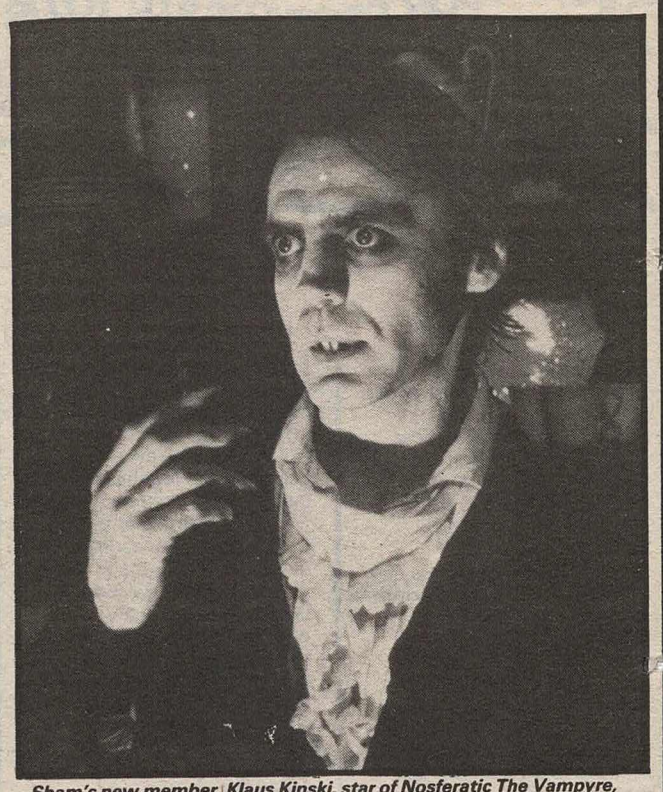
INFORMATION CITY By Fred Dellar

Sham 69 and other pains in the neck



Sham's new member. Klaus Kinski, star of Nosferatic The Vampyre, models the Pursey neckscarf. What ya trying to cover up, Klaus?...

WHO provided the soundtrack for Herzog's *Nosferatu* and is an album generally available?

P. G. TAYLOR, Birmingham

● The score to *Nosferatu* was penned and performed by Popul Vuh, who provided a soundtrack album subtitled 'On The Way To A Little Way' on Egg 900 573, a French release which has been finding its way into the best British rock shops through such importers as IMS and Stage One. If it's not in stock, place an order.

I KNOW James Warren and Andy Davis have now formed The Korgis — but whatever happened to Mutter Slater, Crum and the other original members of Stackridge?

P. TERRY, Blackpool.

● The whereabouts of the one-time Rhubarb Thrasers was recently revealed by the informative Warren, who told us:

"Mutter Slater is now working in a leather factory at Yeovil, while Crum has his own building and decorating business in Bath. Mile Evans is currently trying for a degree in music, and Andy Davis, who is no longer with The Korgis, is working with a band called the Y Chickens. Finally Bill Bent (Billy Sparkle) is working for George Martin as a chauffeur and child-minder. That happened because we were doing the 'Man In The Bowler Hat' album with George Martin when he happened to mention that his chauffeur had left. Soon after, we decided to give Bill the sack and I jokingly suggested that George might employ him as a chauffeur. Bill took it seriously and got the job!"

I CAME down from Manchester to see The Jam's two terrific nights at The Rainbow and got trampled, crushed, had my trousers torn and ended up seeing only half the stage on the first night! But both nights were great and I'd gladly go through it all again just to see them. Now if you'd only express my thanks to Rick Buckler, who got me in on the Tuesday, and then supply me with the address of The Jam Fan Club, I'd be all set for the band's next album and tour.

LYNDA REGAN, Manchester.

COULD you squeeze Sham '69's Fan Club address onto your page because I'm yet another desperate Pursey fan? Incidentally, here's some hot info. Punk is really 'in' over here — and it's like 1977 all over again!

TREEEZA, Hanover, Germany.

● Fans! Where would air conditioning be without them? But just for the sale of peace and quiet I'll say 'ta Nicely" to Rick Buckler for assisting the lady to get her trousers ripped. then add the address of The Jam Fan Club as 34 Balmoral Drive, Maybury Estate, Woking, Surrey. Those more interested in the palpitations of Pursey are hereby pointed in the direction of The '69 Squad, Wedge Music, 63 Grosvenor Street, London, W1.

A BRUCE Springsteen discography, if you please.

DEAN, Northumberland.

● All right, one coming up! But it's a British issues only job, with none of yer boots, promos or unidentified flying objects seen only by Roy Carr. On album we've had 'Greetings From Asbury Park N.J.' (CBS 65480 — March 1973), 'The Wild, The Innocent And The E. Street Chuffle' (CBS 65780 — February 1974), 'Born To Run' (CBS 68170 — October 1075), 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' (CBS 86061 — June 1978), plus 'Bruce Springsteen" boxed set formed from the first three albums (CBS 66353 — October 1979). Springsteen and The E Street Band also appear on 'No Nukes', a collection of tracks recorded by various artists as Madison Square Garden, last September, his contributions being 'Devil With The Blue Dress Medley' and 'Stay', the latter also featuring a vocal assist from Jackson Brownw (Asylum K62027 — December 1979).

On the singles front, Brucie's hardly been prolific either, the CBS stock card listing only 'Born To Run' / 'Meeting Across The River' (3661 — October 1975, also on 7077 — February 1976); 'Prove It All Night' / 'Factory' (6424 — June 1978); 'Badlands' / 'Something In The Night' (6532 — July 1978); and 'Promised Land' / 'Streets Of Fire' (October 1978). We can only surmise, despite other brief appearances on albums such as Graham Parker's 'Up Escalator', that Mr Springsteen's branch of the MU has not yet been talked into too many productivity deals.

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DESIGN JILL NUMFORD

I recently heard from a well-informed friend that you were starting a new rock paper called *New Musical Express.* So I thought I'd give you a helping hand and donate this letter to the first correspondence page.
Uncle Norman, York.
Thanks, Norm. Luckily a few other people have entertained the same charitable notion . . . — CSM

I would like to thank Mick Jagger for his words about me in your latest issue. I'm sure they could have had *nothing* to do with the fact that I have panned every Stones-related project I have reviewed since 1972, in a country and a journalistic atmosphere where people like him routinely expect asslickingly favourable coverage or the writer gets no access at all. Apparently he has never heard of the grand tradition of adversary journalism, which is the main thing that makes the English press, self-righteous as it may often be, so superior to what we currently have in the US. Or even just the free marketplace of ideas, where it is every bit as much Paul Rambali's right to dislike my Blondie book (I think he misread it, but that's just my tough shit) as it was mine to ridicule the New Barbarians for charging $12.50 a ticket for limp blues jams because they knew the kids would pay it on the off chance you-know-who might show up. Mick would obviously like it far better if he could say of me, as he undoubtedly has of certain other members of the press whom I don't have to name: "Good old Lester, we know we can always count on him. He's one of the *good* ones." On the other hand, the boy *does* know how to make good records. But is it possible he can no longer make them without the assistance of countless lackies and sycophants?
Lester Bangs, NY, NY
Thanks for keeping your letter so brief, Lester. I appreciate your typical restraint. — M.S.

Thanks for your longer-than-usual answer, Mont. I appreciate it. — CSM.

Early in last week's report from Bristol by Viv Goldman, ganja was cited as the immediate cause of the uprising. Even local politicians were prompt to agree that constant herb pressure was a crucial factor in the fermentation of grievances. Whey then is the Legalise Cannabis Campaign slighted for its presence outside the Black & White Cafe a month after the uprising when our leaflets had been well circulated weeks before the national media chose to home in on the St Pauls area?

The Bristol branch of the LCC has been active in St Pauls for almost a year, and why not since many members live there! Or are they just "seeking a radical front line to give themselves credence"?

The Campaign has always regarded the discriminatory reality of cannabis prohibition/stop and search as being at the root of the struggle. With a national office in the heart of Notting Hill we are well aware of this aspect of the legalisation issue. Unfortunately since IPC Magazines chose to ban the Campaign from advertising even benefit events in the pages of *NME* few readers will be aware of our activities and of how closely we work with the whole reggae culture. Perhaps if *NME* were to include a major feature on the Campaign then these misunderstandings and assumptions might be avoided in future.
Andy Cornwell, Legalise Cannabis Campaign, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11.
In the Bristol report I reflected the feelings of a cross-section of Bristolians; perhaps the LCC operations in Bristol had been low-key until the riots? I can't see Ganja as "the root of the struggle" — it's more an effect than a cause. However, it's obviously one of the screws that Babylon loves to turn when piling on the pressure. I wish they'd hurry up and legalise it too, even if it does mean paying another lot of tax. — Vivien Goldman.

It's the same old song, not even a new wave version. Being an old faithful reader of *NME* I find it more and more difficult to catch up with the fad of the month (day? hour? minute?). Even the dispute didn't make you hold your breath or find another way of presenting "pluralistic" attitudes towards music/band lifestyles.

The most recent cases of slaughtering integrity concerned Peter Gabriel. I found Nick Kent's album review amazing because it dared to deal with emotive response. But I read the most recent "case study" *(Paul Morley's — Ed)* and the 'Deutsche Album' review and found them stunning, because suddenly Gabriel reaching number one in the album charts seemed to make him a bourgeois capitalist (which of course everybody is in the media, including the friendly people of *NME).* His work (literally hand-made and well thought out) becomes a too-easy target for a so-called analysis which however, doesn't seriously deal with the synthesis of sound and lyrics. Instead, the analyses are like those of a high school teacher, and if anything *that's* typically German.

Now the revelation: I am the German translater of the album you hate so much *(not all of us, Horst — Ed).* The argument of the German review by the way is more Hanns Eisler, who I adore as a composer, than Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. I was asked to do the German lyrics even though I didn't know anything of Gabriel's solo work and I hated Genesis. But from our first conversation Peter convinced me that he was a "middle class" artist of integrity. My decision to collaborate with him was mainly caused by one notion about the German rock scene: i.e. the heavily mythologized German bands, like Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream, who have sold out, though there are some interesting German new wave bands like DAF, Neon Babies, Hansa-Plast and Tempos — and most of them are starting to write in German in an unorthodox way.
It's obviously difficult to rise above American/English cultural imperialism by using one's own language as a means of expression. And Gabriel has done something valuable for the German music scene by showing an alternative way beyond vehicles for "messages" stated in artificial street language, as does Germany's own superstar Udo Lindenberg.

His German album won't make an impression on the charts, because the media are not playing any of his songs. It was a commercial risk and not a gimmick, thank you. I think this sort of background opinion might interest some of your readers, though Mozart and your analyst wouldn't like it — whatever his name was *(Paul Morley — Ed)*
Horst Koenigstein, 2000 Hamburg 60
Writers express their own opinions. That Kent likes Gabriel has no bearing on what Morley or I think of him. We would have had no cause to question his motives if 10,000 German copies weren't pressed here specifically for English collectors. Gabriel would have really impressed us if he could actually understand German. My name, by the way, was intended ironically. — W. A. Mozart.

I thought I'd better write and tell you that some bounder has been printing and distributing forged copies of the *NME* for 12/7/80. These are perfect except for one small detail — the singles reviews contain a few favourable comments about Kate Bush. I expect you will want to take up this invidious assault on your street cred. with the police at the earliest opportunity, and no doubt you will ensure that the cad concerned gets a sound thrashing.
Peter Morris, Orpington.
Mais non! A new age of niceness is dawning at *NME*. Our new policy of relentless positivism means that no-one will be compelled to say horrid things if they don't want to. Now piss off. — CSM.

JK: I feel like singing about ontology and the hegemony of the bourgeoisie.
AG: I have had a very specific form of learning and I feel strongly against it.
JK: But why? Do you imply that I may be leaning towards an elitist form of intellectualism?
AG: Now come on Jon! I know we have all been to university, except you, Dave, but this does not give us the right to throw our really-high-intelligent-life-form at the 70% non-intelligent Joe Public. What do you think, Ian?
IAN (Penman): This interview is nearly as confusing as the articles I write. I am really beginning to enjoy this one. What's up with you, Ari?
ARI UP: What does 'dogmatic' mean?
TESSA: I don't even know what 'precedents' means, do you Mark? (at this point Mark Stewart throws up and Paul Morley bursts out giggling).
JK: If you were both elitists you would use a very specific and rarified intellectual language like myself. Paul, *do* control yourself.
AG: Burp. Everybody's entitled to get pissed up and do an interview in this day and age.
PAUL: I can't get over that taxi driver's face in India ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. You should have seen him. He would have made Joe Strummer look intelligent ha-ha.
ALL: What do you want to say Andy?
AG: Can we talk about our future?
IP: By all means, what did you want to say?
AG: (punchline) I've forgotten what I was gonna say!!
Dean Latkine, Newport, Salop.

Is this semiological? — CSM Only slightly logical. — NS.

So what is this levy we're all (maybe) going to pay for home taping? Does it mean that when I buy a C90 and fill it full of my 'brutally fractured' (D Jewell) harmonica stylings, I will be able to apply to the BPI for my 10p back? This seems reasonable to me — I mean, why should all dem rich pop star blokies have my royalties? An' me only an undead blues singer from Salem, Massachusets!! Or do the record companies etc, seriously expect me to pay royalties to someone else on my own recording? That's what it'll amount to, kids . . .
Umbrela Lord Succubus.
Why not? If the CBI gets its way you'll have to pay rent on your own shoes. — CSM

If the 'Home Taping' in last week's *NME* is an expression of a consistent attitude towards the legal and moral aspects of copyright, you can have no objection to anybody copying any part of your magazine: but if this is so, why is the phrase 'Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden' printed inside the back page every week?
Ian Crann, Winchmore Hill, London.
For the same reason that a similar message appears on all those wonderful records you've been taping (snicker) — CSM.

Not so long ago you published a feature on EMI, in it you mentioned that they (EMI), also make blank tapes, if this is the case why then are they moaning about home taping? It seems to me that EMI are a bunch of spoilt brats.
Spoke, Birmingham.
Now is that nice? — CSM

Let's see you take the piss out of this letter.
B.K., Derby.
What, us? Never! Niceness rules, love is the law, to thine own self be. — CSM
Get on with it! — Voice off
It certainly is. Next! — CSM

Even though you *NME* writers are needlessly tacky when it comes to Americans, ya'll still have your weird little sense of humour that comes direct from living on your funny little island. So, even though your *tribally* anti-American attitude irritates me, I do really like your magazine. The John Cooper Clarke article (14th June 1980) was refreshing. It's nice to know that there are sincere, loonie-type persons around. And the Lowry comic strip is good. Your magazine's got fans over here, in spite of the fact that you are snobs. Count yourselves lucky that *you* aren't the ones sweating it out in 113°F, temperatures! And, uh, hi Paul!
Julie Jump, Dallas, Texas. P.S. No, it's not like the TV show! It's downright *boring here!*
I thought you said it wasn't like the TV show? — CSM.

Dear Mr Jewell, having read your wonderful entry in this week's *Gasbag,* I realise the absolute folly of those "mewling and puking infants" at the *NME.* How stupid of them not to be perceptive enough to see your marvellous services towards the maintenance of a 'pop' (which is all it amounts to when we strip it naked) hierarchy. You yourself indicated your wisdom when you revealed that you'd heaped that inimitable praise upon several current chart contenders. I suppose the fact that, juggling about within the album chart that you so highly praised, such luminaries as Boney M and Bert Kaempfert escaped you? If you'd remembered to shower them with acclaim you would have achieved a 100% success rate! The fact that your seal of approval matches that of the British public (you know, the ones that keep Don McLean records of at the top of your hallowed 'hit parade') means nothing at all!

But then I forget! Your number of years must be almost double those of Thrills, Penman and Morley, etc. How on earth could their opinions mean anything in comparison to those which come forth from your aged, wise head? Why should you pay any attention to the fact that rock music has been revolutionised over the past four years? You yourself, in not so many words, acknowledged that your job was that of pouring acclaim, like custard, upon the established few. Doesn't this position render your job fatuous?

Why not leave the youngsters at the *NME* to chronicle the changing face of rock music? Why should you want to write about such "punk uglies"? Leave them to write about genuine talent Echo & The Bunnymen, Teardrop Explodes, Joy Division etc — none of whom could ever stick to Japan (snigger!) and one day the wee ones at the *NME* might grow up and see the light. Until then I know which musical oracle I'll stick to and it won't be the *Sunday Times.*
Andrew Thompson, Marlborough, Wilts. P.S. Whatever happened to smart-ass one-liners?
Sigh. See below. — CSM.

Bet you think this is a silly letter, don't you?
Eric Normal, Wiltshire.
Of course not, Eric! The new caring, sharing bag would never dream of employing a cheap put-down of your dumb, unfunny . . . — CSM
That's enough!—NS

T-ZERS

AND FINALLY this week, condolences to a very sick **Bryan Ferry** who was rushed back home in an ambulance plane ("Flying Doctor to Walaboola Base" etc) when he was struck down with kidney pains. Unkind speculators and unpaid doctors say this may be an ulcer contracted from the modest attendances on **Roxy Music's** European tour, but medical evidence suggests otherwise. We here at *T-Zers* will see you all next week . . . *(For God's sake keep going we've had to cut all that risky stuff about Judas Priest. Wing it, man, wing it! — Ed)*

Oh, er . . . um, did you know that **The Only Ones** were still in America? *(Help! — Ed)* Yes, but don't believe all that waffle about it being a terrible place . . . it's far worse. Since arriving in New York, where they helped out on **The Who** bash, **Peter Perret** has had his hotel room ransacked — left him with a pair of khaki shorts and a golf cap — then saw a real-life gun fight on the street and, worst of all, was forced to jam with the likes of **Johnny Thunders** and **Sylvain Sylvain Sylvain etc** in Max's gungy dive. But The Apple was tame compared to San Francisco where Peter got into a row with a car park attendant that led to some dustbins being aimed which resulted in an attempted murder charge being slapped on his, some say sparrow-like, ass. Unfortunately, the charge wasn't followed up . . .

All chums again, **Jah Wobble** has resolved his differences with fellow **PiL** members after confrontation about **Levene's** comments in a recent *NME*. Also nixing rumours of imminent disbanding are **The Clash** who return to the studio next week to complete their next LP titled, we hear, 'My Old Man's A Diplomat, He Wears A Diplomat's Hat' and comes with a free job for anyone thinking of joining the army . . .

Claws are out in the **Killing Joke/4 Be 2** camps where it has been announced that **Youth Martin** will not, after all, be portraying **Sid Vicious** in an upcoming film. Moreover Martin has announced that he's severed all ties with the younger **Lydon's** numerically handled outfit and will pursue a full time job with KJ. **Jock MacDonald** has said nothing, resulting in thousands dead . . .

INDEPENDENT label Cherry Red are taking time on TV to advertise their 'Sent From Coventry' compilation on the ATV Midlands network.

Meanwhile other indie releases include **Rat Scabies** and **Captain Sensible** with 'Millionaire' (Atomic), **Peter Hammill** 'Black Box' on S-Type and something called **"The Clash** and **Specials** Go To Jail' on Rush Release. Meantime all the majors are tumbling down. *(Gosh! Doomy Stuff — Ed) . . .*

Magazine are off to the States at the end of the month where they are doubtless looking forward to renewing their aquaintance with a group of females who have literally built a shrine to the Manchester bores. They've called the shrine 'The First Church Of Howard'. It's all enough to make a chap's hair drop out . . . Oh sorry **Howie** . . .

The Ruts will be supporting 'their good mates' **The Damned** on the road this week. They'll be going out as a three-piece aided by a roadie. Dates include Manchester on Thursday and Deeply Dale on Saturday . . . at a Hippie Festival (fact) . . .

Bring Out The **Branson!** Virgin are opening a French branch in France *(No! — Ed)* designed specifically to pick up on home grown acts. This *T-Zer* should end in some witty native phrase but nobody can understand the lingo anyhow let alone write it *(Sacre Bleu — Ed) . . .*

Talking of Real Estate, **Mick Fleetwood** has bought a million dollar estate in Australia figuring it to be safer from nuclear holocaust than most. What he overlooks is his own gargantuan size that'll single him out anyway; he's already noted as a hazard on most reliable airline flight paths . . .

Who presses the button first is made so much safer by decisions like those just made within RCA. They've decided to re-issue **John Wayne's** 'America — And Why I Love Her' which includes tracks like 'The People', 'The Flag', 'The Good Things' and 'The First Church Of Howard' *(Sure about that last one? — Ed).* All these speeches are delivered in absolutely sincere Duke tones over touchingly patriotic strings . . .

Speaking of patriots, dozens's of emotional skinheads brought the Nashville's final gig to a close with heart-rending cries of "Nash-ville, Nash-ville" and "Thank God that place's finished with!" between sobs from **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders** who may or may not have been prepared to go all night had not the boards been invaded by the aforementioned gentlefolk . . .

Here comes the new Cramp, totally unlike the old Cramp...Ivy Rorschach (curls, bass) lounges in New York's heatwave alongside one Julien Bwond (shades) who looks set to replace Bryan Gregory as guitarist in the voodoo rockabilly combo. Mr Bwond was formerly with Mad, (it says here). Pic: Joe 'Captain Snaps' Stevens.

SAD TO SAY **Stevie Wonder** now won't get the chance to play that venue when he visits these shores in the Autumn. Mayhap the Marquee or Outlook Doncaster? Anyrate, we'll have the details next week . . .

Still no tour yet from **Bruce Springsteen.** (Silence while everyone soaks in the fact that no silly version of his name was used). But **Jon Landau** reports that the new Bruce (no rows of o's either) album will be a romantic one full of love ballads and with less aggressive tracks. The title is tipped as 'River'. Each copy comes complete with free plankton . . .

After their soundcheck, **Andrew MacDonald,** lead singer with **Royal Family,** sat back and put his feet up on a table to relax. This act caused him to be promptly ejected from the Manchester Beach Club. And they wouldn't let him back in either! His place on the night was taken by **Buzzcocks** manager **Richard Boon** . . .

Heard swapping prison stories at a late night showing of the movie *Papillon* in Glasgow *(Is that like 'Emmanuelle In Africa'? — Ed.)* were well known jailbirds **Hugh Cornwell** and **Jean Jacques Burnel.** Two of the finest old cons in the business *(Careful — Ed.) . . .*

Back again to Manchester where **Direct Hits** — a band tipped as The Future by our man **Mick Duffy** — have split up. Dashed inconsiderate, eh Mick? . . .

Those whacky **Revillos** want a new bass player — and being a bit on the Scottish side they're too cheap to take out ads. Only brilliant and wonderful people need apply. Phone 01-403 6332 for instant stardom . . .

Well-known non-punk artiste **Toyah Willcox** took time out from acting all over the place to have one of those super outrageous parties last Friday, the sort where people wear stupid outfits (men dessed as nuns etc.). The police weren't called, but apparently **Stranglers** manager **Ian Grant** looked on in disgust as a pair of naked lady wrestlers did whatever it is naked lady wrestlers do . . .

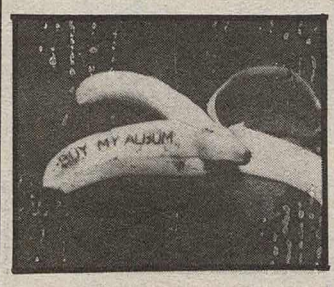
The sunken Radio Caroline pirate radio ship — host DJ currently **Jacques Cousteau** — looks like staying down in the depths unless they can raise at lease £4½ thousand of the minimum ten grand needed to begin salvage operations. Meanwhile here's 'Atlantic Crossing' by **Titanic** . . .

A glut of reggae acts are tipped to be floating over soon, oh yus. **Tony Tuff, Gregory Isaacs, Black Uhuru, Prince Earl, Jah Thomas, Ian Penman,** are all mentioned . . .

The defunct **Deep Purple** have issued writs to stop a new **Deep Purple** using The Name. Seems the only claim the new 'uns have is that they include one **Roderick Evans** who left the originals before 1969 . . .

Here look, Ed, can't I tell 'em about **Judas Priest?** *(Oh . . . go on then, but don't give me the writs tomorrow — Cautious Ed).* Well, you see it seems that **Rob Halford** wa- *(I've changed my mind — Ed).*

Lester Bangs scans Gasbag in search of his letter and the prospect of shifting a few more copies of his Blondie book. Candid Portraiture: Joseph Stevens.



No ordinary banana but one of many flung in the great banana fight at the inaugural gig of the Martin Atkins (ex-PiL drummer) Band last week.

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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
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Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
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Design
Caramel Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn

Contributors
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Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
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Cynthia Rose
Chris Bohn
Vivien Goldman

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
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Classified Ads
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Ad Production
Brian Gorman
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Barry Cooper
(01) 261 6207

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BETTER BADGES

This Weeks	Last		
1.	(1)	S.L.F.	20p
2.	(9)	Jam — Tubestation	20p
3.	(—)	Cockney Rejects — Logo	20p
4.	(3)	Crass — Fight War Not Wars	20p
5.	(2)	Crass — Anarchy & Peace	20p
6.	(10)	Jam — Underground	20p
7.	(7)	Undertones — Hypnotised	20p
8.	(—)	Cockney Rejects — Picture	20p
9.	(—)	Spizz — No Room	20p
10	(—)	Jam — Dreams	20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Slits, Man Next Door, Slits 3 Girls, New Piranhas, Cheap 'n Nasty, The Saints, Dead Kennedy's, Cambodia, Joy Division, Closer, Gana Foul, Pink Military, Dread at the Controls, Only Jah, Notsensibles, Q-Tips, Ten Pole Tudor, Scars, Moondogs, Fashion, Product, Surplus Stock, Taxi-Girl, Night Doctor, Trust, AC/DC, Classix Nouveau, Ants Invasion, Only Ones, Beast, The Rasses, Bowie Dogs, Basement 5, Crass Logo, Crass Dove, Anarchy & Peace, Fight War, D.A.F., Spizz No Room, Soft Boys, U.K. Decay.

ADD 10p P&P FREE LIST
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Echo and the Bunnymen

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